

Kurt Saxon's



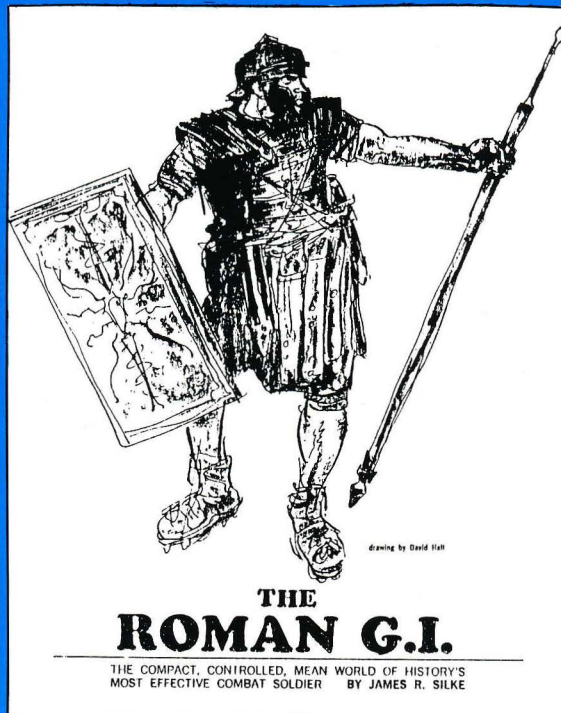
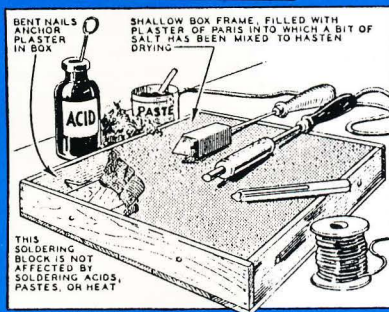
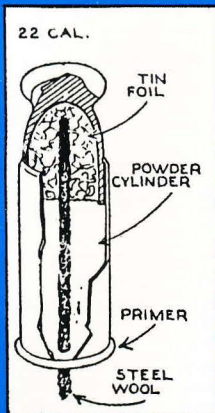
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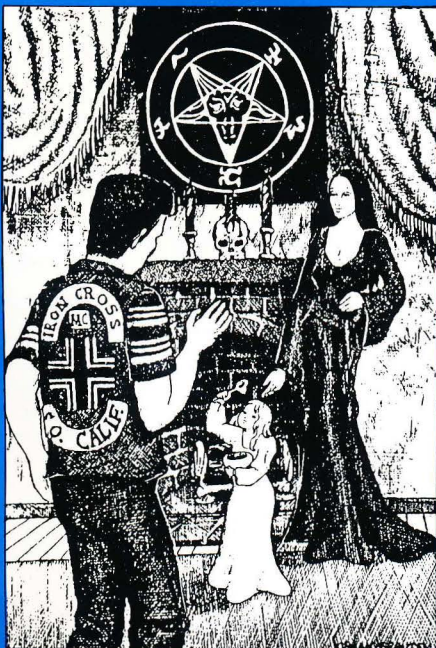
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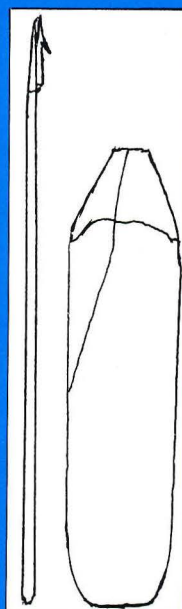
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WHEELS OF RAGE CHAPTER VII

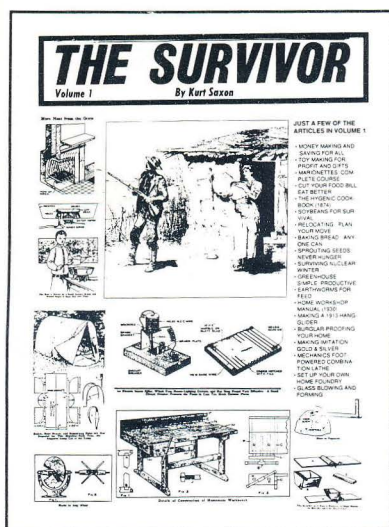


ICE PICK WITH HOOK & HANDLE



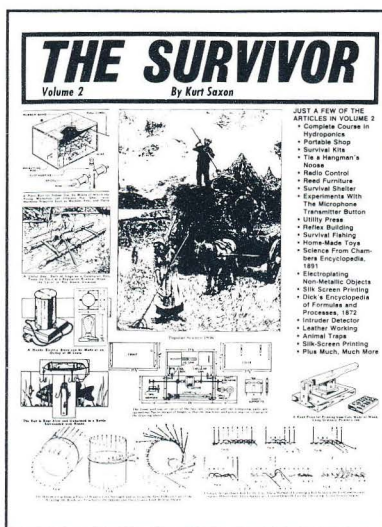
LESSON 42

**The Super
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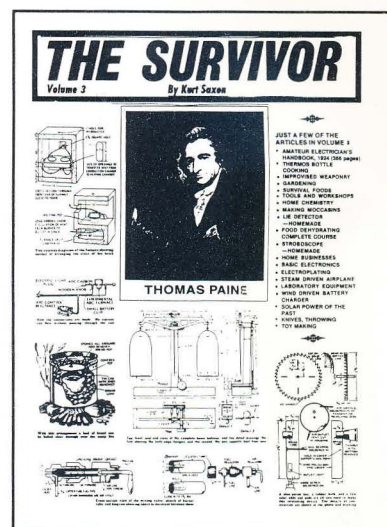
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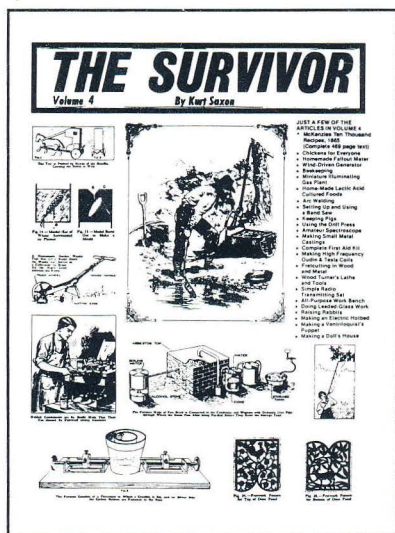
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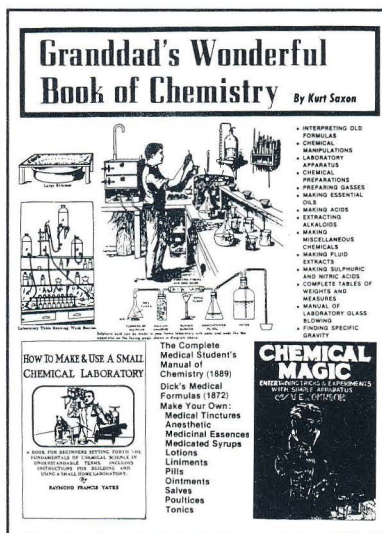
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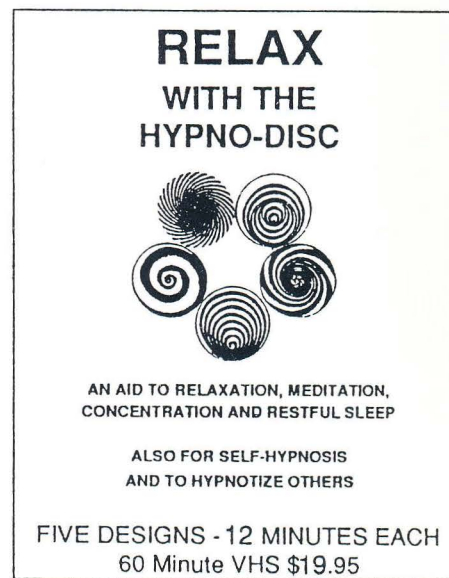
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CRIME PAYS

by Kurt Saxon

When I was a child there was a radio program in which the announcer would say, "Crime does not pay". But crime did pay then and it certainly pays now. And I don't mean that crime only pays the criminal.

It's true that one who commits a crime has little chance of being caught. It's also true that if he's caught there's little chance he'll be convicted. If convicted there's little chance of his doing time. If he does time, there's little chance of his serving his full term.

These are well-known facts which encourage criminality. But what most people fail to realize is that the entire criminal justice system itself is one of the greatest industries in our country. Many billions of dollars annually are taken in by our criminal justice system and without an ever-rising crime rate, our economy would suffer.

In New York City, alone, there are 30,000 police officers who earn at least \$400.00 weekly. These are needed to contend with the hoards of habitual criminals whose only function is to rob, rape, maim and kill.

Nearly all of these criminals have records showing their hatred for their betters. An efficient system would round them up and destroy them all. That would cut down on the need for police officers to maybe 5,000, to patrol, manage traffic, answer emergency calls and protect and serve as police officers are supposed to do.

But without the habitual criminal to take up most of the police officer's time, 25,000 New York cops would be unemployed. Employment has become more important than public safety. And this is not simply in New York but nationwide.

The criminal justice system, from the cop in his patrol car to the U.S. Department of Justice, millions of noncriminals make a good living off criminality. When a prison is to be built, at a cost of 200 to 500 million dollars, the politicians awarding the contracts often get large rake-offs. The building contractors certainly make a large profit. Those supplying food, clothing, etc., to the prisoners, pay their bills because of those who prey on society. The guards and the wardens live well because society pays well to keep society's predators alive.

The cops, prosecutors, the defense attorneys, the judges, the bailiffs, the court reporters, the bail bondsmen and the janitors all profit from crime. If criminals were even forced to serve their entire sentence, thus keeping them out of circulation for years instead of months, employees of the criminal justice system would suffer dramatically. Habitual criminals commit crimes while out on bail and especially while out on parole.

Those who allow them their freedom before and after whatever sentence they serve have a vested interest in their freedom to commit crimes.

When Florida cops were searching for the murderers of a British tourist they came up with a thirteen-year-old suspect who had been arrested 93 times! Reason dictates that the young monster should have been put to sleep after his third offense proved an established habit pattern of criminality.

But consider his profit to the criminal justice system. Ninety three arrests and who knows how many convictions? If things were to stay the same, he'd represent millions of dollars in his lifetime. He's a gold mine, except to those he robs, rapes, maims and kills. The tragedies he and those like him leave in their wakes is a small price to pay for job security, legal fees and high-level careers in the criminal justice system.

Not too long ago an on-the-street interviewer had his crew focus the camera on a drug deal going on a block away from a group of cops standing on the sidewalk socializing. He called their attention to the crime in progress and one middle-aged officer said frankly that the judge would only let them go and so made no move to do anything.

That cop knew which side his bread is buttered on. Like many cops, he knows the drug dealer is, in a sense, his employer. He knows the "war on drugs" is a joke. Drugs pump about as much money into the criminal justice system as they do into the pockets of the drug dealers.

The phony war on drugs has caused a social nightmare scarcely hinted at by the prohibition of alcohol seventy years ago. Like during Prohibition, yet another and stronger set of criminals has arisen.

The profitable seduction of addictive personalities has given us a class of addicts far worse than alcoholics. The misery caused by the drug trade has cost billions to industry and has endangered the lives of more non-involved people than any criminal enterprise in history.

(China has no drug problem. Both the pusher and the addict are shot).

A hundred years ago, anyone could go into a pharmacy and buy raw opium or any narcotic then known. Drugs weren't a social problem. Of course, the immediate family of the addict was blighted. But no more than the immediate family of the alcoholic then and now.

Drugs were cheap and legal and there was no profit in causing anyone to take them. People felt that if a weak person chose to damage his already inferior brain, it was

his choice and his death was no loss. They were right. So they let it alone and there was no base to build criminality on.

Only in our time, with a government so weakened by corruption that such a base for criminality was welcome, could an alliance between drug traffickers and government take place. Prohibition taught rational and decent folk that the attempted cure was far worse than the disease. But the powers that be remembered that Prohibition not only created a new criminal element, it also created a much stronger police presence. More police are desired by all who wish for more power over their citizens and/or fear revolution.

Throughout the ages, tyrannies have used any pretext to enlarge their police forces. The public reason is to fight crime but the private reason is to insure their safety from a population awakened to their corruption, incompetence, etc.

Communist Russia, as oppressive as it was and as efficient as its police forces seemed, had a large class of professional criminals. The criminal, if so sloppy as to force his capture, was far better treated than was the political prisoner and was released sooner. Even Nazi Germany had its criminals, who fared better in the concentration camps, and were usually released alive, unlike those opposed to the regime. So the very police who were supposed to protect and serve were actually used to keep the law-abiding citizens in line.

So the war on drugs has two purposes. The first and the most obvious is the employment of so many in our criminal justice system. The second is the strengthening of the criminal justice system to counteract growing unrest.

But they all say their actions are for the good of the public at large. Many in the criminal justice system even put on a show of righteous indignation at the criminal element. Even jailers complain about crowding and beg forgiveness for releasing murderous felons on the public.

Of course, they all excuse their actions by saying they are compelled, even against their will, to observe the rights of criminals. Although, historically, one who violated the rights of another, forfeited his own, our system has a vested interest in granting rights to predators.

But have you ever considered what a right is? The term "rights" has been sanctified, both religiously and civically, "God given rights". "Inalienable rights". "Natural rights". All nonsense! These terms sound nice but only serve to give a false sense of security to those who believe that rights are somehow guaranteed.

Consider, If God gave you a right to life, could any punk take it away? Forget any punishment to the punk;

your right from God would have been taken away by a lesser being. Impossible.

Inalienable right? If a right can be alienated, and all of them are, frequently, it isn't inalienable.

Natural right? What's that?

A right is a social privilege, usually recognized by the state. It can be violated or withheld at the whim of an individual, society or the state. Rights have to be stood up for, fought for and there must be a willingness to destroy anyone who consistently violates the rights of others, if rights are to have any meaning.

Of course, there are also conflicting rights. These are rights given to losers to compensate for and excuse inferiority. Our Founding Fathers gave us rights to enable the individual to exercise his abilities and keep what he earned through the use of those abilities. These rights are being eroded by conflicting rights given to those without ability and so unable to earn anything.

The rights given to the inferior and amended to the Constitution are most often referred to, to prevent the criminal from getting his just deserts. Our Founding Fathers never dreamed of giving rights to those who rob, rape, maim and kill.

Those who finally accepted the original Constitution would have hanged over 90% of our repeat offenders. The term "Constitutional rights" has been so perverted that the entire Constitution is in danger of being overridden by our own government.

Clinton is even now proposing the addition of 100,000 police nationwide. Why? To further institutionalize the whole of our populace? To suppress civil unrest as his faltering system creates more desperation?

His reasons are meaningless since his overall incompetence insures the collapse of our system. But as in so many societies controlled by incompetents, for incompetents, those making money off the criminal justice system are increasingly willing to arm the system against their fellow-citizens.

Part of the solution to the crime problem would be to simply rescind the rights of felons and kill all repeat offenders. Our species is the only one which deliberately nurtures its own parasites and predators. But thankfully, not all of our species do so willingly. Only those blinded by profits and power give reasons for keeping alive those who would destroy us.

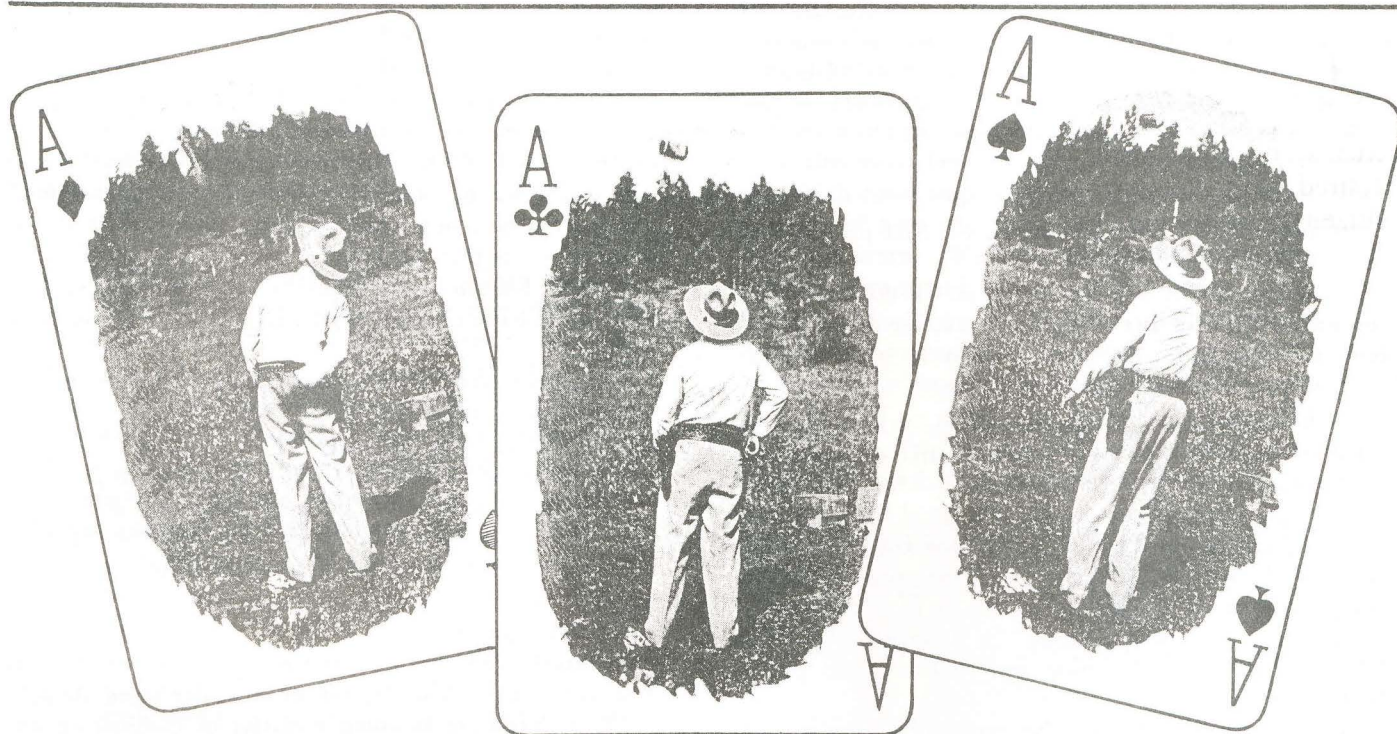
Fully 80% of all serious crime is caused by only 20% of the criminal element. These are repeat offenders, career and habitual criminals. All have established habit patterns of predation. They are degenerates by any rational standards.

They are not only our greatest economic liability but a threat to our system, our civilization and to our species itself.

Continued on next page

There is no rational reason to keep them alive at such a sacrifice, or any sacrifice, for that matter. Unfortunately, they will not be done away with by our present administration. The collapse will come and most of them will perish in the resulting chaos, along with most of those presently in power.

But when the worst has passed and normal humans take over, such vermin will be destroyed as a matter of course. When ridding society of their kind becomes policy we'll need few police. Then we'll live in an age when crime doesn't pay anyone at all.



Like card tricks, fast gunplay proves the hand is quicker than the eye
THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN FEBRUARY, NINETEEN FORTY-TWO

"PRACTICE DOES IT!"

By CHAD WALLIN

"NO MAN IS A 'BORN GUNMAN'." "Anyone can become adept at double-action fast and fancy shooting and aerial target work if he will concentrate on the three things which mean success—patience, attention to detail and *Practice!*"

I'd heard Ed McGivern make those statements time and again. I'd read the same declarations in his book, but I never had quite believed them. Not after tossing buckshot in the air and watching them disappear before the blast of Ed's Smith & Wesson .38 and then trying unsuccessfully to get hits myself on a quart can only six feet over my head.

No sir! I was thoroughly convinced it took some subtle form of magic which either is or is not born in a man. It is because I think there are a lot of others like myself that I am writing this story. Ed McGivern showed me this summer where I was wrong.

I bewail the fact that this isn't the story of my training. Work took me away from Lewistown, Montana,

where Ed holds forth, too often to permit steady practice. But it didn't take me away so often that I was unable to observe the training of two other handgunners. It is of these and Ed that I write.

Dick Hulme, six feet of transplanted Texan now living outside Oklahoma City is one of them. Dick rolled into Lewistown with the blue birds to learn the McGivern stuff. He had no other purpose and was able to devote his full time to the task. Dr. Jack Cox, Lewistown osteopath, is the other. Doc's case is more like yours and mine. He does not have full time to devote to practice but must get out when he can. He's just a gun-smoke enthusiast.

There we have two cases—the man who can devote full time to practice and the man who must practice catch-as-catch-can. Come along into the field with me and see them and McGivern at work and learn how Ed proved his point.

When Dick Hulme arrived in Lewistown he was strictly a single-action target shooter. He shot cards running

from 85's to 98's at 25 and 50 yards—taking his time. He never had shot double-action. He was familiar with and owned a variety of handguns which he had brought along. They included everything from .22's to Magnums.

Dick had been training daily under McGivern for a week when I set out late one afternoon for the lower end of the Lewistown Rifle Club's range. I could see neither car nor men when I arrived but after cutting my car's motor I was able to pick up the "spak" of spaced shots. I headed toward the sounds and found Ed and Dick down in one of the coulees which traverse the range.

"Hiding out?"

Ed's reply bit. "Ever hear of safety?"

I then got a McGivern lecture on the first principle of shooting. It is "Be Safe!"

Concluding his lecture McGivern sat on the car's running board. "Throw a few cans for Dick," he said. "Stand about two feet to his right and slightly in front of him. Toss the can about six feet over his head. Throw with your whole arm in a smooth movement so that the can hits the same spot nearly every time."

I practiced a few throws and then Dick resumed practice. It was single-action work. He stood with the gun raised and the hammer back, and sighted for the general spot into which I pitched the can. As the can crossed that area he tried to hit it. In twelve tries he got two hits.

"I'll never do it, Mistuh Mac," he mourned. "Never; if I can't hit 'em single-action and close how can I ever shoot double-action?"

"You're doing all right," Ed replied. "Let's take a rest. Besides Wallin here is one of those writers. I want you to show him something. I have a story here by a writer saying a man shooting a .38 did the handkerchief

drop trick from his wrist and put five shots in the handkerchief before it hit the ground. Will you show him how it's done?"

Dick grinned. He extended his right arm shoulder high with his gun in his right hand at full cock. On his right wrist he placed a loosely balled handkerchief. With a twist of the wrist he dislodged the handkerchief, deflected the .38 at it and blasted.

The muzzle blast on the first shot smacked the handkerchief into the ground in a flash. "Would you like to try to put five shots in the handkerchief before it gets to the ground?" Ed asked. "Listen, if you write like the gent who said it was possible, never write anything about me."

I got the hint but I had to grin. Ed's bark is always so much worse than his bite.

"Well," Ed continued, speaking to Dick, "you've been wanting to learn to draw so let's start now. No use wasting time."

Dick was wearing an open-top, single-drop Myres holster of well-worn leather tied down with a thong to his right leg. He placed the .38 carefully in it, placed his hands center on his belt and at Ed's signal went for the gun.

"You could have taken off your pants and shaken the gun out of a pocket a little faster," was Ed's comment.

"Look here," he went on, getting up from the running board. "You're like a lot of other would-be fast draw men. You put a gun in a holster where it seems to be comfortable and then you try to get it out of there as fast as possible. You depend on muscular speed alone.

"Fast draws are as much a matter of eliminating unnecessary movements as they are a matter of making the right movements at top speed. Every individual is different and he must, by trial and error, work out gun and holster positions so that the draw is one smooth movement.

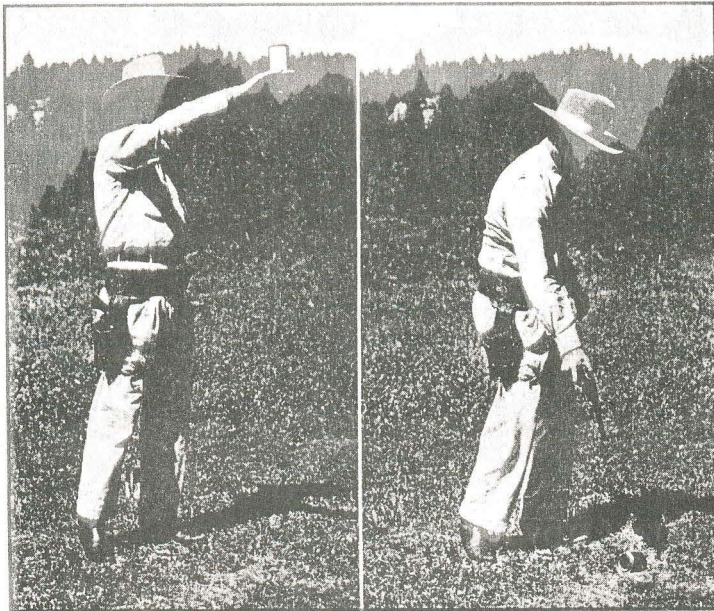
Excepting for some draws from under coats or in concealed positions, it is not a reach and pluck which means a change of muscular effort.

"Now let's move that holster down a little. Drop your hand naturally so that it reaches the butt. Now, let's slant it forward a bit."

For half an hour Dick and Ed went about the business of finding out what was the best position for that particular type of holster. Then, without a shot being fired, Ed called a halt. Satisfied, he sketched the position of the holster and he and Dick agreed that a new belt and holster were needed.

I then got an example of the McGivern teaching psychology.

"You were talking about shooting double-action," he said to Dick. "Practice a few dry shots. Let your trigger finger run out with the return of the trigger each time so that it has smooth rhythm. Just



The can drop. It looks easy until you try to unhitch that six-shooter before the can hits the ground. Notice in this picture of Dick Hulme that the can is still off the ground

the tip of your finger on the trigger."

Dick complied and Ed said, "Well, there's just time for a few more single-action shots." He asked me to throw the can again.

Dick got set in his single-action pose. I tossed the target. "Crack!" It missed.

"Get it!" Ed's command almost blended with the first shot.

"Crack! Ping!" The can went whirling.

"I got it!" Dick cried. "Got it double-action!"

"I thought," said Ed, peering over his spectacles, "that you were the man who never could shoot double-action."

* * *

Three weeks later I joined another McGivern shooting group. This time we were gathered on an open flat at the lower end of the rifle range. Dick was resplendent in his new two-gun belt made by Al Furstnow of Miles City, Montana. The low-hanging hand-tooled open-top holsters were beauties. Dick also had a new .22 Colt made to match his .38 Colt. Both guns were on .41 frames with six-inch barrels. Dick also had a new coat of confidence. Doc Cox produced a set of matched Smith & Wesson's. His .22 was mounted on a .38 frame while the .38 itself was standard.

Dick, who had warmed up by shooting at a stationary target, began with simple, single-action work on a quart can. Ed and Doc watched while Ed explained.

"Wait until the can gets up. Get your sights on it and stay on it. Go forward with a coordinated movement of your body. Don't try to follow it by bending your wrist. Get your shots off before the can comes down to shoulder height. While the can is above your shoulder you have two diameters at which to shoot but when it drops below your shoulder your target size steadily decreases."

Three weeks had made a definite improvement in Dick's aerial work and the new holsters had slicked some kinks out of his draw. He was eager to learn the "can-drop" trick, the real test of a handgunner's draw speed. I listened while Ed explained.

"The can is on the back of your hand, arm out at shoulder height," he stated. "First get so you can drop the can in approximately the same line every time. Then forget about the can."

"Start to shoot the moment you start your arm down. It will take a lot of practice but your shot really starts the moment your hand goes for the gun. Your trigger finger must be curved and ready to meet the trigger as it clears the holster. The squeeze goes right on through."

"Get your shot off so the bullet at first traverses an area the size of the can about six inches off the ground. You don't think about the can because when your draw is fast enough the can and bullet will meet. The shot is double-action."

Remember, fellow beginners, Dick had had a month of

training. He had shown improvement. He was no stranger to guns. He had been hitting aerial targets double-action. Yet now, as he entered another stage of training, the pressure was on. He fumbled the gun. He caught the sights on the holster. He could not even get his gun out, much less a shot off before the can hit the ground. This isn't related to belittle Dick Hulme. It is stated as fact to show that every time you attempt a speed stunt you don't need to get discouraged. Dick didn't. He kept right at it.

There was a pause for lunch and then practice resumed. Dick alternated between fast draws and aerial work on three-inch rosin balls. Double-action, Dick was getting four out of five. But you don't stop at four out of five with McGivern. With big targets like three-inch rosin balls it is five out of five.

Doc was beginning to get hits and Ed worked with him correcting his position, his grasp on the gun, his sighting. It was late when once again the McGivern psychology

The first stage of aerial training. Doc goes after a can tossed by Dick Hulme. Note the forward sway of Doc's body and rigid arm as he "leans" on the shot



moved in to give Doc a boost. Doc was more than a little skeptical of his future in the aerial game. "Get your .38," Ed ordered. To Dick he said, "Get a rosin ball and make the toss."

Doc, who had been missing quart cans, eyed the three-

inch target. "Sure you can hit it," Ed told him.

Doc lined out his gun. "Relax. Never tighten up," Ed advised him. Doc's muscles let go a little. Dick made the toss.

"Wham!" Doc got a dead center hit.

"Easy, isn't it?" Ed asked.

Doc smiled agreement. There is nothing quite as satisfying as the way a rosin ball flies apart when hit.

* * *

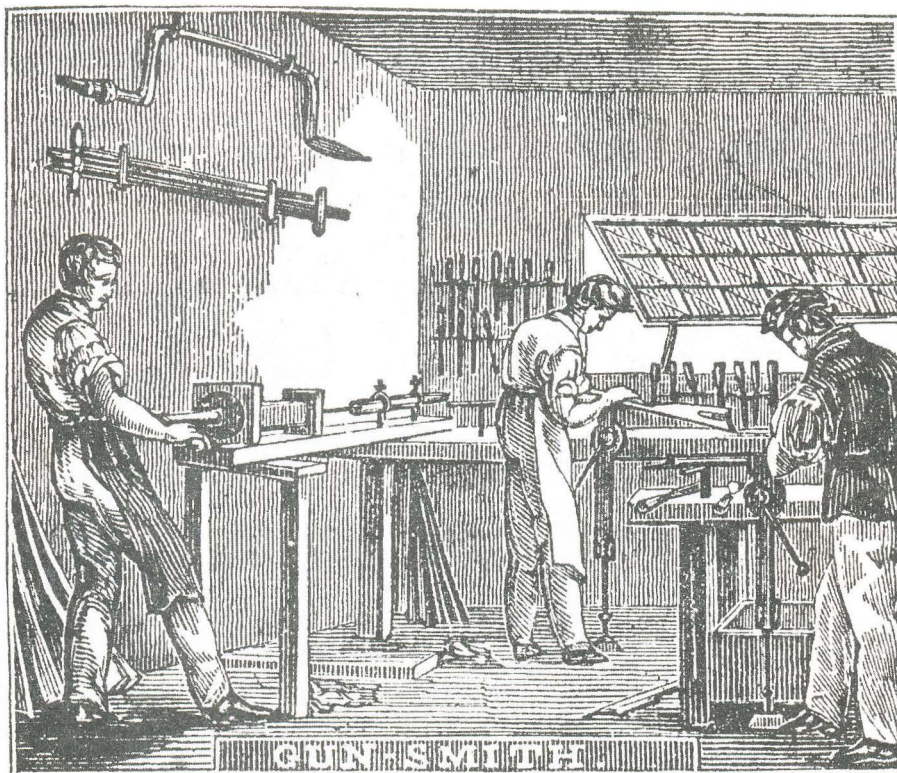
Dick Hulme started to learn in May. Doc Cox started in June. Throughout the summer I now and then joined the shooters and, possibly because I was away and then returned, could notice improvements in their gun work. It was not until late September, however, that I came in for the finale, the proof that every man can learn. Walter Groff, McGivern's understudy and a finished handgunner, came out from Philadelphia enroute to his ranch near Winifred, Montana. Ed made a party of his visit. We went to an ideal pistol range on the McEveney ranch in the Judiths. There a small flat for aerial work ran up into a gulch where there were secure natural barriers for other shooting.

I'm not going to write much about how that day proved that practice does it. I'm going to let the pictures tell that story.

After a warm-up on stationary targets the real shooting of the day began. (A tip—don't ever try any fancy stuff cold. Consider that every athlete warms up before he enters an event and that real shooting demands the tops in muscular coordination.) Walt opened by placing six large blue rocks against a plank, making six fast draws and breaking all targets. He used a Smith & Wesson .38 and wore a Myers Buscadero belt made to his personal specifications.

Aerial work started with quart cans, worked down to Blue Rocks, then Mo-Skeet-Os and then to shooting at the brass cases of shotgun shells from which the paper had been cut away. Targets were tossed directly overhead, over the gunner's head from behind, thrown in toward him and across in front of him. Since Walt had not had much practice for two years Dick and Doc were right after him. The competition was keen and Dick and Doc, who early in the summer had not been able to hit one of a dozen, were smacking the smallest targets right along with Walt.

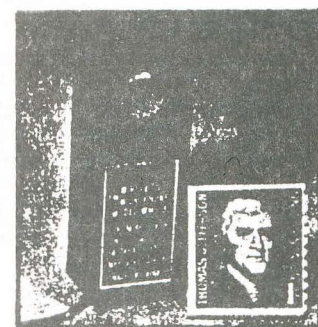
THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN



THE PICTURE FROM WHICH THE INTERESTING CUT AT THE LEFT WAS MADE WAS SENT TO US BY MR. FRANK A. TAYLOR, CURATOR OF THE ENGINEERING DIVISION OF THE U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. THE PICTURE WAS MADE FROM AN OLD WOOD CUT APPEARING IN THE BOOK, "PANORAMA OF THE PROFESSIONS AND TRADES," BY EDWARD HAZEN, PUBLISHED IN PHILADELPHIA IN 1837. THE BOOK WAS LOANED TO THE MUSEUM BY MR. J. E. COLEMAN, A CLOCK MAKER OF NASHVILLE, TENN., WHOSE HOBBY IS THE OLD-TIME CLOCKS WITH WOODEN MECHANISMS

broadcast on an unused portion of the band, thus lessening the chance that the conversation might be monitored. The chances of being overheard are slight anyway, as the range is only about 300 feet outside and less than 100 feet if the signal must pass through the walls of a building.

After an open spot on the FM band is found and the transmitter tuned (complete instructions are included with the mike) a portable FM radio is tuned to the same frequency. The radio is turned on and is connected to a tape recorder with a phone jack. One end is plugged into the speaker outlet on the radio. The other end is plugged into the input jack on the tape machine. Insert a blank 120 minute tape (60 min./side) and press the "record" button. Professional surveillance people use modified cassette machines that turn very slowly, allowing about 9 hours of recording. An existing machine can be so modified by installing a rheostat switch to control the speed of the motor in the tape recorder.



NEW SUBMINIATURE FM WIRELESS MICROPHONE

If left on the scene the wireless mike will continue to transmit for about 80 hours. It can be attached to the bottom of a desk or chair with a piece of tape or ribbon epoxy or hidden in a paper bag and placed in a convenient waste basket.

The one drawback to this transmitter is the short battery life. This is a result of the unit being constantly "on" as long as the battery is in place. Anyone with a fair amount of electronic skill can tap into the battery circuit of the mike and install a voice activated switch on the bug. This adds little bulk and allows the bug to function for weeks. The bug transmits only when conversation in the room triggers the voice activated switch. When the conversation ceases, the unit remains on for five seconds and then switches off. This is

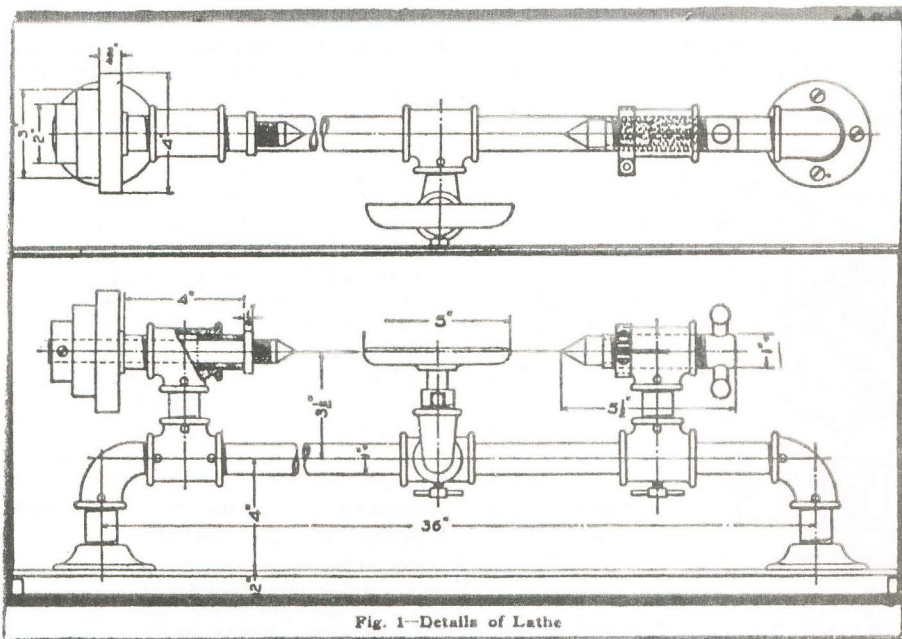


Fig. 1—Details of Lathe

is made of a piece of strap iron, bent and drilled as shown. It is held together by means of a small machine screw and a knurled nut. The tee should have a slot cut in it about one-half its length and it should also have one bead filed away so that the clamp will fit tightly over it.

The hand rest is made from a tapering elbow, a tee and a forging. The forging can be made by a blacksmith at a small expense. Both the lower

tees of the hand rest and the tailstock should be provided with screw clamps to hold them in place.

The pulley is made of hardwood pieces, $\frac{3}{4}$ or 1 in. thick as desired. It is fastened to the spindle by means of a screw, as shown in Fig. 2, or a key can be used as well.

Care must be taken to get the tail-

stock center vertically over the bed, else taper turning will result. To do this, a straight line should be scratched

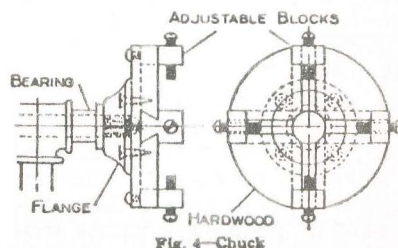


Fig. 4—Chuck

on the top of the bed pipe, and when the tailstock is set exactly vertical, a corresponding line made on this. This will save a great deal of time and trouble and possibly some errors.

The two designs of chucks shown in Figs. 3 and 4 are very easy to make, and will answer for a great variety of work.

walkie talkies. Adequate ones are available for about \$25 from any radio and electronics store. These units are small enough to carry in a coat pocket or may be taped to your leg. The transmit button is taped down, and your conversation is broadcasted to the companion unit which receives the signal and transfers it to the tape machine either by microphone or wire connection. If the walkie talkie is too bulky to hide on your person or leave at the scene, a "wireless mini mike" can be used. These units are available for \$25 from security suppliers or for \$14 direct from the manufacturer. These units are miniature radio transmitters that broadcast on the FM band. The "mike" should be tuned to

BARGAIN BUGGING

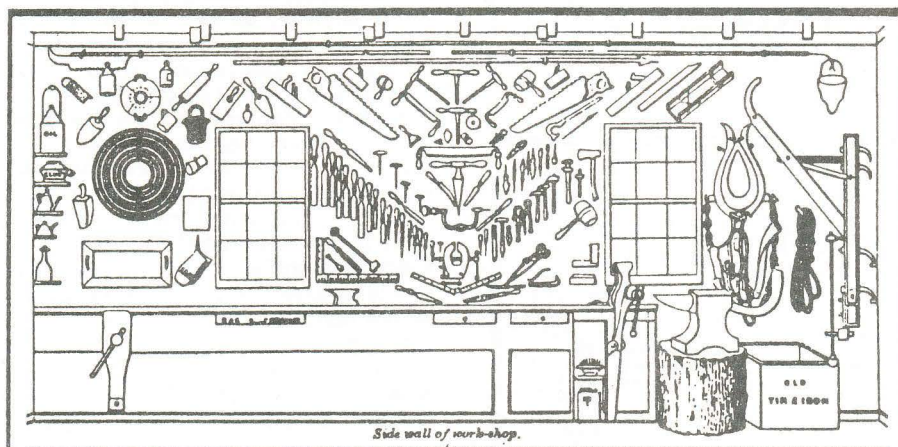
By Clyde Barrow

When it is necessary to record your conversation with another person or his conversation with a third party after your departure, a "bug" can be hidden in your pocket and may be left at the scene. The bug transmits to a receiver/tape recorder setup in your nearby parked car or carried by your associate who places himself as close to the scene of conversation as possible; outside an office, in an adjoining room, etc.

The simplest method uses two

the type of system Dick Nixon used to cut his own throat during the days of Watergate. A similar voice activated switch can be installed between the

radio and tape machine. This will allow the tape machine to remain off until a signal is received from the radio.



HOW TO BLACKEN METAL

By Clyde Barrow

Many of your knife and gun parts, belt buckles, and various other pieces of hardware are probably made of polished metal. You may look like a walking signal mirror as you stalk through the woods or sleaze around in dark alleys.

Any metal surface can be blackened temporarily with G96 Gun Sight Black. This is a spray on dull black paint that washes off with gun solvent. Sight Black leaves no residue and won't harm the surface. It rubs off easily and must be constantly touched up.

Chrome and stainless steel can only be blackened with epoxy paint. Get the best you can afford. Epoxy does chip off and must be retouched periodically.

Aluminum can be blackened permanently only by anodizing. It is expensive and few metal shops do this type of work. (How to anodize at home will appear in a later issue.) Several gun accessory firms sell Aluminum Black. This product contains tellurium dioxide, fluoboric acid, nickel sulfate and copper sulfate. The solution

produces a chalky black surface that looks great, but scratches and wears off easily. Parts that receive a lot of handling or abrasion will have to be touched up every few days.

Carbon Steel and brass parts can effectively be blackened with one of the commercial touch up blues currently on the market. These are a cold type bluing, wipe on and rinse off, and should not be confused with commercial hot bluing which requires large tanks of chemicals and assorted paraphenalia. Cold blue is designed to be used to touch up scratches and worn spots on an existing blue job. If cold blue is used to color a large area, such as a knife blade, it will often appear blotchy and uneven. This is not good at gun shows, but matters little for our purposes here. Cold blue will wear off in time, but a coat of Pledge or similar furniture polish will seal the surface and help to protect the finish. A light coat of oil will also protect a new cold blue from the elements.

The traditional military finish for steel is a black or gray matte finish known as Parkerizing. A complete article on this process will appear in a future issue.

CO2 BOMB

By Clyde Barrow

Empty CO2 cartridges can be used as mini bombs or grenades, either singly or in groups attached to a central pipe bomb or grenade device.

A 3/16 inch diameter hole is drilled into the neck of the cartridge. A small funnel is used to fill the bomb with black or smokeless powder. A section

of 3/16 inch diameter cannon and hobby fuse is now glued into the hole. Be sure to cut the ends on a diagonal.

This will assure positive ignition of the powder. If a fragmentation effect is desired, a layer of finish nails or tacks is taped to the outside of the cartridge. The nails may first be dipped in poison if desired. A fragmentation device capable of large distribution can be made by taping several of these small bombs to a

central pipe bomb or grenade. The fuses of the individual bombs are trimmed to the same length and the ends to be lit are held together loosely with a rubber band. These fuses should be set to burn several seconds longer than the main bomb or grenade fuse. After all fuses are lit, the unit is thrown or shot from a launcher. When the main bomb explodes, the mini bombs will be scattered through the air over a wide area, and then a few seconds later, each bomb will explode individually. Each of these mini bombs will in turn spray their respective areas with shrapnel.

The fuse should always be tested beforehand to determine the specific burning rate. Each new roll of fuse should be tested, as the burning rate may vary from one roll to another.

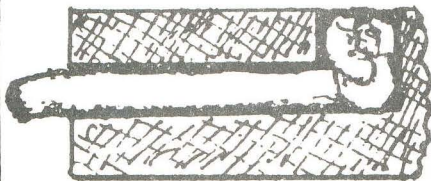
Nunchaku

By Darvis McCoy

When Japan invaded and occupied Okinawa some 350 years ago, possession of any weapon by an Okinawan was forbidden. So the Okinawans had to turn to improvising weapons from common tools, as Americans will someday have to do. One such weapon was the nunchaku, a tool used by the farmers to pound their grain. It consisted of two sticks tied together by a rope or cord, making it the most versatile and wicked hand-to-hand weapon ever devised. The nunchaku can be used as a club, a flail, or a garrote, and can be mastered at home with only a few hours practice. It can be made with materials easily had from any lumber yard or hardware store. When used as a flail or whiplash club, the striking end reaches speeds of over 100 m.p.h. When used as a garrote, each stick uses the other for leverage, creating a viselike garrote.

To make one, take a piece of 1 1/2 inch diameter dowel 31 inches long and cut in half, each piece then being 15 1/2 inches long. Now drill a hole into the end of each piece to a depth of about three inches. The hole should be just wide enough to accommodate a nylon rope, which is the best for this purpose. Now drill into the side of the dowel to intersect the end of the other hole, but big enough to hold the rope doubled. You should now have one "L" shaped hole. Now insert the end of the rope through the end of the dowel and pull through the larger hole. Double the rope end and fuse the doubled strands together with a match. Now repeat the process with

the other stick, using the other end of the rope, leaving about five inches between the two sticks. The fused strands should fit into the hole, leaving nothing sticking out. A simple knot could be tied in the ends of the ropes instead of burning them with the matches.



The nunchaku is used as a flail by holding one of the sticks about midway, thumb pointing toward the rope. It can be swung from a hanging position, with the other end either hanging backward over the same shoulder, or from the under arm position, like in the movies. For the under arm position, the striking end is held firmly in the armpit, and released with a sudden snap at the victim's temple or ribs. Your own imaginations is the limit to the number of ways and methods of striking that can be used.

Most store-bought nunchakus come with chains instead of rope, but chains are noisy and are not worth the effort.

When you have practiced enough to keep from bashing yourself in the forehead, take a block plane and plane off the roundness of the dowel, making it into a hexagon. When these edges hit a victim, the pounds per square inch are much deadlier than those delivered by a round object.

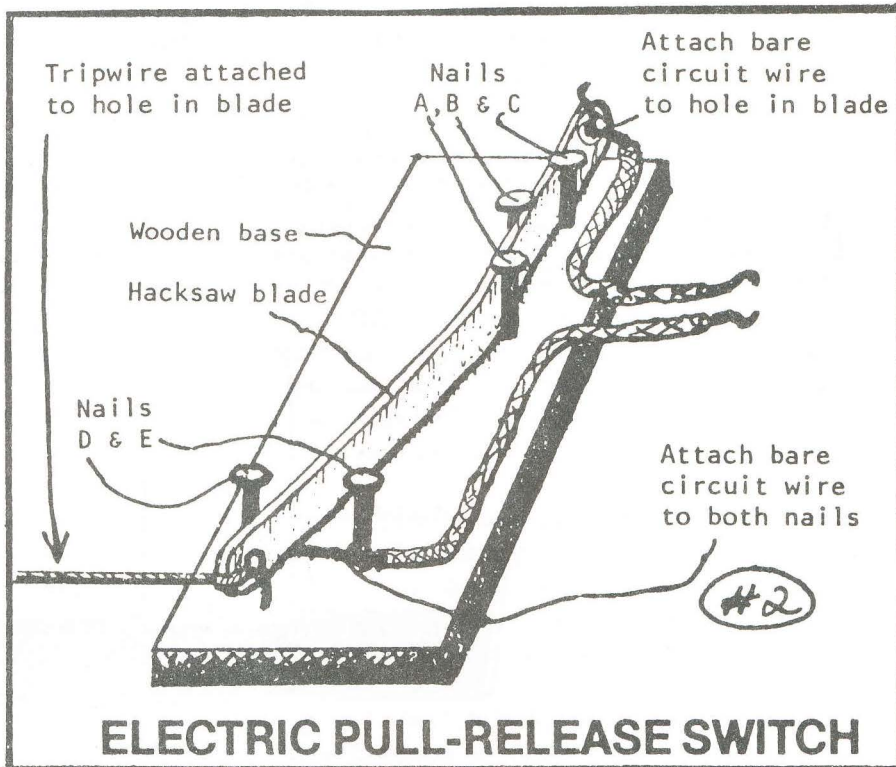
The nunchaku is very superior to the yawara stick for several reasons. It has a much greater reach, it hits harder due to the whiplash effect, and it does more damage because of the edges left after planing off the curves. It can be used as a regular club by holding the two sticks together; and when you realize that the club you are holding is also effective as a garrote, with no modification, you begin to realize that you hold the world's most effective hand-to-hand weapon.

SWITCHES

By Clyde Barrow

A simple pull switch for use in burglar alarms, booby traps and for arming bombs can be made from a spring clothespin, a wood or plastic wedge, and a pull wire or string. (See drawing #1)

First strip the insulation from the ends of the two circuit wires and wrap



them tightly around the two jaws of the clothespin. The bare wires should touch and close the circuit when the clothespin is in a relaxed position. To hold the circuit in an open position, a wedge of some non-conductive material such as wood or plastic is inserted between the jaws. A pull wire is attached to the wedge. When the wire is pulled, the wedge is pulled free and the clothespin snaps shut, completing the circuit. The switch is mounted to a solid surface by driving a nail through the hole in the clothespin spring.

The one drawback to the above system is the easewith which it can be disarmed. If the subject should spot the wire, he can simply cut it and proceed about his business. A failsafe switch to foil these sneaky types is shown in drawing #2.

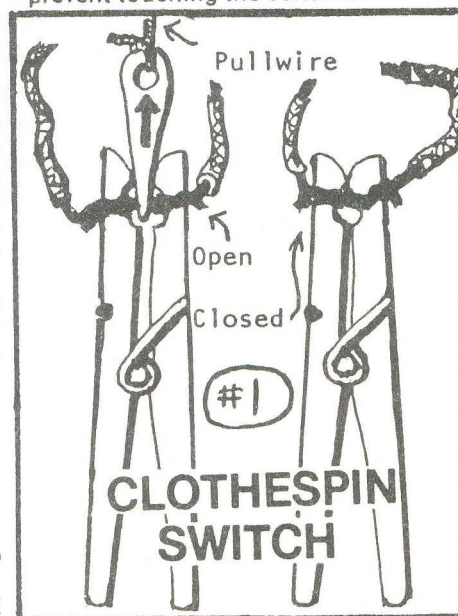
A hacksaw blade or similar flexible strip of conductive metal is secured to a board with three nails (a, b, and c) as shown. One of the two circuit wires is now attached to this end of the metal strip.

Nails D & E are driven into the board about 1 inch apart. The second circuit wire is now attached to these two nails as shown. In this manner the circuit will be closed if the metal strip touches either nail D or E.

The trip wire is attached to the D/E end of the metal strip. Adjust the tension to suspend the strip between

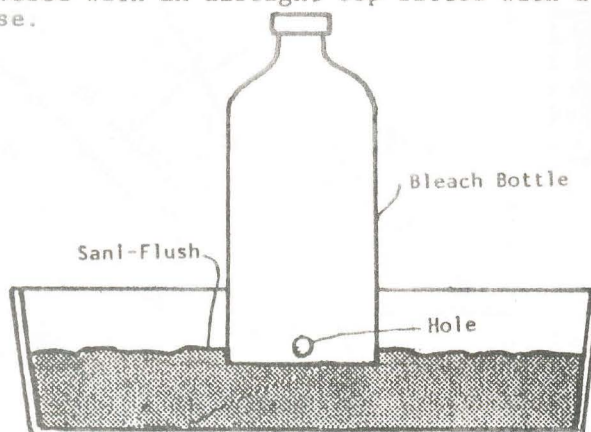
the two nails.

If the wire is pulled in a trip wire fashion, the metal strip will touch nail D but if the wire is discovered and cut it will spring open and contact nail E. Either way, the circuit will be completed. This is a popular anti disturbance device for bombs because it is almost impossible to cut the wire and maintain the correct tension to prevent touching the contacts.



CHLORINE

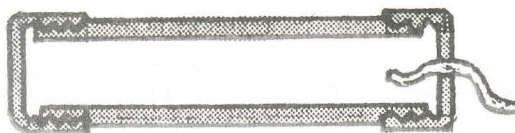
Chlorine gas is generated when chlorine bleach is mixed with sodium bisulfate (Sani-Flush). Pour a can of Sani-Flush in a baking pan, and level off the top of the pile. Punch a hole near the bottom of the plastic bleach jug and place the jug in the center of the pan. A steady cloud of gas will be generated, the actual duration depending upon the rate of bleach flow. If it is necessary to direct the gas to a specific area, the generator can be covered with an airtight top fitted with a hose.



PLASTIC BOMBS

Hand grenades and antipersonnel mines can be easily and cheaply constructed from polyester casting resin, auto body putty, ABS and PVC pipe, plexiglass, vacuum formed styrene sheet etc. These plastic devices won't produce shrapnel fragments or concussions equal to the power of conventional bombs, but they do have two unique and noteworthy features; they are both non metallic and x-ray transparent.

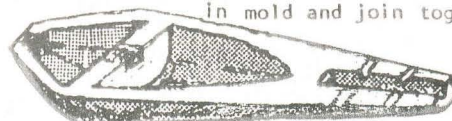
The first feature allows these devices to be carried through airports, government buildings and other controlled areas where a magnetometer check might be encountered.



Pipe Bomb-made from prethreaded plastic tube

The inability to detect plastic fragments with x-rays will require that each fragment be probed for and will complicate surgical treatment.

Mortar Bomb-cast halves in mold and join together



Plastic shrapnel filler can be coated with poison before it is added to the bomb to increase the kill rate of the explosion.

RADIO BEAMS FROM MARS

by Kurt Saxon

For several days and nights Clarence stayed glued to his TV set. Countless cartoons, talk shows, movies and news reports were without a single message for him. And one evening it happened.

A news segment on animal rights activists featured their spokesman, Sonny Barlow, showing clips of animal torture by cosmetics companies. Rabbits were shown, strapped down while various cosmetics were put in their eyes. The purpose was to see if their eyes would be damaged. If not, the eye cosmetics and shampoos would be safe for humans.

Sonny ended his short talk with, "One would have to be from outer space to not know this is the willful torture of helpless animals".

Clarence had watched in horror. He had not imagined such cruelty. There had been cages holding cats in the same room. He pictured in his mind his cat in one of those cages awaiting some awful experiment.

As he thought about it he grew enraged and tearful. He looked over at his cat and the cat looked back at him. His guides assured him that those monsters would get around to his cat in time.

"But they won't", shouted Clarence. "They're Martians, all right. The man said you would have to be from outer space not to know it was torture. Of course they're from outer space. So they're our next targets".

He discussed the matter through the night with his guides. Clarence was willing to kill anyone connected with such brutality. But it wasn't as simple as that. These were businesses, with mainly Earth people duped into doing the dirty work. He would kill a dozen employees without getting to one Martian.

So how to ruin the Martians' business? The main culprit Barlow named was Tressallure. This was a hair cosmetic firm which come out of nowhere to flood the TV with dazzling commercials. Tressallure was owned by Vito Benno, a greasy slug said to have mob connections.

As Clarence and his guides discussed Tressallure, one of the guides brought up Milton, the electro-chemist back at the hospital, Milton had refused to use shampoo and would only wash his hair with soap. He had assured Clarence that the pyrithione zinc in most shampoos made the scalp a conductor. Space people could then beam their messages to those zinc-coated skulls and cause those people to vote for politicians who were actually space people up to no good.

"The best way to stop that is to make people afraid to buy Tressallure", said Clarence to his guides. "That

would not only stop the Martian radio beams but would stop the torture of rabbits and cats".

After more discussion they hit upon the idea of buying two hundred bottles of Tressallure and substituting hair remover for the shampoo. Clarence decided to doctor the two hundred bottles of Tressallure with hair remover. That would cost maybe \$2,000.

He needed nearly \$1,000 so he loaded up four pipe shotguns and went hunting for Martian muggers that night. With his padding to rest the handle of the gun on, he looked sort of fat, and being loaded down, a little drunk.

After a few blocks into the rougher part of his neighborhood he was approached by two blacks who saw him as an easy mark. Clarence pretended to scratch himself and put his hand through the slit in his jacket.

Neither of the two blacks even pulled a weapon, thinking Clarence was that easy. When they stopped in front of him and demanded his money Clarence pulled out the gun, rested its handle on the padding and fired. Sixteen .30 caliber pellets ripped into the throat of one, nearly tearing his head off. Clarence quickly pulled out the barrel and smashed it into the skull of the other.

He took his time searching the bodies on the dark street. These two had been at work. He collected over \$400.00. Since it was only 10 o'clock, Clarence stayed out hunting. He no longer enjoyed it. He had gotten so skilled at spotting, attracting and killing muggers it had become boring.

The next morning newspaper headlines screamed, "SHOTGUN VIGILANTE SLAYS 8 MORE!" The TV gave his night's work full coverage. Commentators accused the police of laxity and demanded troops to protect New Yorkers from the killer of muggers.

That afternoon Clarence walked to the drug store and bought one bottle of Tressallure and one of a popular lotion hair remover. It was for coarse, dark hair, supposedly the strongest. He had intended to mix it half and half and so he smeared a generous helping of the mixture on one arm and let it alone for five minutes. When he scraped it off he was disappointed to see it didn't work.

So much for that. He'd have to use it full strength. He then put the pure lotion on his arm and, sure enough, all the hair in that spot came off at the roots after five minutes.

Clarence reasoned that since Tressallure was a relatively new product, people wouldn't know what to expect. They'd just rub it in like their regular shampoo, usually while in the shower, or even over a sink. Then

after a few minutes they'd try for lather, of which there was none, and rinse it out; along with their hair.

Clarence bought two hundred twelve ounce bottles of Tressallure and four hundred six ounce bottles of the lotion hair remover. This took him five days as he visited six hundred drug stores, mom and pops and supermarkets in a ten square mile area. It cost him nearly all he had, but easy come, easy go.

To avoid suspicion, although he could have bought a dozen bottles without arousing comment, Clarence bought one at a time. He was methodical to the extreme. He would buy a bottle, stick it in a pocket in its sack with receipt and go on until front, back and jacket pockets were filled. When he had six, he would go to a trash receptacle, find a dirty sack and put the six bottles in it and stuff it down in the receptacle. When he had five sacks of six bottles each he'd go back and collect them and take the thirty bottles back to his room.

After twenty trips he set to work emptying the Tressallure down the sink and refilling the bottles with the lotion hair remover. He had bought a pair of rubber gloves at a pharmacy and was careful to wipe off any fingerprints. He also made sure to put each Tressallure bottle back in its original marked sack so it would go back to the store he bought it from.

When he had the two hundred bottles filled he made the rounds, going into each store and putting its bottle or bottles of Tressallure back among the rest, up front.

Molly Franklin was coming out. She expected to see Todd Jordan at the ball this evening. He had twenty million and she wanted it. Her parents had pulled a lot of strings to get Todd to the coming out. She was pretty enough, but with Tressallure (she believed commercials), she was a cinch.

She undressed and stepped into the shower. The Tressallure had a different smell from most shampoos she'd used, but so what? She massaged it in, took the bar of Lady Beauty soap and commenced to soap herself all over while the Tressallure worked its magic. She luxuriated for several minutes while bathing then stood on one foot, then the other, making sure she got between her toes clean.

Then she turned the faucet on full and bent her head, eyes closed. She then directed the spray to her underarms and the rest of her. As she rinsed out her eyes she noticed the water coming up over her ankles and begin to flow out under the shower door. She looked closer and noticed the drain clogged with hair. She screamed.

Her mother fainted when Molly appeared in a towel, shrieking hysterically. Only a few dripping wisps were left. "I can't go", yelled Molly. "I don't even have a wig. Now that slut, Angela, will get him".

Mr. Franklin examined the Tressallure bottle and

had his now recovered wife search out the receipt. That snot Todd's twenty million was chickenfeed compared to what he could get from Safeway and Tressallure.

By noon the next day an alert had gone out over every radio and TV station. Within hours Tressallure was being taken off the shelves of every store in the city. Then it was statewide. The networks joined in and by that evening Tressallure was pulled from every store nationwide.

Eighteen lawsuits were filed in the next three days. Then the phenomena began. The networks had described the substitution as a matter of course. Hundreds of persons around the country were turning in bottles of Tressallure they had bought before the recall and filing suits.

Anyone willing to lose his or her hair in expectation of collecting big in court was claiming his or her bottle had been spiked with hair remover. Even other shampoos were affected, as all one needed was any shampoo bottle filled with hair remover, even without a receipt. Within another week there was no shampoo of any kind for sale.

Vito Benno was hunted down by the media and found in a massage parlor. His attorney was with him and nervously advised him not to make any statements. Vito Benno waved him aside and shouted, "You call this justice? I hire the best looking broads for my TV commercials, with the nicest hair. I even hired a nigger teenager to tell those broads to shake their bodies for him, like in the Revlon commercials. Who says I ain't got class?" His lawyer left the room.

Then Vito Benno began to weep. He swept the toupee off his head and used it to wipe his eyes. Then he blew his nose in it. "Just because we blinded some rabbits those animal activist freaks gotta go and put me out of business. I'll get them, see if I don't".

The next evening Sonny Barlow was found shot dead. Everyone suspected Vito Benno but two women swore they were in bed with him at the time. Vito Benno had mob connections but nothing could be proven.

When his TV informed him of Sonny Barlow's death, Clarence was shattered. He had caused the death of another human being! He wept with shame and recrimination.

But he would avenge Sonny Barlow. Vito Benno was a Martian and so would have to die. But how? Clarence didn't know where Vito Benno lived and supposed he would be guarded, anyway.

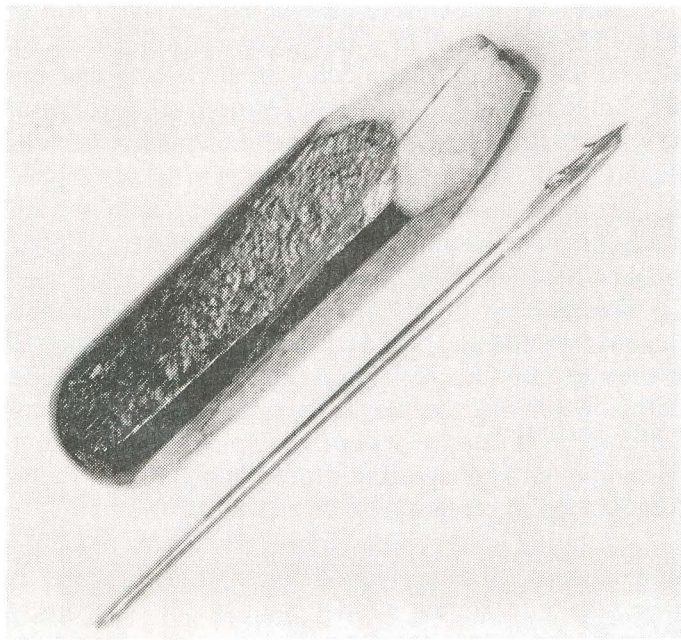
He would have to draw Vito Benno into the open and in a situation where he could be gotten at without much risk. His guides came up with a plan to burn Vito Benno's warehouse, thus getting him into the open as a spectator.

But first, Clarence needed a weapon which was

easily concealed, not too noisy and disposable. One of his guides suggested an icepick. This was logical, since an ice pick would be silent and would produce a small but deep wound. Clarence liked the idea but naturally improved on it.

He went to a dime store and bought two wooden-handled ice picks and a packet of large fish hooks, size 5/0. When he got to his room he tried to pull the picks from their handles. They were in too tight so he put a knife blade alongside the pick and whacked it with a pair of pliers. The handle split and he took the pick out. He then put a piece of match stick in the slot so the pick wouldn't go in farther than three eighths of an inch.

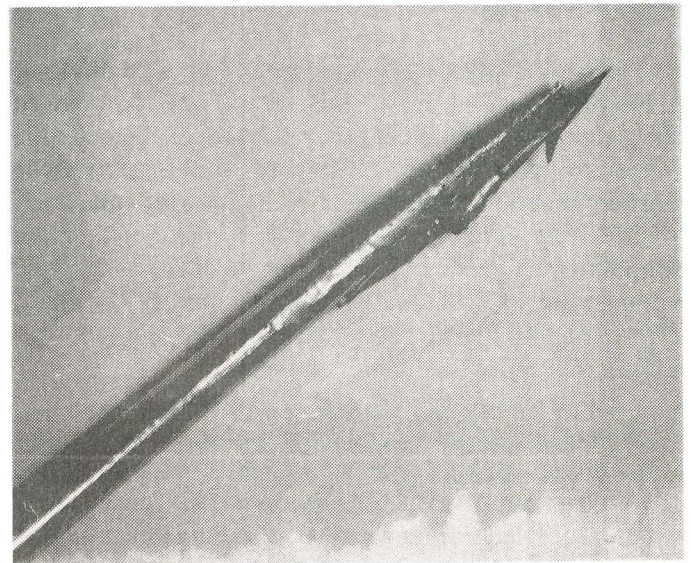
Next he bent back two of the fish hooks until they broke. He used GOOP to glue their points onto the points of the picks. Then he used more GOOP to glue the handles back together. He then whittled the pick ends of the handles to within a sixteenth of an inch of the pick. Thus, he had the absolutely perfect murder weapon.



At the hospital he had often discussed surgery with Dr. Blount, a fellow patient and defrocked surgeon. Dr. Blount had taken to searching for CIA electronic implants during routine surgery. He had told Clarence how the body tissues tended to instantly close in around wounds. Clarence also remembered how in war movies, a soldier often had to use his foot on an enemy while withdrawing a bayonet.

The pick would stay in the handle but was plenty loose enough to stay in a body after entering. Nonetheless, Clarence put the pick point-up in his shirt pocket and the handle in his jacket pocket. He then went to Central Park looking for someone to test it out on.

As he stopped to watch some children at play, he



heard a small voice at his side. "Hey, Mister". He looked down and there was a little girl. He was amazed that he could see right through her.

He called her to the attention of his guides and was told that they couldn't see her at all. One even accused him of hallucinating. Clarence was angered and protested that he didn't hallucinate. "What do you think I am, crazy?"

He turned back to the little girl and she said, "That man over there on the bench did bad things to me and then he choked me".

So she was a ghost. Clarence had never seen a ghost

but didn't doubt the child. Still, not one to overreact, he watched the man the little girl had pointed out before taking any action.

The man was watching the children intently. One of the girls called another little girl by name, "Margie". The man stood up and approached Margie. "Margie", he said, "your mother's been hurt and she wants me to take you to her".

The little girl burst into tears and asked, "Is Mommy hurt bad?"

The man answered, "Pretty bad. So you'd better come along now". He reached out his hand and Margie took it and the man proceeded to lead her out of the park.

Clarence had heard it all. He took the pick out of his shirt pocket and inserted its end into the handle. He followed the two a few paces and as he got alongside the man he plunged the ice pick into his side, below the ribs, with enough force to cause the handle to push the flesh a couple of inches inward.

When the handle was pulled away the pick stayed deep inside the body, held partly by the 5/0 fish hook. As the flesh rebounded, it closed over the end of the pick. There was hardly any blood and little appearance of a wound, especially since what wound there was was covered by clothing.

Medics just coming on the scene would be hard put to find the wound and it would certainly be fatal before any sort of surgery could remove the pick. It had also passed through organs and intestines, making dozens of holes which could not have been mended in time.

The man screamed, clutched his side, staggered around for awhile and fell to the ground writhing. Margie had no idea of what had happened but stood apart, worrying about her mother. Clarence stepped away unnoticed. The little girl had disappeared.

A small crowd finally gathered around the man as Clarence stood and watched. The man could have been drunk, doped, epileptic. There was no sign of an injury. One concerned comforter relieved the man of his wallet. Another took his wristwatch. After a half hour, medics appeared to take away the corpse.

Clarence was satisfied. On the way back to his room he went to a drugstore and bought a two-liter enema bag. Then he called the Tressallure company. When the receptionist answered, Clarence said, "Hey, Babe, I've got a load of Tressallure from Nevada and the bill of lading got coffee spilled on it. I can't read the address. What's your warehouse address?"

The receptionist rummaged around and finally told him where the warehouse was. Clarence then took a bus to the address and found it was an old warehouse down near the docks. He had expected to need a cordless drill to make a hole in the wood or metal front to stick the

enema bag tube through.

He was lucky, since the warehouse, old but sturdy, had several slits as wide as a half-inch. The warehouse was nearly full of cartons of returned Tressallure. There was nothing else there, since the product was put up by a commercial bottling plant elsewhere.

Clarence went back into his room and waited until near dark before taking the bus again. This time he carried the enema bag by a cord around his neck, under his jacket, filled with two liters of gasoline.

There was no one around so he stuck the bag's tube through a crack and pressed the bag. The gasoline squirted several feet into the warehouse. Clarence made sure to ease up near the last so there would be a gasoline trail up to the crack.

Then he lit a match, thrust it through the crack and walked away. The two liters of gasoline made a glorious fire, which wouldn't be noticed for several minutes. He disposed of the enema bag.

Clarence then went to the nearest fire alarm and set it off. He then went to a public phone and called the Tressallure office. He expected an answering machine but someone was still there. He reported the fire, saying he was with the Fire Department. He suggested that Vito Benno should be notified and told to go to the warehouse.

Clarence sat in a nearby coffee shop until the fire trucks arrived. Then he ambled back to make up part of the small crowd collecting.

The firemen didn't seem much interested in Vito Benno's warehouse, probably because the plastic bottles in the cartons were such good fuel. While they concentrated on keeping the fire from spreading to the nearby buildings, Vito Benno was driven up. He and two obvious bodyguards poured out of the limo and Vito Benno commenced to scream hysterically at the firemen.

While the bodyguards looked around for recognizable enemies, Clarence edged near and plunged the ice pick into Vito Benno's side. As Vito Benno gasped, Clarence flicked the handle to the ground and looked at his victim as would any bystander. Vito Benno clutched his side and his bodyguards quickly looked him over for any signs of a wound.

His suit jacket showed no holes and Clarence told one of the bodyguards, "This man's having a heart attack or a stroke or something. I don't like his color. You shouldn't let him get so excited".

The bodyguards just scowled at Clarence and half-carried Vito Benno back to his car. That evening the TV announced Vito Benno's death, speculating it was a mob hit. The anchorman explained that Vito Benno had probably borrowed millions of mob money and couldn't begin to pay it back. That sounded reasonable to Clarence.

Clarence then settled back to watch his favorite TV

evangelist, Brother John, the white shepherd of New York's Ebony Baptist Church. Brother John was holding a telethon, beginning the next day. He showed the large hall he'd rented for the assembly of hundreds of storefront pastors and politicians. If Jerry Lewis could hold telethons for muscular dystrophy, he, Brother John, could hold a telethon for Jesus, to bring the brothers together for a renewal of faith and faith offerings.

Brother John then launched into a sermon on how the devil's servants would try to disrupt his telethon. Some would come to the telethon as wolves in sheep's cloth-

ing. "You know who the devils are", shouted Brother John to his TV audience. His meaning, of course, was that some of the pastors and politicians might come but be less than supportive. Brother John was subtly telling them that those who withheld full support would lose his support.

Clarence heard a different message. He imagined infiltrators disrupting the telethon. So when Brother John asked for volunteers to help set up the show and answer the phones, Clarence decided to be a volunteer.

~~ BOOK REVIEWS ~~

reviewed by Douglas P. Bell

LONG ON PRICE, SHORT ON INFORMATION

The next series of book to be reviewed here are books by Duncan Long. Long, a mainstay of the Paladin Press line up, has ten books listed in the cover of one of the books, but that isn't the most current list and there are more out there to be had by the unwary book buyer.

As you may have guessed from the title of this article I am not too taken with most of these books. They are (with minor exceptions) short, quite expensive (maybe I should say horrendously overpriced instead), and almost completely worthless. The flip side of the coin is they are exceedingly popular, and even rather fun reading IF you understand that they are almost completely worthless and are to fine literature, or even to trashy literature, what "They Saved Hitler's Head" is to great movies.

The three books to be reviewed here are "Firearms For Survival", "AK 47: The Complete Kalashnikov Family of Assault Rifles" and "Nuclear War Survival". The first book to be reviewed will be "Firearms For Survival" simply because it is, in my opinion, the most dangerous.

The reason I consider "Firearms For Survival" (Paladin, 1987, 136 pages, 8 1/2" x 11", \$16.95) to be the most dangerous is because it is so horrendously overpriced and worthless as far as getting any good information about firearms for survival is concerned. This leads to the "burn out" of survivalists who simply get tired of continually being ripped off by the "weird" book sellers

and then they simply stop buying books and often drop out of the survivalist "movement" all together and I can't blame them.

Firearms For Survival is slightly longer than the listed 136 pages because they didn't count the book end in the front, title page, table of contents, or warning as pages. However it all evens out as there are at least seven blank pages through out the book at the end of the chapters and most chapters have half a page or less at the end as well.

This book also contains the usual number of bloop and blunders that all books that are not carefully proofread are subject to, especially by nontechnical readers. Things like the lineup of cartridges on page 102 which lists the cartridges, but refers to "two of the .32 Winchester Special" while one cartridge is rimmed and the other isn't, one is appreciably longer than the other, and one is of a much larger caliber than the other as well.

What really is pictured is a .32 Winchester Special and a .35 Remington. Also this lineup is listed as "another assortment of rounds useful for many survival needs", which is nothing short of unadulterated bull shit! I can pick out four cartridges that are either not chambered in this country any longer or are so limited in selection of firearms as to be worthless for survivalism.

The chapters here are What Is A Survival Firearm?, Ammunition, .22 and .25 ACP Pistols, .22 Rifles, .32 ACP and .380 ACP Pistols, Large Caliber Autos, Centerfire Pistols, Pistol Caliber Car-

bines, Shotguns, Centerfire Rifles, Special Purpose Guns, and Getting It Together. Most of these chapters are short and have nothing of real interest in them, although most are well illustrated. In fact many pages are nothing but photos of a gun or two. After reading the book all it seems that a manufacturer had to do was supply a photo to be included; quality had nothing to do with it.

Remember the last chapter in this book? Well REALLY get it together and take your \$17 bucks and buy Mel Tappan's 1976 vintage classic "Survival Guns" (Janus Press, Box 578, Rogue River, OR 97537, and available from SI, POB 3796, Gardena, CA 90247) instead. You'll be glad you did!

The next book "AK47: The Complete Kalashnikov Family of Assault Rifles" (Paladin, 1988, 185 pages, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", \$14.00) isn't too bad, at least by Duncan Long standards. Although heir to the usual mistakes and blunders that one expects from Duncan Long's books. What really gripes my ass about this book is the ammunition chapter. Total garbage!

The ammunition chapter starts off with the .22 short after a short intro. The opening line in the .22 Short segment starts with "Neither the .22 trainers nor any variant of the Kalashnikov is chambered for this round." So why then does he devote one third of a page to the cartridge? The same can be said about the .22 Long and .22 CB Long Cap, another page and a half down the toilet.

The chapter then goes on to waste three and a half pages on the .22 Long

Rifle, which doesn't tell you anything of value and seems to be only filler. Next we have an experimental .22 rimfire round, but so what? There is no need to waste our time with it here, and the .22 Winchester Magnum pretty much falls into the same category as the rest, worthless.

The .223 Remington / 5.56 NATO he has divided into two groups the ".223 Remington" and "5.56 NATO", another four and a half page down. The .50 BMG (Browning Machine Gun) section has for a first line, "there is no .50-caliber variation of the Kalashnikov"! As I said before, if there isn't a gun chambered for it, why bother? I guess the reason he bothers so there will be over ten pages in the book, even if it is mostly filler material.

Chapters here are History, Non-Soviet Variants, Sniper Rifles, Semiauto and Light Machine Guns, Owning an AK, Ammunition, and Accessories For The AK. Actually this isn't that bad a book if judged by Duncan Long's other books. If you have \$14.00 burning a hole in your pocket and feel like buying an exceedingly overpriced book with it, you could do worse than buying this one if you have an AK47 at home. However if you don't have an AK at home or the money isn't burning a hole in your pocket, I'd leave it there.

The last book to be reviewed here, due to the constraints of length, is the 5th edition of "Nuclear War Survival" (G. O. Guillory & Assn., 1986, 104 pages, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2"). while I have the fifth edition of this book there is a current sixth edition of this book published by Paladin.

Because I don't have a sixth edition, I'm forced to review the fifth edition which is no great hardship as this book is truly excellent! One can only hope that Paladin hasn't screwed around with the book to make it longer and included a bunch of worthless photos for the sake of length and not quality.

The chapters include Falsehoods, Myths and Fiction, Living With The Bomb, Radiation and EMP, Targets, Shelter, Special Equipment, Water and Food, and Stocking Up. The type in this book is rather small, there are no photos included and no wasted space either. An

excellent book for once!

Part 2

Since the last review ended with Duncan Long's "Nuclear War Survival Fifth Edition" and it was reported that there was a sixth edition out but I hadn't seen it, it was felt that would be a good place to start the second part. The "NWS 5th ed." (Guillory & Assoc. 1986) is 5 1/2" X 8 1/2" and 104 pages long. It uses small print and no photos or drawings, so there is a lot of information packed in the book with little or no "Padding" to make a book look longer than it really is.

The "NWS 6th Ed." (J. Flores, 1990) is 5 1/2" x 8 1/2" and 221 pages long. It uses print half again as large as the fifth edition and a number of graphs, charts, drawing and photos also extend the length of the book. While some of the illustrations are well worth including, some are included, as far as I can tell, for the sole purpose of extending the books length.

The chapters here are pretty much the same as the fifth edition. Falsehoods, Myths and Fiction, Living With The Bomb, Radiation and EMP, Targets, Shelter, Special Equipment, Water, Food, Waste Disposal, Tunneling, Stocking UP, and Appendix. The major differences are that the water and food chapter has been split into two separate chapters and Waste Disposal and Tunneling are added.

I liked the idea of water and food having separate chapters. The storage of water is very often overlooked in many (most) survival books and drinking water is probably the single most needed item you could have. The tunneling chapter is a good, if short, addition to the book as well. This chapter is one that a lot of people probably haven't given much thought to, but should.

Waste disposal is also a very welcome chapter, and is covered in the shelter chapter as well. Almost no other survival book covers it and as the book states, proper sanitation has Probably done more to extend human life than just about anything else. However, he takes the same old tack as has been done to death since day one, burn your garbage where possible, bury your garbage where possible, chemical toilets, storing hu-

man waste while in the shelter, and then cesspools or septic tanks.

While burning your garbage where possible is a good idea, as is burying it, that might not be possible under nuclear fallout shelter conditions. Also, the idea of storing human waste is not very thrilling. As he states in the book, "Take care when storing these containers that the seams on them aren't disturbed; tape will tend to come loose over time. Having the 'ripe' garbage get loose would be far from ideal!"

Next, he has a pit dug outside the shelter and the excrement bags stored there until after the crisis. If you can't leave the shelter you might want to use a garbage can for storing your human waste! Chemical toilets are for liquid waste and pails and plastic bags are used for feces, but you will also need to store water and chemicals for your chemical toilet, further taking up valuable water and storage space.

Better than anything the book came up with (chemical toilets, pits, cesspools, etc.) would be composting toilets or a home methane generator made from some 55 gallon drums. Unfortunately, the book doesn't mention either.

For emergency lights the book has candles, and after that lamps burning animal fat! The home methane generator, as is used in almost all rural Chinese homes, would solve most of these problems at once, human waste and organic garbage goes in, methane gas for lights, cooking, etc., comes out along with valuable compost. The composting toilet does nothing but compost the waste into useful fertilizer, but it beats sitting on huge bags of waste waiting to hauled away.

Another area where the book falls down is the food chapter. He lists canned food as having a shelf life of around six months. Actually canned foods are a closed system and except for some vitamins and nutrients that under go chemical reactions over time, such as vitamin C, the vitamins and nutrients are simply leached into the water or juice which would be drunk, there by retaining almost all the 'lost' nutritional value!

As to freeze-dried foods, he admits that five years may be the outside limit for use, rather than the 20 years to infinity that the companies either claim or

imply. If you go by taste, some of it might have hit it's useful life span at day one! Another problem is that almost all of the dried (dehydrated) or freeze-dried products have to be boiled in water to be edible, as do the grains and beans he talks about.

In the shelter chapter there is talk about heat buildup. People and cooking are going to give off heat and humidity and you need to get rid of them, or as he states "you'd have the choice of being killed by radiation or heat exhaust ion." He also states "Humidity may create problems in a shelter" and "humidity may become great enough to damage moisture-sensitive equipment."

These two problems, heat and humidity, are compounded by the need to boil the beans, grains and freeze-dried foods the book proposes. The cure, we are told, is to have a good air flow through the shelter, but if the outside radiation is very high, we are back to being killed by radiation or heat exhaustion.

To reclaim the ground after a nuclear war, Duncan claims that removing the first two inches of soil will remove 99% of the contamination. That is probably true. However for ONE acre that would be over 250 cubic feet of dirt and it would weigh about 300 tons! Also removing the top soil will lessen the plant growing ability of the ground. The other idea of plowing it under to 18' might work too, but where is the heavy machinery going to come from to do all this? Who is going to do it? The government? Another good idea shot to hell.

In the stocking up chapter, Duncan favors the .223/5.56 over the .308. He claims "the .308 Winchester (also known as the 7.62mm NATO cartridge) is more powerful than necessary" and "gives excessive recoil". Right. uh huh. Sure. OK, that is one area we disagree. I hope neither one of us has to find out which one of us was right, or neither of us!

Duncan also favors the 9mm Luger over the .45 ACP. He claims the .45 ACP with hardball ammunition is less effective than the 9mm with expanding bullets. Go back and read the Philippine campaigns from the 1980's to this. Those who do not heed (read) history are doomed to repeat it! And yes, I HAVE read the Evan Marshall reports.

Finally is this a worthwhile book to own? YES IT IS! If you don't have one of the other of the "NWS" editions, I would highly recommend this book. However if you have any of the other editions than there is no need to buy this one.

Part 3

The next book in the review is "The AR-15/M16: A Practical Guide" (Duncan Long, Paladin, 1985, 8 1/2" x 11", 168 Pages). Actually this isn't that bad a book. There are no major blunders, the information is reasonably well thought out, and at \$16.95 in the 1991 catalog, only slightly overpriced when compared to his other books.

The chapters here are as follows: History and Development, Magazines, Ballistics and Ammunition, Functioning, Learning to Use the AR-15, Cleaning and Lubrication, Operation, Disassembly, Building Your Own Rifle, Assembly, Conversion kits and Modifications, Grenade Launchers, Automatic-Fire Conversions, Troubleshooting, Accessories, The AR-15 in Combat.

If you own an AR-15/M16, there are, I'm sure, worse books on the market than this one, although with the rapidly changing firearms market, this book is already slightly dated in some areas. Some of the conversions and other listed items, such as accessories, are either not available any longer or have been replaced with newer models. The book also doesn't talk about the new Colt made AR-15's that have been redesigned with receiver modifications and without the bayonet lug. This isn't the book's fault of course, any book on firearms will be outdated in short order, although the information contained will of course still be of use.

The next book is also a weapons book. "The MINI-14 - The Plinker, Hunter, Assault, and Everything Else Rifle" (Duncan Long, Paladin, 1987, 5 1/2" X 8 1/2", 120 pages). At \$10.00 in the 1991 catalog, this is also a (just) slightly overpriced book, in my opinion, when compared to other books of this type and especially Duncan's. This does not mean however that this is a bad book in any way. It simply isn't much good.

The chapters here are: History, The

Mini-14 Family of Rifles, Care and Maintenance, Accessories, Appendix. As was said, this isn't a bad book, it simply isn't a good book. There is little or nothing that a person with more than a slight knowledge of the Mini-14 is likely to learn from this book.

Although there is nothing wrong with most of the information presented, I felt that including the AT-22 (the "AT" stands for Advanced Technology. Gag me with a spoon!) as an accessory was nothing short of fatuous. The AT-22 also costs twice what a .22 conversion kit for the Mini costs if price is a consideration for you. The AT-22 looks, feels or handles nothing like the Mini, and just because the sights MAY resemble the Mini sights, it isn't enough for me.

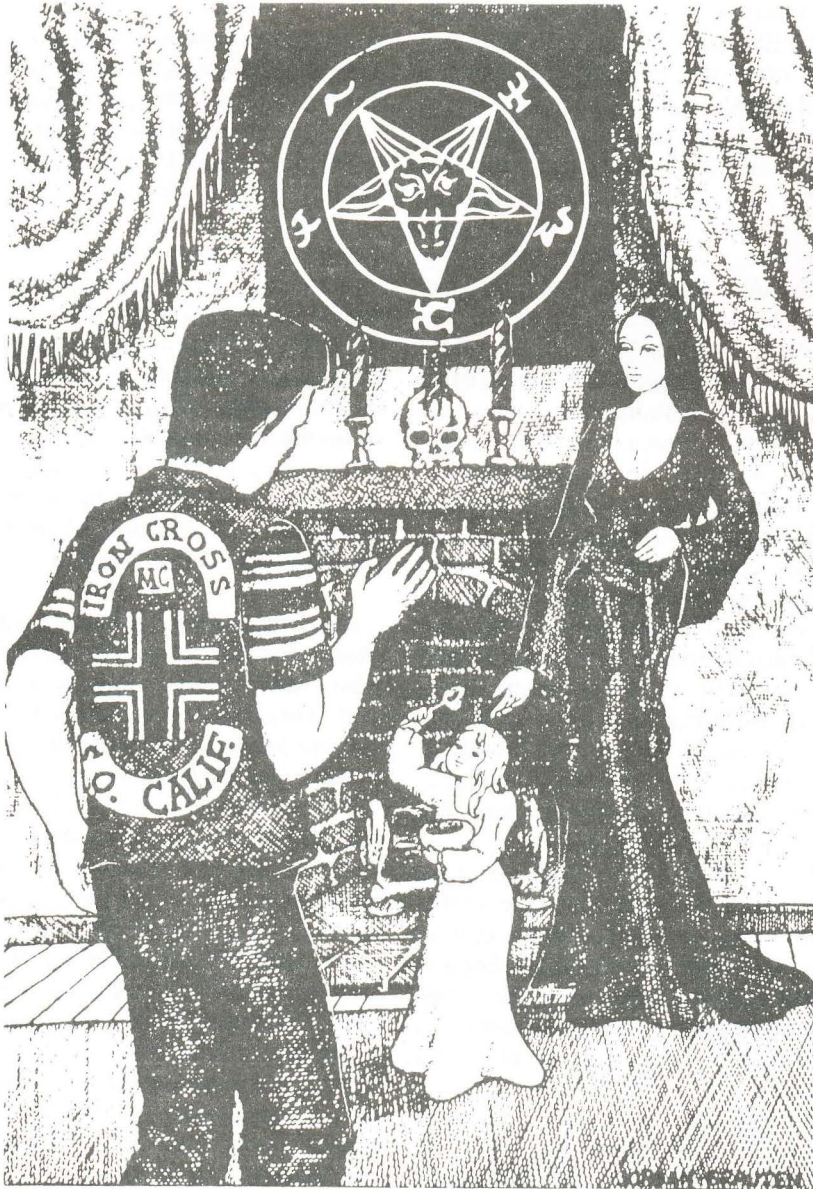
I was a bit hesitant about the Marlin Camp Guns being included also, but after further thought, agree with most of what Duncan said in the book about them. They do some what look and handle like the Mini, although the sights look nothing like Mini sights.

The bottom line here is this: If you like the Mini, than it couldn't hurt to read this book, although I would not recommend that you actually buy this book.

"COMBAT AMMUNITION - Everything You Need to know" (Duncan Long, paladin, 1986, 8 1/2" x 11", 136 pages) is listed in the 1991 catalog at \$16.95. The catalog lists the book as "Everything you need to know - Whether you own a pistol, revolver, submachine gun, assault rifle or shotgun, you can make your own special ammo-ammo that can't be found anywhere else. Going far beyond any reloading manual, Combat Ammunition [shows] how to create multiple-projectile rounds, exploding bullets, safety slugs, armor-piercing bullets and tracers. Also find out which designs do not work in combat, what bullets are best suited for particular situations and weapons, and how to safely increase the effectiveness of any weapon through careful ammo selection. From scratch, make sniper rounds and silencer loads."

The chapters here are: What Do You Need in Combat?, A Brief guide to Ammunition, Reloading Equipment, Reloading Ammunition, "Simple" Com-

Continued on page 257



WHEELS OF RAGE CHAPTER VII

BIG MIKE AND SOME OF THE BIKERS CHASE GHOULS IN A GRAVEYARD

Big Mike liked having all kinds of weird talent but that didn't mean he felt right around some of his troops. One biker who gave him the creeps was Gargantua. He was a former member of Anton Szandor LaVey's Satanic Church. He was a practicing warlock and made spells and everything. Big Mike was very superstitious and a Christian but Gargantua was so intelligent and strange he came in handy for odd assignments.

One such assignment was due to a rash of tomb desecrations up at the Tujunga Cemetery. Someone had twice broken into an elaborate mausoleum where a ritzy family stored its dead in marble crypt drawers. They had pried open the tomb's heavy iron gate and broken the seals to the burial drawers. Then they had actually undressed three of the corpses and put on their clothes. At least, it seemed like that from the way the corpses' clothing

was lying in piles a considerable distance from the naked bodies.

The cemetery manager wanted the desecration stopped once and for all. He told his problem to Big Mike's minister and the minister, after a lot of tearful soul searching and praying, decided to turn the Iron Cross loose on the ghouls.

He called up Big Mike one evening and told him about the awful goings on. He said the culprits had come around several times but would stay away when police were posted. The cemetery manager was willing to pay one hundred dollars each to up to four bikers if they would catch or forever drive off the creeps.

The first thing Big Mike did when he took the contract was to phone Gargantua. Gargantua lived in a cottage in the Glendale unit of Forest Lawn Memorial Park. He was a grave digger and caretaker.

Big Mike had never been to the cottage but knew how to get there. The phone was busy for a half hour so he decided to take the plunge and go over there. He got to the main gate just before the cemetery closed and went up the winding road to the worker's quarters.

He knocked on the cottage door and it was opened by Gargantua's sleek wife, Andra. She was a pale beauty with silky, black hair. She wore a long, black dress and seemed to be trying to look like Morticia of the Addams Family.

Andra knew Big Mike from being at several parties. She let him right in and he stood staring at the weird surroundings. The room was dimly lit and the air was heavy with incense. The walls were hung with hippy posters and magical symbols. The most prominent was a poster over the mantelpiece, a huge upside down star with a horned goat's head in it surrounded by more magic symbols. On the mantle was a human skull with black candles burning on either side.

Gargantua's little girl, Ariel, was sitting at a desk listening to the phone. At short intervals she would

make such comments as, "Non-sense. So very paranoid. Oh, really oogly."

Andra explained, "She's listening to dial-a-prayer. She can't understand that it's only a recording. She's only five and she's wonderful with words but she hasn't got her

concepts down yet. So she dials it over and over thinking the speaker is fixated or something."

Andra said to Ariel, "Ariel, put down the phone and meet Mike Brown, the president of Daddy's motorcycle club. He's a Christian."

The little girl looked up at Big Mike and said, "A Christian? That's all right. Daddy says the Great Pumpkin tolerates all kinds of notions."

Big Mike asked about Gargantua and Andra said, "Oh, he's in some grave somewhere. That's his job and he does it very well. I'm proud of him."

Just then Gargantua came in and greeted Big Mike then went into the kitchen for beer. Ariel came out of her room with a bowl and started flicking water at Big Mike.

Big Mike jumped back and Andra said, "Oh, isn't that sweet? She's sprinkling you with defiled water. She likes you."

Big Mike said, "Hell, I don't want to be defiled. Get that stuff away, kid."

Andra said, "It's only Holy Water that's been used in a black mass. It's to keep the demons and elementals around here from attaching themselves to you. It's sort of like that stuff you put on furniture and bushes to keep dogs away."

Big Mike calmed down and Gargantua gave him a beer and they went over and sat on the sofa. Big Mike told about the ghouls and Gargantua was delighted at the prospect of catching them.

After awhile Big Mike got used to the strange atmosphere of the place. He even got interested in their lives and asked Andra if she really liked being among all the dead in Forest Lawn.

She said, "Well, actually, I'd like anywhere just being with Gar. But I do sometimes dream of a little graveyard like in Louisiana, you know, with Spanish moss hanging from the trees. I'd like something personal and intimate like that and with real tombstones. Here in Forest Lawn it's so business-like with only brass plaques on the ground instead of stones. I'd like a more informal place like so I could let my hair down as it were. How about you, Gar?"

Gargantua said, "Oh I don't know, honey. The gods have been good to us. I've got a nice little family. I've got

a job I can do. I couldn't be more contented if I was buried under a rock."

The next night was Thursday and Big Mike, Gargantua, Paranoid George and Pinochio went to the Tujunga Cemetery. They inspected the Mausoleum and Paranoid George immediately went to pulling open the three drawers that had been broken into. "Hey, man," he said, "there ain't no bodies in here."

Gargantua said, "Well, stupid, do you think they would just pick up the bodies and plop them back in and shut the drawers? They got em in storage until we clear this mess up. I swear, Paranoid, you don't have a real brain. What you got is a bunch of nerve endings like a goddam frog."

"Oh, yeah," said Paranoid George.

The Tujunga Cemetery caretaker was there and he said, "Look here on the floor. Wasn't this some kind of design in chalk?"

Gargantua examined the floor and answered, "I can make out a pentagram and where there were some symbols. They've rubbed it out pretty well so I can't make out what kind of ritual they were doing. But they were sure enough doing more than just prancing around in the corpses' clothes. By the way, he asked the caretaker, "When's the last time they were here?"

The caretaker replied, "They were here last Friday night that we know of. But they saw the police and ran off. Private police have been here nearly every night since then but the boss thinks they just scare the creeps off. But they don't catch em or do nothing."

Gargantua said, "Okay, I think they just come around on Fridays. That's their night, man. Fridays are good for witchcraft. There's something about this mausoleum they like for their rites. This being only Thursday we'll be here and ready for em tomorrow night and there won't be any cops and we'll get em, you'll see."

The caretaker went home and the bikers wandered around in the graveyard. About ten o'clock they saw a car drive in and stop near a freshly dug grave. They sneaked up to the car and listened to the man and woman inside talking.

The woman was saying, "But you're the weirdest. You're awful weird. Who ever heard of making out in a grave?"

The man answered, "Well, how are we going to keep our marriage together if you don't let me get my jollies? Besides, you agreed at home. Now you're getting cold feet."

She said, "Better cold feet than a cold back. If we could only use a blanket."

While they argued Gargantua signalled the others to move away from the car. When they were out of earshot he outlined a plan for a practical joke he had in mind. The couple got out of the car and climbed down into the grave and undressed. Gargantua led the bikers to the caretaker's shack and they got four shovels.

When they got back to the grave the man was grunting and the woman was lying there complaining, "You're weird. Your own mother says you're weird."

When Gargantua plunged his shovel into one of the two piles of earth on either side of the grave the others did too and they began filling up the hole. The couple was in an instant panic and fell back several times. Being hit by several facefulls of earth didn't help any. The grave was one-third full before they managed to scramble out naked and run to their car.

When they got the engine going and sped out of the cemetery the bikers collapsed laughing. Then Gargantua jumped down into the grave and dug up the clothing. The man's wallet held about two hundred dollars which he shared with the others. All in all the graveyard business could be pretty good if you worked all the angles.

Nothing more was expected to happen that night so they knocked off and went partying along Sunset Boulevard. After the bars closed they agreed to meet at Big Mike's the next evening.

The next night when Gargantua showed up he had a Max Factor makeup kit from Rexall's on Hollywood and Vine. He also had four black robes his Group used in witchcraft rites.

His idea was to make the bikers up like haunts and create a sort of Halloween party out of that night's vigil. The others were pleased with the idea so Gargantua went to work

with an expertise that would have gotten him a job in Hollywood.

First he rubbed white grease paint all over Big Mike's face and hair. Then he painted his eye sockets black and blackened both sides of his nose. Next he lined in teeth over the upper and lower lips. When he combed Big Mike's hair straight out on all sides he looked like a terrified skeleton.

All he did to Pinocchio was to cover his face with gray grease paint and paint his eye sockets black. With his German flak helmet on, Pinocchio looked like a real goblin.

When he got to Paranoid George he wiped a yellowish, green paint all over his face and used a blue eye shadow to darken his eyes. When he was finished Paranoid George looked like a vampire straight out of his coffin searching wildly about for any stray throat.

Gargantua made himself up the same way and they all got ready to go back to the cemetery. Instead of taking the camper this time it was decided that it would be better to take the motorcycles in case they had to chase the ghouls around the graveyard.

Since Gargantua was so close to the cemetery business he planned the strategy. He figured the ghouls, on impulse, would try the previously opened drawers before breaking into new ones. For all the ghouls would know, the cemetery owners might have put the bodies back.

Gargantua thought it would be great fun for him and Paranoid George to be in a couple of the drawers waiting for the ghouls. Paranoid George was the only one besides Gargantua who would consider hiding in a burial crypt drawer. Big Mike and Pinocchio preferred to lurk outside in wait for the culprits. To them, it was just a job to be done as simply as possible. To Gargantua this kind of thing was something he could shine at and really show class. To Paranoid George it was no different from any other day in his way of life.

It was only about eight o'clock in the evening when the bikers mounted their motorcycles and rode to the cemetery. Pinocchio had several six-packs tied to his sissy bars and Paranoid George had a gallon jug of Red Mountain Burgundy tied to his.

Before going to the mausoleum the four decided to test their make-up and costumes on the people in

the lover's lane on the other side of the cemetery. The place was known as "Stick Finger Gulch" by lovers of all ages and sexes. Unlike most lovers lanes, which only attract peeping toms and muggers for a sideline, Stick Finger Gulch attracted graveyard freaks which made the place a lot more risky.

There was a full moon out and hip-deep ground fog covered the area suggesting a scene from one of the old Wolfman movies. About fifteen cars had parked in various nooks and crannies around the clearing. The bikers had parked their scooters about a thousand yards away and tiptoed around the cars figuring out the best way to terrorize the occupants.

Nearly all the cars had a man and a woman in each, mostly in the back seat. In the back seat of one car was a pair of Muscle Beach type fairies who had gone so far as to put their pants on the front seat and leave the door unlocked. They were asking for it and there was no other way to look at it.

Outside of one car a peeping tom degenerate was slobbering and twitching. He was also a graveyard freak since he was playing with a ceremonial dagger and wore a Satanic amulet around his neck. Gargantua had a natural hatred for this type. Such people were always digging up samples of grave earth and stealing flowers from his own cemetery.

Although Gargantua had no feelings for the people in Stick Finger Gulch, he was about as civic minded as most citizens. Besides, the peeping tom might profit from a good working over. It might even cause him to direct his fantasies along lines safer to himself and others.

The four bikers sneaked behind the peeping tom and stopped his mouth and dragged him back in the bushes. They didn't really brutalize him. They just mainly slapped him around until he was dizzy. Then they stripped him naked and hustled him over to the car with the fairies in the back seat.

They opened the car's door and Pinocchio snatched the two pairs of pants off the front seat. Then they forced the weirdo into the driver's seat. The knife had been confiscated by Paranoid George and he waved it under the noses of the shrieking fairies. He told them to shut up and

said to the peeping tom, "Now you prevert, there's the keys in the dash. You rev up this here car and drive it to hell clear off this place."

The peeping tom got the car going in seconds and went peeling out of Stick Finger Gulch and off toward Hollywood. The bikers were tickled at the many sticky situations the three in the car would have to face before they were safely in their own homes.

Big Mike and the others went back with the pants to where they had left the peeping tom's clothes. When they went through the three wallets they found themselves richer by over a hundred dollars in cash and several credit cards. When they examined the I.D.s they were surprised to find that both the peeping tom and one of the fairies were members of the L.A.P.D. vice squad.

It was only nine p.m. and Gargantua was sure the ghouls wouldn't show up until later. Besides, he figured the rest of the lovers owed them some laughs for their protection. The bikers weren't quite sure of the best way to get a laugh when they would have to leave pretty soon but while they were thinking of something outrageous they busied themselves with letting all the air out of all the tires. They worked as a team. They would surround a car and each would jam a key into the tire valve and the car would settle at all four wheels at the same time.

When all the cars were ready the bikers went to the one nearest to the exit lane. They all stood where their shadows would be cast into the car's interior. Most of the occupants reacted immediately. As soon as they saw those four monsters looking in at them from the swirling fog the lovers untangled and began screaming like banshees.

One by one the cars' engines were started and they were driven, their deflated tires flip-flopping, down the lane. When they had wallowed to the highway they lurched crazily all over both lanes and the traffic jam was complete. In a few minutes half naked men could be seen going from car to car pleading for a tire pump.

The bikers went through the woods, skirting the crowded lane and started their motorcycles. Then they went back to the cemetery. When they got

to the mausoleum they parked their scooters behind some bushes. Big Mike and Pinochio stayed behind the bushes with the cycles while Gargantua and Paranoid George went inside.

Gargantua pulled open a lower drawer and told Paranoid George to hop in. Paranoid George climbed in with his gallon of red Burgundy. Then he nestled in the drawer with the bottle, looking like a big baby vampire in his crib.

Instead of getting wiped out and going to sleep, Paranoid George decided he would rather talk. He didn't understand the situation and he was probably a little scared, too. He shouted out, "Hey, Gargantua, how come those creeps want to mess with the dead bodies?"

Gargantua yelled back, "Some people believe bodies are magic. They use them in rituals. Some people steal bodies just to sell parts of them, especially the skulls. Witchcraft groups will pay up to a hundred bucks for a skull."

Paranoid George said, "Hey, that sounds like a winner. What say I rip off a lot of skulls; would you sell them for me? I'd give you three per cent."

Gargantua answered, "I ain't fencing skulls, man. I can tell you people who'll handle skulls and like that but I don't believe in that kind of traffic. Besides that kind of stuff is bad luck. Real bad luck. And how would you like it if you were dead and comfortable and all and some nut comes along and rips off your skull?"

Paranoid George said, "Hell, man, that wouldn't bother me. Anyway I'm going to leave my body to science."

"Don't do it, Paranoid," said Gargantua. "Your body would set science back a hundred years. Might even upset the space program. Jesus!"

Paranoid George was touchy about being short and stocky. Gargantua had always kidded him about being part gnome or a secret troll so any ribbing enraged him. He hollered, "You want to know the truth, Gargantua? You're crazy, that's what. You're always putting me down and I'll not stand for it. What I'm going to do is I'm going to take my knife and cut off your left foot and throw it in the garbage. Then I'm going to put the rest

of you in various places around the city. I mean it. You just wait, man. Right in the guts."

After a little more good natured quarreling they quieted down and Paranoid George went to sleep. About that time the ghouls had made their way to the mausoleum. They came in and lit some candles.

There were five of them. They seemed about college age and only two of them had long hair and looked any different from average students.

They had brought chalk and incense and began setting up for a ritual. Big Mike and Pinochio sneaked from behind the bushes and crept up silently and hid out of sight by both sides of the entrance.

After placing their candles on ledges the ghouls drew a large, five pointed star on the floor. Then one of them lit some incense in a burner and put it and a candle on the floor in the center of the star. When they were nearly ready and one was leafing through a book of spells another of the ghouls went over to the wall and began opening the crypt drawers to see if the bodies had been put back.

The top drawer was empty and the second drawer held Gargantua. When Gargantua's drawer was opened he waited a moment for the ghoul's surprised reaction then he reached out and grabbed him by the throat and roared.

The ghouls just about jumped out of their skins. They undoubtedly had been working themselves up to a good scare anyway but an uncalled for monster was far more frightening than any they could have conjured up themselves. The flickering candles made the scene that much more ghostly and terrifying. One of the ghouls visibly wet his pants.

Big Mike and Pinochio slammed the heavy gate shut and yelled. Then they shoved their arms through the bars like they were reaching for the ghouls.

One of the wretches fainted dead away and another fell to his knees praying. The other three were just running around screaming and gibbering like baboons while Gargantua climbed slowly out of the crypt.

After about a minute of watching their hysteria, Big Mike opened the gate to let them out. The idea was to

give them such a fright or beating that they would never come back. Since the ghouls were terrified almost to the point of insanity the bikers figured they might as well herd them out of the area and forget them.

When Big Mike opened the gate he and Pinochio ran to their scooters. The three ghouls running around went tearing madly off the path with Big Mike and Pinochio after them on their bikes. Gargantua stepped over the fainted ghoul and walked past the one on his knees. He left the mausoleum and got on his motorcycle and roared out to cut the runners off.

He went over a low hill and plunged into a mound of earth by another open grave. He vaulted off his bike and went head first into the hole and knocked himself out.

Big Mike and Pinochio herded the three ghouls over a fourteen foot bank. They could see them leaping out into space with their legs still working. When they landed one fell down but the other two hardly missed a step.

After watching the three runners out of sight, Big Mike and Pinochio went

back to the mausoleum. They heard Gargantua hollering from the grave and went and dragged him out. He was unhurt but his bike was stuck into one of the mounds with a bent front wheel.

When they got back to the mausoleum the two other ghouls had left. In his drawer, Paranoid George was kicking and screaming and trying to get out. If they hadn't gone back for him he could never have gotten out.

When they opened the drawer he sat up with his empty gallon wine bottle. He was slobbering and out of his mind. He was so drunk that when he woke up in the darkness and couldn't get out he actually believed he had been interred. He clambered out of the drawer yelling, "Buried alive! Buried alive!"

Then he ran out to his bike and roared off into the night screeching over and over, "Buried alive!"

Big Mike and Pinochio left Gargantua with his bent up machine and went to get the camper. They came back soon and loaded up Gargantua's scooter.

When Paranoid George made his way out of the cemetery he wandered

around for quite a while before finding his way back to Glendale. He was cold and drunk. Feeling a maudlin need for some warmth and spiritual comfort he stopped by a Catholic church and parked his bike.

He went up the broad steps and opened the door and looked inside. There was no one around so he went into the lobby and peered around the corner at the altar down in the front of the church. There was a priest busy arranging some candles and couple of worshippers kneeling in prayer.

Stumbling around sadly like the beaten sinner he was he found an open confessional and went in and sat down. To his credit, he didn't know where he was. When he closed the confessional door its darkness might have reminded him of the crypt but there was a grille in the side for the confessor to talk through. It let in just enough light to make the place cozy.

Soon he slumped over and went fast asleep. Sometime very early the next morning he accidentally hit the switch turning on the lighted sign which read, "Priest Is In." It was probably because the light was on that no real priest

opened the door to the confessional.

About seven o'clock a beautifully built girl sat down at the grille and began her confession. "Father forgive me for I have sinned." Paranoid George woke up to hear the girl going on to tell about what she had done with, to and for her boyfriend last night. He listened in amazement as she described positions he could only imagine in a motorcycle pileup. She painted a picture that would make the average skin flick look like an old Victorian morality play.

Paranoid George still had no idea where he was. All he knew was that a girl he could barely make out through the grille was telling him the horniest story and had to be hot and wanting him.

When her message was only too clear to him he said, "Okay, baby, let's make it. My place or yours?"

For a minute the girl couldn't believe what she had heard. When it finally registered she started screaming and going into hysterics. That brought five priests and a bunch of citizens running. She pointed to the

confessional and shrieked, "That god-dam priest in there propositioned me!"

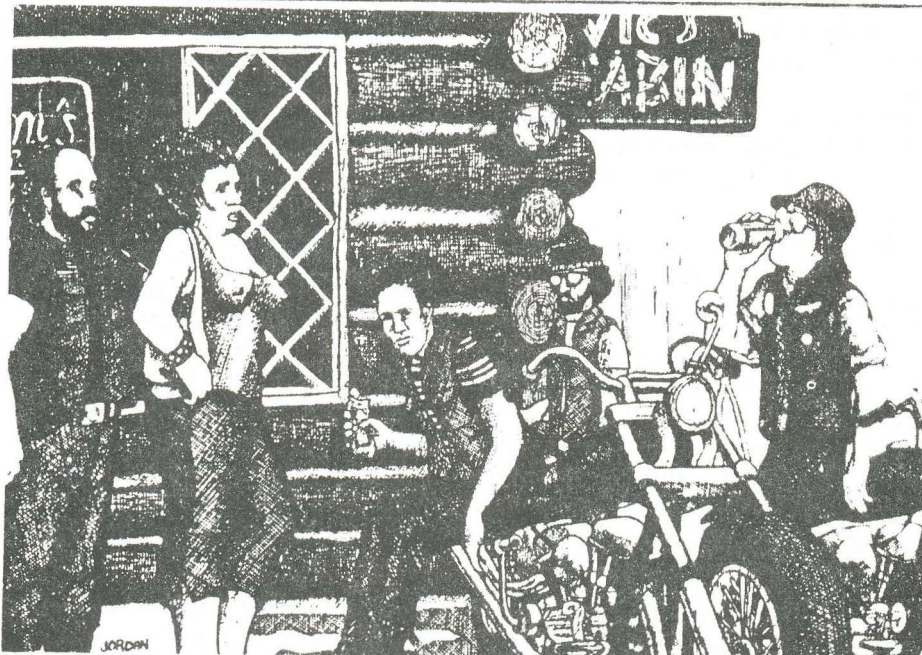
The citizens were shocked and the monsignor who was with the priests jerked open the confessional door. When the priests got over their amazement at seeing Paranoid George sitting there in his black robe and vampire makeup they dragged him out and stood him on his feet.

When the girl got a good look at him she hollered, "I confessed to that? Jesus, God Almighty; what is it? It looks like a Muppet!"

The monsignor shouted, "Young man, how dare you sit in there and take a confession. You're undoubtedly disturbed. Made up like that you must be against everything the Lord stands for. You must be some kind of devil."

"No I ain't," Paranoid George raged. "I'm a Christian. I was saved at a showing of Elmer Gantry."

Then he turned and bolted out of the church. He hopped on his scooter and tore off down the street yelling, "Buried alive! Buried alive!"



A run is a great event in the biker's life. It is one of his biggest reasons for owning a bike. On the run he gets the chance to profile and perform for the citizens, demonstrating to the world what real class is. The fear he inspires in uptight straight dudes is balm to his ego.

The destination of the run is usually three or four hundred miles away. On the run the biker gets the chance to ride at breakneck speed through the countryside for up to a hundred miles at a stretch without stopping. With a beer in his hand and a girl at his back and his comrades in front, behind and alongside, he is invincible and the world is his.

On the open stretch he also gets the fresh air he can't get in the smoggy city. Being primarily an urban animal he still enjoys the desert, forest and farmlands he rides through.

At the end of the run there is usually another city that promises some change from the city he has left. He is certain of a weekend of rowdy partying and maybe even some trouble and excitement. Then he will have the joy of barreling all the way back again to his home base.

Since he had a few hundred dollars ahead Big Mike decided to take a run

WHEELS OF RAGE CHAPTER VIII

LOGISTICS OF A RUN AND A BIKER'S RODEO

to Las Vegas, Nevada. He called around to all his troops and made up a roster of thirty positives for the trip that weekend. Runs are often planned months ahead if it is a special occasion.

The night before a run is usually spent in feverish preparation. Most bikers are lazy and let their bikes develop all sorts of bugs and defects. Then at the last minute they are up all night getting their bikes ready for a run.

Indian's bike is an example of how a scooter can get rundown and loaded with jerry-rigged repairs that wouldn't stand up on an extended run. He used the wire from a string of Christmas tree lights for his wiring. The linkage on his carburetor was held in place by a safety pin.

He rides an old eighty inch flathead which Big Mike pronounced a mess and said he couldn't go on the run unless it was overhauled. The bike looked fine from a layman's point of view but it was still in horrible shape mechanically.

Indian, Big Mike and Pinochio worked until the wee hours on Indian's bike. Aside from the bad carburetor linkage and rotten wiring the timing was off and had to be reset.

When you are dealing with machines that are twenty or thirty years old, you can expect these things. They will run forever but they need constant upkeep and these are parts that wear out.

A little jerry-rigging here and tightening there will suffice around town but a pre-run conscientious overhaul is often a must.

Before a run there are certain things that have to be checked and can be expected to need work. The carburetor usually needs work as does various areas in the wiring.

The timing on the breaker points has to be adjusted. The breaker points on a motorcycle compare to a distributor in a car. Then the screws that go under the lifters that actuate the valves must be checked. There is a screw right on the bottom of the lifter that goes into the hydraulic unit and these have a tendency to break off occasionally, from the pressure, especially if the machine is twenty years old or thereabouts.

Then all the nuts and bolts must be checked and tightened. The axels and spacers are inspected to make sure they are where they belong. There is often trouble because of wrongly placed spacers, which are parts on

each side of the wheel on the axel. These keep the wheel straight. If put in backwards there is little trouble while running around town. The problem shows up on the open road, however and the wheel will begin to wobble dangerously at speed.

The wheel bearings must be checked to make sure they have plenty of grease. Gas lines must be checked for leakage and oil leaks have to be looked for also. The primary chain oiler usually has to be adjusted. In town a little oil on the rear tire doesn't mean much because the street dirt usually sops it up. But oil kicking out on the rear tire when the biker is barreling along on a clean freeway pavement is understandably dangerous.

After tightening all the gas and oil lines the front end is checked for wobbles. An important item is the chain check. A chain in poor condition has a nasty habit of breaking. It is most dangerous when the biker doesn't have a chain guard over the chain, and many outlaws don't. If the chain snaps it will leave scars on the rider's back and wrap itself around his neck like a snake if it breaks at speed.

A major consideration is the brake drum sprocket. The Harley-Davidson company rivets the sprocket to the brake drum, which is on the left side of the rear wheel. The function of the sprocket is to pull the brake drum around which in turn pulls the wheel. If the rivets holding the sprocket to the brake drum snap then the sprocket keeps going around but the wheel is motionless.

Most bikers chrome their sprockets and brake drums and wheels. When chroming the parts they usually decide they don't want to chance the chrome job being ruined by a detached sprocket so they have the sprocket welded to the brake drum before it's chromed. If the sprocket isn't welded the rivets are always closely inspected before a run.

To move thirty or more motorcycles from Glendale, California to Las Vegas, Nevada, a distance of three hundred miles, requires more equipment than most people would think. First, one has to allow for breakdowns. Even pre-run checks can't guarantee against hidden stresses and natural engine failings.

Three or four breakdowns, lasting up to an hour each, would really tie up a column. What originally began as a six hour run to Vegas could easily stretch to twelve.

To avoid such hangups, along with the convoy of thirty or more motorcycles, it is a generally accepted practice to have a minimum of two crash trucks. These are most often converted campers although some are merely pickups.

In case a scooter breaks down the rest of the pack moves on around it and it is loaded into the crash truck along with its rider. The crash truck then catches up with the convoy and no time is lost.

Once inside the crash truck the rider goes to work fixing his scooter. Unlike a motorist, a biker is usually an expert with the machine he operates. He is certainly familiar with the eccentricities of his own scooter. So with a good stock of tools and spare parts such as coils, batteries, nuts and bolts he is usually ready to ride by the time they reach the next rest stop.

Another reason chopper repairs are often simple is their small Sportster or "peanut" tanks. The smaller tanks aren't only for streamlining and style. If one has a 74 that has a dresser, or regular size, tank and something goes wrong with the carburetor, the tank has to be taken off in order to get at the trouble. But the smaller tank allows the biker to get right in there with no obstruction. This, alone, can save a whole lot of time on a run.

Ideally, it is good to have one crash truck for each ten bikes. If two breakdowns occur at the same time both machines can't be loaded into the crash truck at once. That means the single crash truck has to hang back until one bike is repaired and the other is loaded in.

For awhile the club had two crash trucks. One was donated by a member who had since fled the state. Then some police came around and took the crash truck back to its owner.

Due to their small tanks, which only hold about a gallon, a convoy of choppers couldn't make it from some gas stations to others. Even with a station every couple of miles the convoy would spend most of the time waiting for some individual to fill up if they didn't have "inflight refueling". This is usually done from a three wheeler with its bucket converted to a big gas tank. These are often diddled from careless traffic cops.

At regular intervals, on command from the leader, the column spreads out single file. Then the three wheeler pulls parallel to the leader. The biker getting his scooter refueled keeps his right hand on the throttle and removes

the gas tank cap with his left hand and puts it in his pocket. Then he reaches over to the three wheeler for the gas hose and puts about a gallon in his tank. When he is finished he hands back the hose and the three wheeler drops back to the next member, usually the vice-president. He goes back from one to another until he has refueled even the prospects at the end of the line.

At the next rest stop the bikers fill their tanks from the station hose and the three wheeler's big tank is filled. In this way no one runs out of gas between stations and individuals don't have to break out of the formation at every gas station.

On the morning of the run the bikers and their girls assembled at Big Mike's. A squad car with siren screaming came tearing around the corner after Ape and his wife and got swallowed up in the middle of the pack. The car had to stop because bikers were wandering all over the street but Ape and Sylvia barged on through and parked around in the alley.

Neighbors had called the police on general principals and soon there were eight squad cars there. The bikers paid little attention to the police as they bustled about getting ready. The police found where the club was going and radioed the highway patrol.

Finally they were all ready to go and Big Mike gave the order to start up and move out. Windows rattled all over the neighborhood as the arrogant bikers kicked their engines to life and wheeled into formation.

Three of the squad cars took off around the corner so they could get in front of the column. They escorted the group to the Glendale city limits where the highway patrol took over. There were no incidents as the formation moved two-by-two down the San Bernardino Freeway. When they turned off on Highway Fifteen toward Victorville, the highway patrol fell back and let them go on alone.

As always, when they first lost an escort, they broke formation and went weaving madly through traffic spooking all the motorists. A few minutes of this exuberant foolishness was enough and then they reformed ranks and dug into their rucksacks for beer. By the time they got to Barstow they were out of beer and almost out of gas.

They had left Glendale about seven-thirty and got to Barstow at about ten a.m. Since few of them had eaten

breakfast they all pulled into the parking lot of a little diner just outside of town.

The little diner was run by an old man who couldn't begin to serve forty-five hungry motorcycle people as fast as they wanted to be served. At first he thought he was going to be stomped. Then he thought he would be robbed. Finally he was shoved aside and told to take care of the cash register. Three of the bikers had worked as fry cooks and five of the girls were occasional waitresses so they took over his whole operation. Between them all they had everyone served in twenty minutes.

The bikers spilled out into the parking lot with platters of eggs, bacon, ham, sausage, hash browns, toast, and cups of coffee and orange juice. While the cooking was going on the bikers gassed up at a nearby filling station and some others went to the liquor store and bought several cases of six-packs for the final leg of the run. When the bikers left the diner the old man had a lot of cleaning to do but he was about a hundred dollars richer, which was a blessing to him for an hour's work.

The puny Barstow police force was just a few blocks past the diner waiting to escort the bikers to the other side of town. They were cold eyed and terrified and the bikers just laughed at them as they roared past. When they pulled up for one of Barstow's red lights the old buildings shook from their motors' reverberations and the citizens watching out of their windows were horrified at this insolent exhibition of a real, modern American private army.

Outside Barstow there was nothing but freeway and gas stations and wretched villages this side of Las Vegas. The rest of the run was uneventful except for the thrill of flying over the pavement for mile after mile through the wild desert country.

About one o'clock that afternoon they came to the outskirts of Las Vegas and were stopped by a police road block. The whole sheriff's department was there along with several police squad cars.

The convoy was directed to the side of the road and the sheriff approached Big Mike. He was very businesslike and unfriendly. Big Mike asked, "What's the trouble, Sheriff? Have we done anything wrong?"

"Not yet you haven't and you're not going to," said the sheriff. "If you people pass this point you're going to

have to string out so there's only two motorcycles in any given block. And I promise you we'll ticket you people for everything we can think of."

While the sheriff was talking there was a lot of yelling and screaming back at the camper. Big Mike wheeled around and raced back to the scene. Five policemen had shotguns leveled at Noah and Indian and two other cops were dragging all the rifles out of the camper and loading them into the back seat of a squad car.

Noah was jumping up and down and running back and forth from the officers with the rifles to the police chief, trying to get them to listen to reason. He pointed to the bumper sticker on the back of the camper and raged, "Why, it's as plain as can be and like that there bumper sticker says, 'WHEN GUNS ARE OUTLAWED ONLY OUTLAWS WILL HAVE GUNS'".

Big Mike asked the chief, "Do you have a warrant to search our truck and take those guns?"

The chief replied, "No, we don't have a warrant but we have your guns. We're sending them back to the police station in Jean. You can pick them up on your way back.

"What were you going to do with them anyway, knock over a casino?"

Big Mike thought a moment and said, "You really think we could? Hey, man!"

He turned to Indian and asked, "How much is in a casino?"

Indian shrugged and said, "Million, no sweat."

The idea of hitting a casino took their minds off the guns and soon the police and sheriff's departments left them alone. Instead of going into town, they headed back about a mile to a roadhouse and commenced to party and rest.

Behind the roadhouse was a corral with ten of the scrougiest mustangs imaginable. Indian and Ape went back to look at the horses and they all herded to the other side.

There was a leather skinned young cowhand sitting on the corral fence drinking a coke and staring into space. After looking at the miserable horses for a few minutes Indian said to the cowhand, "Those are sure beautiful animals, mister. What do you use them for?"

The cowhand said, "Pet food."

"Pet food?", yelled Indian. "Can't you use them for nothing better than that?"

The cowhand said, "Nope, They're

wild, fella. They was just rounded up out in the desert this morning. Those horses are mustangs and they've been wild for generations. Nowadays folks breed the horse for the job. These here ain't good for nothin but pet food."

Indian was liking the mustangs more every minute. He persisted with the cowhand, "How much do you get for em for pet food?"

The cowhand replied, "I reckon to get thirty-five apiece for em. You so sorry for these mustangs you give me three-fifty and you can take all ten off my hands."

Indian told the cowhand he'd think it over and he and Ape went back to the roadhouse. He told Big Mike and Noah about the mustangs and they and most of the other bikers went out to look at the horses. Since they meant to rob a casino Big Mike and Noah chipped in and gave the cowhand the three hundred and fifty dollars for the herd.

Big Mike asked the cowhand, "Could you loan us a saddle and bridle? We want to train these horses before dark."

The cowhand did sort of a double-take and said, "You're going to break them all today. Before dark. Just like that."

Big Mike said, "Sure, why not? They're ours, aren't they? We bought em. Besides, it's only two o'clock. We got time."

The cowhand said, "Well buddy, I'll sure loan you a bridle and saddle. I'll even call an ambulance for you."

The cowhand went to the barn and brought back some lengths of rope and a saddle and bridle. Like most ranch people he liked to see smart alecky dudes get shown up. He chuckled to himself at the prospect of the bikers trying to break ten wild mustangs in an afternoon.

When he got back to the corral he said to Big Mike and Indian, "Now, what we'll have to do, since I'm the only hand here, is this. I'll rope the horse and some of you help me pull him away from the herd. Then you'll have to gang up on him and hold him still while I put on the saddle and bridle."

He walked near the herd and roped one of the mustangs and the crowd of bikers with him dragged the beast out into the middle of the corral. While they held the horse the cowhand took another rope and roped off the corner in which the rest of the herd was huddled. Had the horse being ridden gotten in with the rest of the herd it

would have been too horrible for laughs.

When the other mustangs were roped off, the cowhand instructed the bikers to move down the rope and subdue the animal. The mustangs were smaller than regular horses but it still took fifteen bikers to hold one in place. The cowhand gave the rope to two other bikers and after a lot of jostling he got the saddle and bridle on.

Then Indian got into the saddle and the cowhand yelled for all the bikers to let loose and run for the fence. They did and the second the horse was free Indian was launched twenty feet across the corral. He landed flat on his back and out cold.

The bikers ran back and grabbed the horse's rope. Two of them picked up Indian and carried him to the fence where others pulled him over. They laid him on the ground and forgot him. Then the bikers with the horse held it again while Noah mounted.

Noah had better luck. The horse turned around a couple of times and then charged the crowded fence. Then he stopped suddenly and Noah flew over his head and sailed into some of the bikers and girls and swept them off the fence.

By this time Indian had woke up and staggered back for another ride. He climbed on again and held on around the horse's neck. After about five seconds he slid off under the horse and was trampled. The bikers put him over the fence and caught the horse again. Ape took a turn and joined Indian and then Big Mike was thrown twice in a row.

All the bikers and even some the girls were trying their luck and were drinking case after case of beer while the rodeo went on. The cowhand had gone and gotten his movie camera and was filming it all. Tourists attracted by the crowds at the corral were pushing in to look and take pictures. As the tourists got into the spirit they put into the kitty for beer and some of them even took turns on the horses.

By seven o'clock all ten horses could be ridden by anyone. They weren't really broken; just exhausted. All the bikers and about half the tourists were drunk. They were all hoarse from laughing and yelling. There was only one serious injury and that was to a tourist who broke his leg when he was thrown.

Everyone, both biker and tourist alike, agreed it was the best rodeo and beer party he had ever been to. The

cowhand was so pleased that he fed the mustangs all the hay and grain they could eat at no charge to the bikers.

Big Mike looked over his troops and decided they were too drunk to rob a casino so he called it off. He hadn't thought of a way to do it anyhow.

During the rodeo a pile of six-packs was kept at a constant level and the beer was drank by both bikers and citizens.

Ape and Pinochio had made regular passes through the crowds of generous tourists for beer contributions. Some of the drunken citizens plied them with tens and twenties. They had collected almost four hundred dollars over what they had spent for beer so the horse money wasn't lost.

A little while after the rodeo was over Ape left to visit his cousin Myrna who lived in Las Vegas. In a couple of hours he brought her back to the roadhouse to introduce her to Big Mike.

Myrna and Ape bore a strong family resemblance. She was desperately ugly and nearly six feet tall. She weighed two hundred pounds without an ounce of fat.

Big Mike, Pinochio and Indian were standing outside drinking beer and talking when Ape rode up with Myrna behind him on his bike. He was as pleased as a little boy as he said, "Hey guys, this here's my cousin, Myrna. She wants to go back with us and be one of our club mamas."

Indian said, "Oh hell, Ape, she looks too much like you. I'd feel queer."

Ape protested, "She don't look all that much like me."

Big Mike said, "Yeah, you're right. Your beard's fuller."

Myrna said, "Oh, cut you're kidding. I'd be a good mama. I'd spread for everybody. I'm hot to trot."

Ape said, "She's a virgin, too."

Pinochio looked her over and said, "I can dig that about her being a virgin. Couldn't be no other way."

Ape was getting angry and also feeling insulted. He said, "We're the only club that don't have any mamas. Sally was took with the clap and Mary run off with a Jehovah's Witness. Polly hasn't been coming around lately. She said something about joining a convent or a cathouse. I forget which."

"Anyway, we need a mama at least for appearances sake. Besides, Myrna could be real useful. She works in a

garage and could help guys with their bikes. What do you say?"

Big Mike replied, "Well, what's to say, Ape? If you want to take her to Glendale, go ahead. She's your cousin. She can come to the clubhouse if she doesn't cause trouble."

"You know we all got old ladies or girl friends so I can't see anybody using her. They'd have to be awful drunk before she looked good. And they get that drunk they couldn't do nothing. You know I don't allow dope around the place to dull the senses so we'll have the only virgin mama in the country. Maybe that's class or something."

Myrna and Ape were satisfied with that and went back to the corral to party. She met Ginch and for some reason he took to her. He didn't intend to share her with anyone so she didn't

get to be club mama after all.

The partying out in the corral was going strong at midnight. They had gathered wood and built a bonfire and had bought several cases of beer to drink after the roadhouse closed for the night. They all had sleeping bags and were prepared to sleep out under the stars.

The cowhand was partying with them. He was feeling a little guilty about selling them the horses. He knew the tired mustangs would be as unruly as ever the next day. He offered to buy them back but Indian told him he had decided to run them back out into the desert in the morning. Indian asked the cowhand to make a gentleman's agreement that he wouldn't catch that bunch of horses again. The cowhand agreed and they settled back to partying.

By eight the next morning the whole group was just about ready to go but first they had to get rid of the horses. Mounting their bikes they kicked over their engines and the cowhand opened the corral and chased the horses out. Then the bikers formed into a line and started out into the desert after the horses. They herded them for about two miles until they had them headed safely into the hills.

Then they wheeled around and headed for the highway leaving a cloud of dust about a half mile wide. When they got to the California border the camper was waiting for them. All the guns had been returned at Jean and so the column poured back over the border into their home state.

Continued next issue

Continued from page 248

bat Rounds for Pistols and Submachine Guns, "Simple" Rifle Ammunition, "Advanced" pistol and Rifle Ammunition, Combat Rounds for Shotguns, When the Stores Are Closed, Combat, and Appendixes.

As one person said when referring to these types of books (the "weird" book seller's offerings in general, NOT Duncan Long books or any single author) "Some of the books were quite satisfactory... But by and large, most were nothing short of garbage! (Not to mention deplorable business practices, misrepresentation of material,...etc.)".

What can I add? The armor piercing bullets are just turned down metal rods. The tracers are road flare compound glued in the base. "Exploding" bullets are bullets with liquid filled noses. Sniper loads are just reloads checked until you find an accurate load. Grenade launcher rounds were listed as don't try. Safety slugs were just bullet jackets filled with small shot and crimped over. Silencer loads were just squib loads, often with extra heavy bullets, loaded below 1100 FPS, etc.

While the "When the Stores Are Closed" chapter might be of interest, there wasn't anything there that isn't covered better in other, and expensive, books and magazines that deal with reloading and/or improvised weapons. Pass this one up unless you are either a die hard Duncan Long fan or have money to burn.

COMBAT REVOLVERS

"Combat Revolvers - The Best (AND WORST) Modern Wheelguns" by Duncan Long (Paladin Press, 1989, 8 1/2" x 11", 141 Pages) is, in a word, trash.

The rear cover reads (in part): "Whether you're a homeowner who wants to protect his own or a cop on a dangerous beat, this book gives you a no-holds-barred look at the best and worst combat revolvers available today. Will the revolver in your desk drawer or holster perform in an emergency? Whether your weapon is a compact, concealable snubby or a powerful .44 Magnum handgun, this book evaluates every aspect of its combat capabilities." After reading the back cover and then the book, you just figure there was either a MAJOR mistake or that that type of BS should be actionable!!

This book is just vintage Duncan; useless, worthless crap! While I have nothing against Duncan and only the highest regard for anyone who can write this tripe and get it published, this book is garbage and why the survivalist movement has such a bad name as well as turning off so many beginning survivalists who buy this drivel!

The gun manufactures are listed in alphabetical order, with a history of the company, followed by a listing of all the current revolvers made by that company. This book may well list the best and worst modern wheelguns, but you will never know which is which from

reading it! Getting the manufactures catalogs and reading them will tell you about as much and will be far cheaper to boot!!

FIREARMS FOR SURVIVAL

"Firearms For Survival" by Duncan Long, is a 8 1/2" x 11", 136 page (well six were blanks, so the book is really 130 pages), paperback book, sold by Paladin Press for \$17.00. The book was copyrighted in 1987.

The chapters include What Is A Survival Firearm?, Ammunition, .22 and .25 ACP Pistols, .22 Rifles, Centerfire Semiauto .32 ACP and .380 ACP Pistols, Large Caliber Centerfire Automatic Pistols, Centerfire Revolvers, Pistol-Caliber Carbines, Shotguns for Survival, Centerfire Survival Rifles, Special-Purpose Guns, Getting it Together.

Remember in the "Survivalist Weapons & Ammunition Reloading: Guns For Everyone!" When I said there were worse books than it? Well I my faults, but being wrong isn't one of them. This book is worse, much. The descriptions are little more than what you get out of the catalog, fact sometimes the sellers wrote the descriptions used here.

Do I recommend this book? No. The book is horribly over priced, does not contain much useful information, and what little there is is covered better in other books. The title "Firearms for Survival" is also misleading as the great majority of these guns would be next to

Continued on page 260

~LETTERS~

THE KURT SAXON SHOW

The Kurt Saxon Show is now broadcast week nights from 6:00 P.M. to 7:00 P.M. Central Standard time. That's 7:00 P.M. to 8:00 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, 4:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M. Western Standard Time and 5:00 P.M. to 6:00 P.M. Mountain Standard Time. The frequency is 5.810 Megahertz on Short Wave. If you have no short wave, get one. The program begins with the reading of an editorial which lasts about 15 minutes. This is followed by call-ins and a good time is had by all. The phone number is 1-501-437-2963. Anyone is urged to call and discuss just about any subject.

Dear Kurt & Devout Readers of U.S. Militia:

It's time that we all realized what U.S. Militia and its readers are all about. The population of the U.S. is fed up with socially dependent criminals. We are the most outspoken of the U.S. minions and the only ones capable of taking action to bring back the America we all feel is the true land of freedom. Due to several laws passed to protect the American people, the criminal has become better equipped. Only outlaws will have semiautomatic weapons. I can imagine the drastic increase of violent crimes if good citizens are disarmed of such weapons "for their own welfare".

Perhaps you can put a trading post section in U.S. Militia to supply the U.S. Militiamen with the needed tools.

Please print my address so U.S. Militiamen can contact me.

Charles W. Hayes
3011 1st Ave., SW
Hickory, NC 28602

Dear Charles:

Your attitude is correct but your choice of weapons is in error. I wish only criminals were armed with semiautomatics. A 12 gauge shotgun loaded with 00 Buckshot is more than a match for any semiautomatic. A 30-06 in the hands of anyone who can shoot will prove the doom of any punk who can only spray.

I can't be bothered with a trading post in U.S. Militia. It would be time-consuming and deviate from the idea

that one should learn how to find sources for himself. Go to gun shows, subscribe to The Shotgun News, etc.

Dear Kurt:

I have a concealed carry permit and I sometimes use it. Some of that time I carry my Ruger SP-101 with .357 Mag. No problem with stopping power there. Many times, however, I carry my Seecamp .32 caliber. It's really tiny, shoots .32 caliber Winchester Silvertips. Extremely concealable. I'm concerned that 2 or 3 hits of .32 wouldn't be enough to stop the bad guy long enough for me to run away from the danger zone.

I'm wondering if a quick-acting poison-loaded bullet (e.g. cyanide) wouldn't increase the equation in my favor by making every hit fatal. I looked and looked and couldn't find any legal prohibition against the concept. However, such ammo is not sold commercially. I'd have to have it made up for me. What's the best substance to instantly divert the bad guy's attention from me?

Alan VA

Dear Alan:

It would be best to put the third bullet between your attacker's eyes. Clarence would. Learn to shoot and shoot to kill. If you have a permit and have little confidence in a .32, carry a .38.

I can't quote the law but I'm sure poisoned bullets are illegal. But again, shoot to kill and let the bullet do the work. Otherwise you might as well confine yourself to a blowgun.

Kurt

Dear Kurt:

In regards to my letter on pages 174-5 of U.S. M., I'm sorry if I gave you the wrong idea about shooting strays. I wouldn't want to shoot anyone's beloved pet. I know what that's like as I've lost many of my cats to cars. The air guns I'm describing can be pumped two to ten times, depending on the power you want. I'd recommend using only two pumps, as this would only sting and not injure. Even at ten pumps I wouldn't advise hunting anything larger than a rabbit.

We have a problem with people dumping their no-longer wanted pets. You said there were many harmless ways to drive off nuisance animals but didn't list any. As for dirty tricks, I didn't know they were supposed to be funny. As for immature, aren't dirty tricks kind of immature anyway?

David MO

Dear David:

The best way to drive off prowling cats and dogs is to spray them with water from a hose with a pistol grip which is ready instantly, as opposed to having to turn it on from a tap. They won't come back. If they are abandoned, it's best to attract them with food, catch them and turn them in to the pound. They will most likely be put to sleep but that's better than having them starve.

We take them in. We have 23 cats. Not everyone can do that but we're crazier than most.

As for the humor in dirty tricks, if it's a trick it must be funny or it isn't a trick. For instance, if the woman who cut off the penis of her abuser had flushed it down the toilet, that would have been funnier than throwing it where some busybody could find it. I hope no U.S. Militiaman similarly treating a rapist will leave anything to be sewn back on. Work on your sense of humor, Dave. You have the makings, otherwise.

Kurt

Hello Kurt:

Since we last talked about the "Pool Cleaner Bomb" I've come to realize that this chemical, calcium hypochloride, also exists in "2,000 Flushes", automatic bowl cleaner. I know, if you're like me, you've found pool cleaner hard to find in the winter months. 2000 Flushes is a lot weaker than the "super chlorinator" type pool cleaners, but it will still work.

Five parts 2000 Flushes to one part by volume of brake fluid will combust after one minute. The initial action of this is a large, choking cloud of chlorine gas, followed by combustion. Imagine the possibilities.

CHLORINATED GASOLINE
Mix Sock-It chlorinator very slowly

and sparingly into gasoline and you'll be surprised at the increased flammability of this substance. Caution: Mixing too fast will cause fire and explosion.

GAS TRAP

Pour a few ounces of Sock-It in your enemy's gas tank. He will be surprised at the kick his engine gets, at least for the last two to ten seconds of his life.

This is just some of the fun you can have with Sock-It pool cleaner and 2000 Flushes. Be careful! I still have the chemical burn from mixing ammonium nitrate and Sock-It together. They explode spontaneously with a chemical fire.

Charles NC

(Editor's note: Always try such experiments in small batches measured in teaspoons. Wear goggles and heavy gloves and work in an open area, preferably on a cement garage floor).

Dear Kurt:

I received No. 3 of U.S. Militia. Good work. If Clarence keeps on doing his job martians will soon be in short supply. I'm sure by now you heard the news about Ferguson and the Long Island shootings. It's amazing how many of the things you talked about years ago are coming to pass.

Joseph CO

Dear Kurt:

Thanks for the reply. You are correct in stating that my background had colored my ideas of a civilian organization. After reading my letter to you and your reply, it does seem as though I was trying to promote a "paramilitary organization" instead of a civilian one. My apologies, because that was not my intentions. Too many times, it seems, people have to remind me that I'm not in the Marines anymore. The fact that I'm missing something about U.S. MILITIA is obvious, but on to other things....

I read your article on soldering squibs with some interest. About eight years ago I had allot of headaches over the broken bulb method also and switched to the model rocket squibs. I went from a success rate of about 20% with the bulbs to about 75% with the rocket igniters, but I kept on looking for

better alternatives. I finally found what I was looking for, and that was the "one-shot" camera flashbulb (the type sold in cubes and bars).

I won't argue saying that flashbulbs are better than squibs, whether they're homemade or store-bought rocket igniters, but the bulbs are very versatile and have suited my purposes just fine. I will say, however, that making your own squibs is a skill worth learning because there may come a time when buying rocket igniters or flashbulbs just won't be possible or practical.

The pros and cons for both the squib and the flashbulb are pretty much even. Where one becomes impractical, the other fills the gap without a hitch. I would also like to state that with all of the compounds I have used and experimented with, the flashbulb has worked with an almost 100% success rate as far as igniting goes.

Jerry MI

Dear Kurt:

Received issue #3 of U.S. Militia, been reading and rereading it. Great; Something for everyone. Clarence might be an instant "classic", but if some are put off by him, there should be something else to their liking, or taste. I'm glad you have men like Maxwell and Bell putting their knowledge and ability in to it.

There is something that, so far, I haven't seen mentioned yet. That is, since you've designated the Garand as your, or our, battle rifle, I wonder how many of your subscribers have them, and more, how are they doing finding ammo for them? The stuff, 30-06, is getting hard to find, and high-priced when one does find it. You said something about how a unit might make spare parts for it, how about the ammo? But better yet, or maybe better yet, consider the possibility of getting inserts which enable them to use .308 (7.62 Nato), which is still plentiful and fairly cheap. They are advertised in the Nov. 20th SHOTGUN NEWS from Idaho Surplus Sales, 6007 Marvin, Boise, ID 83709, for \$15, and since they are removed with a broken shell extractor, add another \$5 for the extractor, both prepaid. I have a gunsmith friend who has used them, and they do nicely, they were developed by the Navy some years

back and have proven themselves, as I've been told. I don't know whether ISS would have any special prices for large quantity, or, maybe a U.S. M. shop could make them? Just some thoughts on the subject. I was interested in your reply to David and his idea of using an air rifle on dogs or cats. I agree with you, mostly, but I had an experience that makes me want to qualify that. My neighbor had a Husky bitch in heat one time. She was in the backyard along with their young, small son. A big, mean-looking Rottweiler came into the yard, wanting the Husky. The boy was between the two dogs, the Rottweiler didn't think the boy should be there, and growled menacingly. My neighbor asked me to get my Feinwerkbeau and pop him. I used a Silver Jet Penetrator, got him in his left rear haunch. He left fast and we never saw him again. But it is, generally, not a good idea to shoot what is likely someone's pet.

Paul KS

Dear Kurt:

Just thought I would drop you a line and let you know I received my Tranquility pills and U.S. Militia issues 1 and 2 that came with my subscription. The Tranquility formula is great and the U.S. Militia even better.

I think the U.S. Militia concept is what the country is going to need much sooner than most people would care to imagine.

As I told you on the phone when I placed my order, my wife and I have elected to establish a second survival home in a remote mountain area here in Colorado. We were lucky enough to find a small ranch with a good home on it, good well, year round flowing mountain stream, large trout pond fully stocked, etc. We have electricity, telephone, satellite dish although I'm not counting on them in the future. The stream is large enough to support a 15,000 watt hydro-electric plant which I plan to install next year and cut loose from the power company.

On the negative side, we have very cold winters and a short growing season. We'll probably have to go to a greenhouse. I think I spoke to you concerning the possibility of making potato alcohol for motor fuel as there are large quanti-

ties of potato culls available free if you will haul them off.

Another negative aspect to this location is that when push comes to shove we can't look to anyone for help and support. There just aren't any neighbors which we can turn to. We'll be on our own and that's it. We are both over 60 and have always been in good health but that can't last forever. I think this worries me the most. Still, I think I'd rather take my chances here than in the city.

Kurt, I can't begin to tell you how much I agree with what you say about the way this country is headed. There are so many things that are out of control and most people are too stupid to even know it. Any one of the major ones is enough alone to bring the country down. Put them all together and the outcome is inevitable. It's only question of when and how much time is left. As for most of the problems I really don't think there is a fix or solution of any kind since they have been allowed to progress so far. They are like the snowball that started down the mountain. They could have easily been stopped in the beginning but once they develop into an avalanche nothing can stop them. They just have to run their course.

I believe that one of the root problems which has in turn spawned other problems is over population. Long, long ago this planet's population exceeded what it can comfortably support and as a

result problems began to multiply- each problem producing more problems until we find ourselves totally locked into our present predicament. The sad thing is that even today I don't think many people are aware of what our problems spring from- over population. Let me give you an example. My personal pet gripe is our welfare system and the way it's administered. It is unimaginable to what extent it is abused. The President talks about welfare reform but here again we have a problem that has grown so large and complex that there is no answer. To properly police and administer the program would cost more than it would save. There is, however, one aspect of the welfare program that could easily be reformed and at no great cost compared to what would be saved. I'm speaking of the unwed mothers and the damage they are doing to our society both genetically and financially. Okay, so there are many who would argue against any genetic damage so lets not even consider that. That leaves the financial drain which is enormous and to save me I can't see any justification for it when it can so easily be prevented. Anyone who objects to birth control then let them team up with the Vatican to pay the tab and not impose their beliefs on me.

It should be mandatory for all women who apply for welfare to have a NORPLANT birth control device implanted in them. This should be the rule

even if she has no children at the time. It's my understanding that the device will prevent conception for up to 5 years with nothing else done and can easily be replace at the end of the effective period for another 5 years. She can have all the sex she wants. It in no way interferes with her life-style or "RIGHTS". This approach doesn't require that any additional bureaucracy be created to administer it. What could be simpler? As of now I haven't heard of the government taking any steps in this direction. Can't the idiots see that it's far better to lose some of the Catholic vote than to lose their jobs when there is no country to represent? If they can't or won't do anything as totally simple as this to cure a gigantic problem then what can we expect them to do on the things that might require a complex or innovative cure? I can only conclude that they are totally inept and gutless. In which case the final outcome is easy to predict. That's why we have our place in the Colorado mountains.

Earl CO

Dear Mr. Saxon:

I'm a charter subscriber to U.S. Militia. For years I've been trying to find a source for the novel "The Turner Diaries". Where can I find this book?

Irving NY

Dear Irving:

Send \$8.00, postpaid, to Bohica Concepts, P.O. Box 546-C, Randle, WA 98377.

Continued from page 257
worthless for survival in a life or death fight where the cavalry isn't going to come riding in to bail you out. For the same amount of money or less you can get Mel Tappans' "Survival Guns", which is much like comparing a new BMW to an used skateboard for the same amount of money.

To be fair however, this book is about "survival" firearms, NOT fighting weapons, and as such, a "survival" gun includes anything you might have on hand when you need it. However I can't see limiting myself with many of the generally worthless for ANY purpose guns listed here.

The reason I read these books, and write these reviews, is so you don't make the same mistakes others have and waste your money buying books with little or

no redeeming features. I only want you to waste your hard earned money buying the ones that do have redeeming features. As far as I'm concerned, this book has no redeeming value.

BUYER BEWARE!

by Douglas P. Bell

The readers of this publication might be interested in hearing about the problems I've been having with various mail order groups.

The first group is Federal Ordnance (1443 Potrero Ave., POB 6050, So. El Monte, CA 91733). This company has had major problems for so long that GUN TESTS magazine finally put a blurb in about the complaints that they have been getting about Fed Ord. Make no mistake, it HAS to be bad for any magazine to risk the all mighty ad dollar! If

anyone tells the truth about one company, the others panic in case the truth leaks out about them as well!

Fed Ord has been refusing to ship orders for up to six months and refuses to give refunds for over six months. In my case, after five months and repeated calls and the now usual run around, no one knew anything and they would call me back but never did, I sent a registered return receipt letter to them stating I had sent a POMO and would file mail fraud if I did not get my refund in two weeks (10 working days). I got the refund for the unshipped part of my order just moments before I was going to file the mail fraud charges. I never did get a refund for the items they shipped by mistake and billed me for or the unserviceable items they sent.

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Continued from last issue

SUPER Ju Jitsu

Copyright 1942

The Escape-Proof "Come Along" Hold

LESSON 35

Plate 67



You will find this clamp-like hold most effective in taking violent culprits to a police station or other place of safe keeping. It is invaluable knowledge for police officers.

Standing beside your man grasp his right wrist with your right hand and lift his arm straight out in front in a horizontal position. In doing this encircle your left arm over and under his upper arm and clasp your own right forearm with your left hand. Shown in Plate 67.

Should your man become violent wedge his upper arm tightly under your left armpit and bear downward with your right hand at his wrist. Make sure the palm of his hand is up. This continued pressure will break his arm.

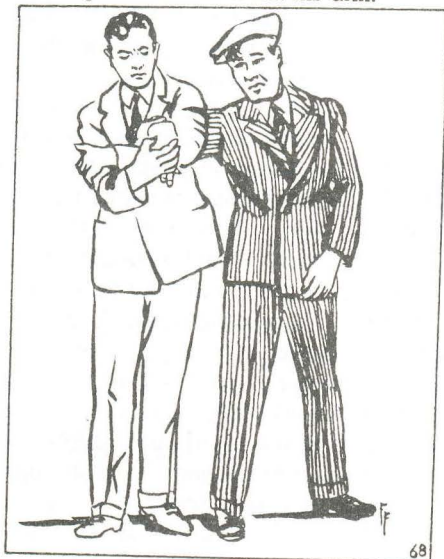


Plate 68

68

Now to come into a very painful wrist lock from the arm hold allow his arm to bend at the elbow joint that rests on your chest. Then with the palm of his hand downward and with the palm of your right hand over the knuckles of his right hand let your left hand grip hold of your right upper arm as shown in Plate 68.

To make him submit—or end with a broken wrist—force the knuckles of his hand inward toward your chest. (Don't forget to be gentle in practice.)

* * *

Following these two holds you may want to throw the man because of his becoming too violent. It's easy.

Hold your grip just as you have it then quickly turn inward and left about, facing the opposite direction. At the same time

Plate 69



69

lift his and your own arms upward and place your right foot behind his right foot. This is made plain in Plate 69.

Force your man backward with this dislocation-of-the-shoulder throw. He will automatically fall backward over your foot, sprawling on his back.

* * *

To complete the dislocation arm hold, the moment he hits the ground (you are still holding him) place your right knee on his shoulder and straighten his arm out to three-quarters length as shown in Plate 70.

Lift upward with your left forearm and round to your left with your right hand at his wrist. He will give up or he will end with a dislocated shoulder.

* * *



Plate 70

You have him helpless on the ground now and may want to slip hand cuffs (bracelets) on him.

Place your right knee on his upper arm and allow his forearm to come straight so that his arm represents the letter L. Put your right hand over the knuckles of his hand as shown in Plate 71.

Tell your man to bring his left arm over so you can handcuff both his wrists together. If he refuses—as he probably will—just bear downward with your right hand on the knuckles of his hand. It won't take much pressure to make the man see your point.

As it takes so little pressure to break a wrist don't be too enthusiastic with your friends in practice.

* * *



Plate 71

The five-in-one combination just outlined is perhaps the most effective Ju Jitsu hold ever developed. One after another you have 5 powerful positions—any one of which is perhaps strong

enough to carry out your intention. If your assailant knew you had 5 such rabbits to pull out of the hat he certainly would avoid tangling with You.

Disarming The Hold-up Man

LESSON 36



Plate 72

The criminal may have a gun, knife or club. But here is a quick and effective way to disarm him and avoid injury to yourself.

Seize the wrist of the hand holding the weapon. This is usually the right. Seize it with your right hand, and lift his arm upward and straight out in front.

At the same time place your shoulder close up under his arm and place your left hand on your hip. This last move prevents the man from coming forward.

Stand erect and make yourself as tall as possible. Then quickly pull downward violently with your hand at his wrist as shown in Plate 72.

This movement will not only disarm the assailant but if you use a little extra force his arm will break.

Flying Tackle with Double Leg Lock

LESSON 37

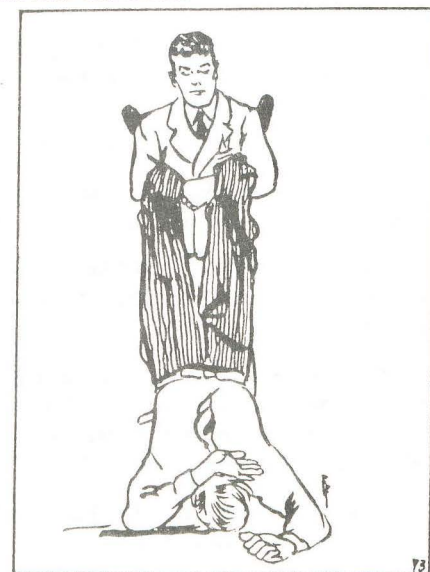


Plate 73

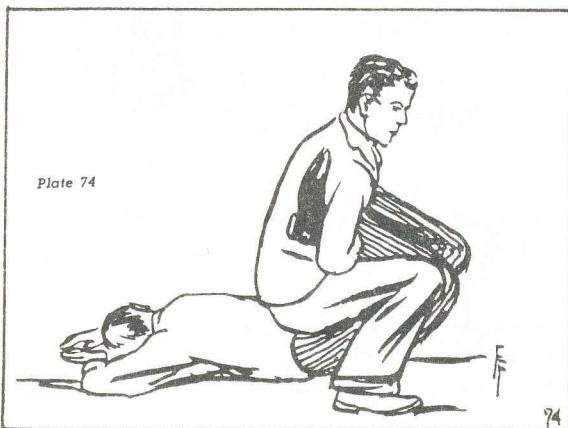
This is a good example of how you *must act* instantly, seconds before your assailant even knows you are thinking about resisting.

In this instance dive at his feet and seize both his ankles with your hands. This is easy provided you do it without first glancing to the ground and giving yourself away.

On your way down to his feet butt him in the solar plexus with your head. Yank his feet forward and send him sprawling on his back.

As he is falling you bounce up and place both his ankles under your armpits. Lift him up and down so that the weight of his body rests on his head as in the illustration, Plate 73.

This position brings the outlaw's weight on a pivot, making it easy to twist him over on to his stomach.



Still keeping his ankles under your armpits turn left about by twisting your man over on his stomach. As he is turning over step over his body with your right leg.

As soon as the turn is completed sit down on his buttocks and lean backward toward his head, allowing the weight of your body to rest on his feet as shown in Plate 74.

This will cause *intense pain* which will seem to run up his spinal column.

You may, if it is desirable, apply this hold to one leg instead of two. Results will be about the same, except that you will have a free leg to watch.

LESSON 38

Escape is impossible with this method of throwing an assailant and holding him by this powerful arm hold.

Facing the man who attacks you seize his left elbow joint with your right hand and throw his forearm up and under your right armpit.

At the same time bring your right hand up under his upper arm and grasp his clothing—coat lapels give a good grip—with your right hand. *Jab* him under the chin with the heel of your left hand as illustrated in Plate 75.

Then place your left leg behind his left leg and force him down on his right side, still holding on to him, of course. This brings him down in front of you on his side and close to your feet.

Quick Arm Hold and Throw



Plate 75

From this position step over his body with both feet so that his arms come up between your legs. Then sit down on his left



side and allow your left hand to grip his upper arm and come into the arm hold as shown in Plate 76.

Sit upright, lean back and your man will lose *all his fight*.

The Devil's Handshake Or How to Act On Friendly Terms with An Enemy

LESSON 39

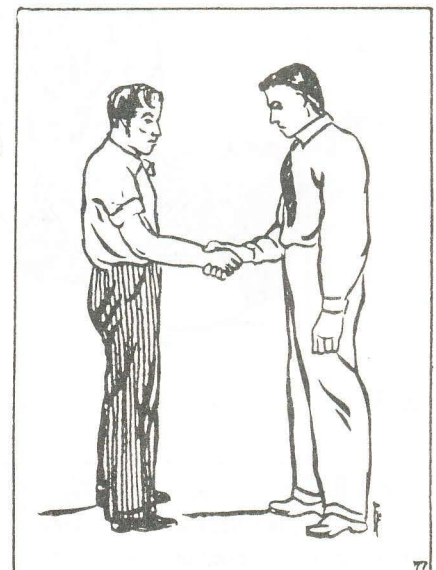


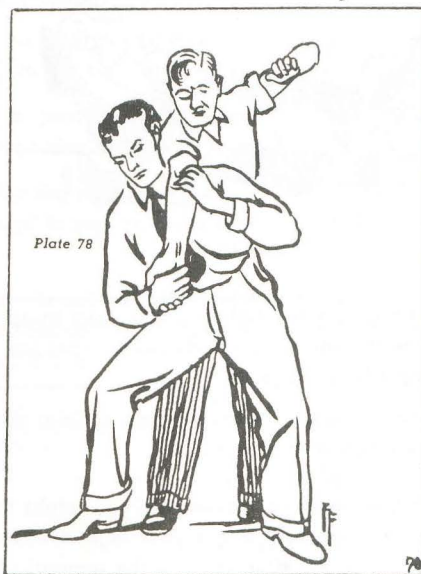
Plate 77

Shake hands in the usual way (Plate 77). But instead of letting go of his hand turn quickly right about. In so doing bring his upper arm to rest on your left shoulder. And strengthen your grip by seizing his arm at the elbow joint with your left hand.

Bend your legs at the knees and come into position as shown in Plate 78.

You can send your man flying over your head this way. Straighten your legs with a jerk and pull downward toward the ground with his arm. Bend the trunk of your body downward in a horizontal position.

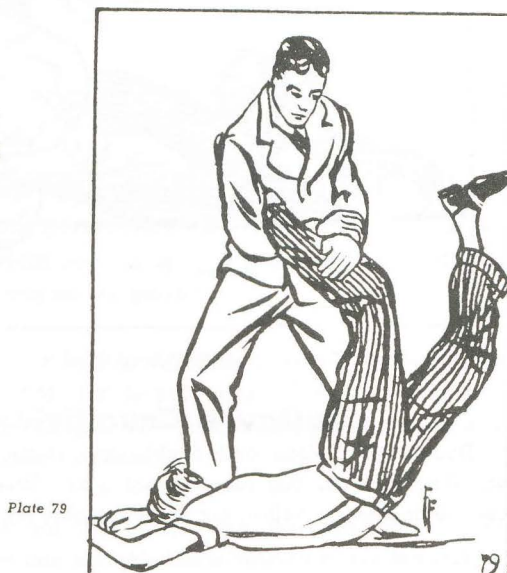
If done with determination you will not only send the thug hurtling over your head and on the ground but in addition his arm will be broken and unfit for further fight.



It is not necessary that you throw the man over your head in this series of movements. You can disable him, breaking his arm, by merely pulling down on his arm while you are standing up tall as possible.

Special Superior Leg Lock No. 1

LESSON 40



Make an instant flying dive, one hand to the ankle the other to the solar plexus. As your man is falling backward stand up, get his left leg up under your right armpit.

Allow your right forearm to go under his leg and your left hand on the shin. Then seize your own left wrist with your right hand as shown in the position illustrated in Plate 79.

At the same time lift the man up on his head, which acts as a pivot, and turn left about.

As the man is turning over you will instinctively step over his body with your right foot, bringing you standing astride him.

To cause submission stand erect and lean backward. At the same time, without moving your feet, twist the trunk of your body around to the right. Your right foot on the back of his neck. See Plate 79.

This will dislocate his knee cap.

Special Superior Leg Lock No. 2

LESSON 41



As this formidable hold is twice as painful as that taught in lesson 40 you should have a friend apply it on you before you start using it seriously.

This leg lock and knee dislocation is a 2-in-1 combination attack.

You throw the man with the flying dive already taught—twist him over on his stomach—wedge his left leg tightly under your right armpit by the method illustrated in Plate 80.

Then stand erect and lean backward so the weight of your body rests on his foot.

Without moving your feet, twist the trunk of your body to the right. The result is a painful dislocation of your assailant's knee.

That man is great who rises to the emergencies of the occasion, and becomes master of the situation.—Donn Piatt

It is a great art to be superior to others without letting them know it.—H. W. Shaw

Man thinks, and at once becomes the master of the beings that do not think.—Buffon

The Super Powerful Arm Hold

LESSON 42

Plate 81



Not only is the grip illustrated in Plate 81 extremely powerful it has the added advantage of being easy to apply against many positions from which you may be attacked.

You may use moderate force on this hold and make it just painful enough for your assailant to make him give up. Or you may use more force, if he becomes violent, and break his wrist and dislocate his shoulder.

You start your defense from the position of your being attacked with a deadly weapon—or with hands at your throat to strangle you.

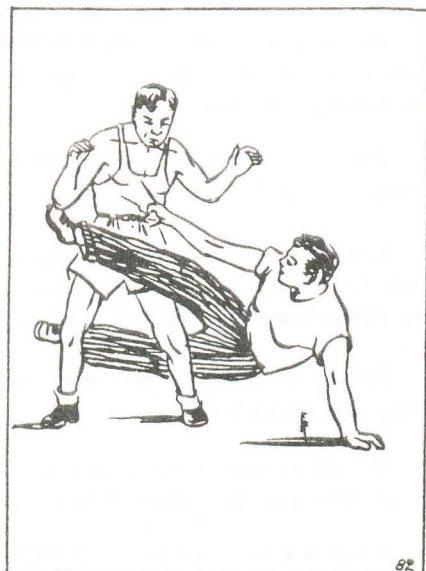
Be sure your left leg is well bent as illustrated. This gives you more leverage and multiplies your strength.

The routine step by step procedure is familiar to you now as it has been outlined in several previous lessons.

Flying Scissors Double Leg Throw

LESSON 43

Plate 82



When you want to get the assailant down very quickly use this method. It is really a wrestling attack used in American wrestling regularly. Except that the wrestlers do not apply the leg lock to be explained.

Getting to one side of your man, throw up your right leg with a spring. Bring it up to a point along his waist. At the same time bring your left leg up behind your assailant's legs just above the back part of the knee. See Plate 82.

With these combined movements twist the whole of your body right. Your man will quickly be thrown on his back.

Come up into a sitting position without hesitation and secure his left leg up under your armpit. At the same time place your right hand below his knee and place your left forearm under his leg. Grip your own right forearm with your left hand.



Plate 83

Now you wedge his leg tightly under your armpit and lean backward so the weight of your body rests on his left foot. This is illustrated clearly in Plate 83.

Your right foot is resting on his stomach or solar plexus where a blow may be given with your foot.

In learning this series of movements you might find it more convenient at the beginning to get your legs in scissor position without the jump. Then after you get the general idea well in mind you can attempt the scissor flying rather than just standing.

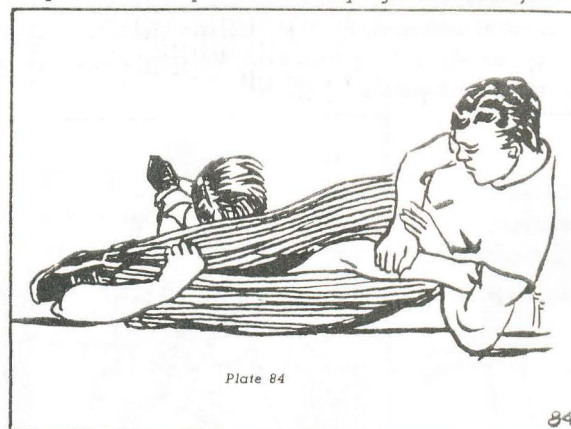


Plate 84

LESSON 44

Outlaw's Crucifixion

Double leg Nelson and double arm Nelson would be the wrestling term for this escape-proof hold. Wrestlers sometime use the double leg Nelson but not the double arm lock.

You will use this Crucifixion hold after you have been attack-

ed and find yourself rolling around the ground in battle with the culprit.

The assailant must be worked into a position flat on his stomach or the hold may be started with the assailant on his hands and knees. You will get him in this position when you give him half a second free so he can start to get up.

As he kneels—down on all fours—get close to him on his left side and place your left foot between his hands. Then bend over his back seize his right wrist with both your hands and pull him over on to his back. While doing this you turn completely on your left side and lie down.

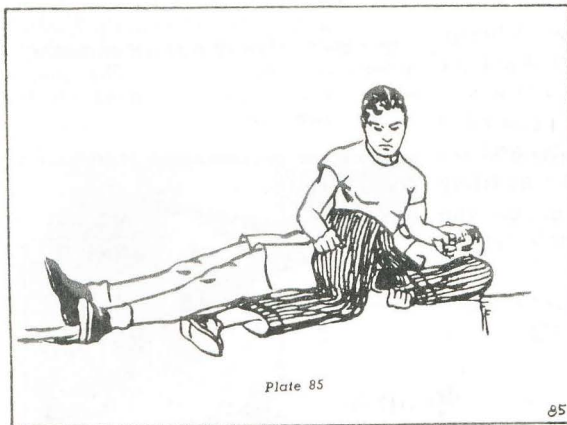
Bring up your right leg and place it at the back of his neck and lock his left arm again with your right foot. (You lock it the first time as you go over backward.) Then form a double lock about which you have already learned.

Study the positions illustrated in Plate 84. This shows how you next lock his right arm under your left armpit.

Try it in practice a few times. You'll be surprised how smoothly one step follows another!

To make the outlaw quit simply lean backward, allow your entire weight to rest on his arms—and at the same time stiffen your legs.

The pain is terrible. He will not be able to bear up. If he does resist, though, just a little bit more pressure on your part will break his arm.



LESSON 45

Combination Leg-Arm Ground Lock

One of the chief advantages of this type of hold is the speed and ease with which you can apply it while both you and your attacker are fighting on the ground.

You can start this hold from the worst possible position you might find yourself in—flat on your back. Turn quickly to your left and sit down, upright, with your back against his left side and as near his head as possible.

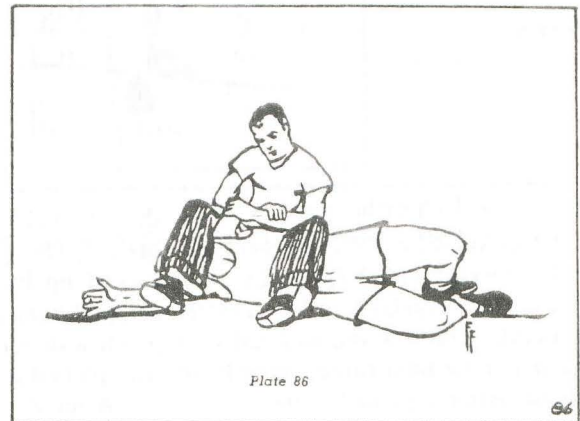
Secure his left arm and bring it over the upper part of your leg. Keep his arm out straight. Then bend your left leg inward

and bring up your left foot so that it will rest on your assailant's left wrist.

At the same time allow your left forearm to rest across his throat. At the Adams Apple as illustrated in Plate 85.

The final step is for you to cause your left knee or leg to bear down toward the ground and put your entire weight on the forearm across his throat.

He will not be able to cry out but his kicking and squirming will quickly tell you he has had enough.



LESSON 46

Slip-Proof, Powerful Arm Lock

You can do real damage to an assailant using this hold. Just moderate pressure will snap his arm at the elbow—just as easy as breaking the stem of a wine glass.

This hold is a good one to use if you have fallen after missing some standing grip. Take your man with you and start working on him while both of you are down.

Turn the man on his back, throw your legs over his body; your right leg across his throat and your left leg across his chest. Then secure his left forearm close up under your right armpit.

At the same time encircle your right forearm over then under his arm so that your forearm is under his elbow joint. Your left hand will be gripping his upper arm and your right hand gripping your own left arm.

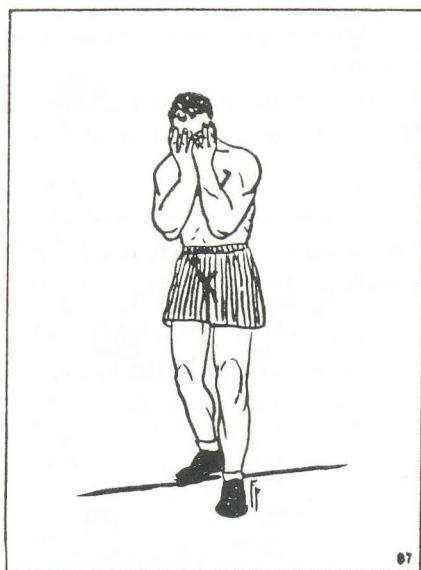
You can finish your job quick by wedging his arm tightly under your armpit and leaning back so that the entire weight of your body rests on his arm. In doing this, bridge your own body off the ground.

The position in Plate 86 shows the assailant more on his right side as he lays on the ground. This is merely so the arm lock shows up more clearly. In practice follow the instructions more closely than you follow the picture. (This lesson only. In all other lessons you follow the illustration even more than you follow the text.)

Defending Yourself Against Flying Fists

LESSON 47

Plate 87



The main thought behind this defense is to keep from getting knocked out. After you get right up to the bully, regardless of his size, you can use any one of a dozen sure holds to stop him cold.

In fact, the only way a fighter can ever defeat a good Ju Jitsu man is by landing a knock-out punch before a hold is started on him. After that he knows, as you well know, that his goose is cooked.

Get your hands up to your face as illustrated in Plate 87. Punches that hit your hands a sliding blow will not do you any serious damage. But get in there quick and start to tie him up quick before he can land more than one blow.

Don't let him get behind you.

One of the best things to do first is go at him with a flying dive. But you know many good ways to start.

The object of placing your forearms and hands in front of you as pictured is to protect the jaw and the solar plexus especially.

Continued next issue

An ounce of courage will go farther with women than a pound of timidity.—Balzac

Continued from page 260

Euclid Sales Co. (2511 Forest Parkway, Ellenwood, GA 30049) put about half of my order on back order and after four months I both wrote and called to tell them that I wanted either my order or a refund. After repeated calls and the now usual run around, no one knew anything and they would call me back but never did, I sent a registered return receipt letter to them stating I would file mail fraud if I did not get my refund. I finally got my refund.

Century International Arms (POB 714, St. Albans, VT 05478) got my order for some a _ they had been pushing hard, but after six weeks I called to find out what had happened and was told they would get the ammo and would ship "any day now". After another six week wait I called back and was told they not only did not have the ammo in stock they never had it in stock to begin with! I told them to refund my money, but this too followed the pattern outlined above, taking a total of about five months to get the refund.

Navy Arms Co. (689 Bergen Blvd., Ridgefield, NJ 07657) took my POMO for one of their guns, and after four weeks I called to find out what happened. Navy claimed to have shipped my gun two weeks earlier, but it never got here. They put a trace on it that took several more weeks (i.e.: I was being jacked around by Navy as UPS claimed that a trace never takes the month that Navy claimed), and then claimed that

the gun had been picked up at the UPS office! The problem was, it was not picked up by the person it was to be shipped to and every time I called I was given a different name for the person who picked the gun up!

After several more weeks and calls, the gun, amazingly enough, turned up at the local UPS office again! UPS was to send it on to me. Once again it disappeared. It turned up again, and was to be returned to Navy and they would send it on to me. Once again it disappeared! I told Navy that I used a POMO and if I didn't get a gun in a week I was filing mail fraud! Amazingly enough, the gun didn't seem to have any trouble getting to me then!

If you place an order with Sarco Inc., (323 Union St., Stirling, NJ 07980), you had better check it carefully. The last few parts orders that I've got from them have been missing one or more small parts that you might not notice unless you pay attention and actually count the number of springs, pins, and other small parts to make sure they are all there.

Springfield Inc., formerly Springfield Armory. What can you say about them, besides bait and switch, having sales and having no stock to sell, going "out of business" Friday night as SA and starting up business Monday morning as SI.

Popular Mechanics

July 1955

Compact Kit Plates Metal

Two miniature batteries contained in a metal case provide the electricity for a compact, economical, electroplating set. Attached to the battery case is an anode which is placed in the electroplating solution. Another wire leads from the battery case to a crocodile clip and a hooked copper wire for holding rings and other small objects in the solution. The instrument applies a silver, copper, gold, rhodium or chromelike finish.



Thomas Icom's Computer Phreak Outs #2

"Reach Out and Touch Someone"

(Improvised Remote Control Detonator)

This remote control detonator is the simplest and easiest to build of it's kind. It's made from a kid's two-function remote control car that's available from Wal-Mart, K-Mart, or any other department store for \$10 (less if you find them on sale), and a few parts available from Radio Shack. It has about a 60 foot range and will ignite one of Kurt's squibs from Issue #3. This project does require some basic electronics knowledge. If you have none, remember that knowledge is power, and go to Radio Shack to purchase a copy of Getting Started in Electronics by **Forrest Mims III**. (Radio Shack Part #276-5003) It's only \$2.99 and will give you a good starting education in this worthwhile and useful field.

You will need the following materials:

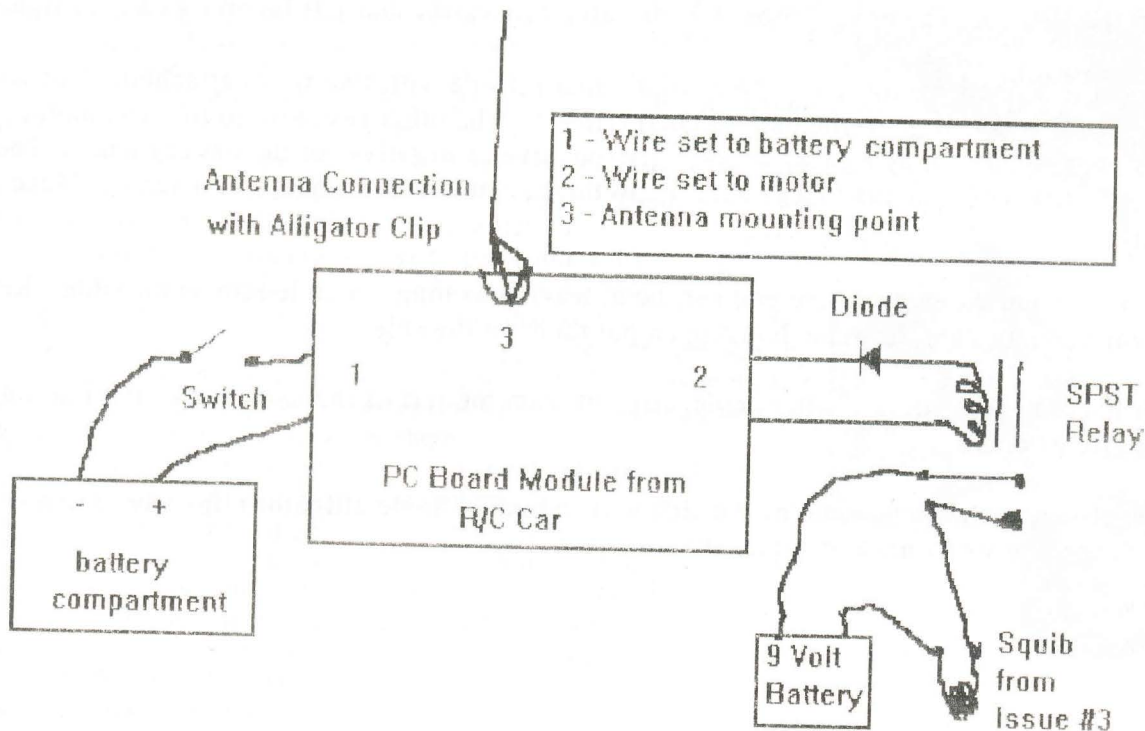
1 Two-function remote control toy car
1 1N4001 rectifier diode- Radio Shack Part #276-1101 (The exact type is not important here.)
1 9 Volt battery
Whatever batteries the car uses
1 Alligator clip
1 SPST Switch
1 Saxon Squib from Issue #3
Roll of hookup wire
Volt-Ohm Meter (VOM)
Soldering Iron and Rosin-Core Solder
Hacksaw

1. Take apart the R/C car. The exact procedure for doing this varies, but it'll be pretty easy to figure it.
2. Once you get it dismantled there will be a circuit board inside with five wires attached. Two wires will be power leads and will go to the battery compartment. The other two will go to a DC motor. Make note of where these leads go, as well as the polarity (positive or negative) of the battery leads. There should also be a stiff wire antenna that is attached to the circuit board by means of a screw. Make note of its location.
3. Once you note what wires go where you cut them, leaving as long a lead length as possible. Remove the circuit board and antenna from the housing and put them on the side.
4. Take your hacksaw and cut the battery compartment from the rest of the car's body. Put that on the side with the circuit board.
5. Solder the alligator clip to one end of the stiff wire antenna. Some alligator clips have a screw terminal; in which case you won't have to solder it.

6. Assemble the detonator according to the diagram provided. The only tricky part is the polarity of the diode. Before you attach the 9 Volt battery and squib, hook up your VOM meter to the relay's switch contacts and set it for ohms (resistance or continuity). If the diode is properly installed, the meter should read an open circuit or infinity. If it reads 0 ohms (or close to it) then switch the diode around. The meter will then read an open circuit. (Similar reading as when testing a switch in the off position)

7. When you're ready to place the detonator: install the batteries, attach your squib, and turn the unit on. Then relocate to a safe position, and install the batteries in the R/C transmitter. When you press the switch on the transmitter, the relay's contacts will close, providing power to ignite the squib. (To test the system temporarily substitute the VOM meter contacts in place of the squib, the VOM meter should be set to the "Volt" position, when the meter has a reading of more then "0" then your squib would have fired, when it has a "0" reading then the squib is not actuated. This test is important both to ensure the system is functional and that there are no spurious signals which could result in a premature discharge.)

That's it. The only problem I've foreseen with this design is that it might accidentally activate in an area that has a lot of radio/electromagnetic noise, such as an urban area. I haven't, however, ran into any such problems while testing the unit. The range is also a bit limited when dealing with certain types of explosives. The advantages of this unit is that it's simple to build, and is very inexpensive; an important matter for something you are going to blow up anyway.



THE REVOLT Against Civilization

The Menace of The Under Man

By

LOTHROP STODDARD, A.M., PH.D. (Harvard)

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CHAPTER IV

THE LURE OF THE PRIMITIVE

THE revolt against civilization goes deeper than we are apt to suppose. However elaborate and persuasive may be the modern doctrines of revolt, they are merely conscious "rationalizings" of an instinctive urge which arises from the emotional depths. One of our hard, but salutary, disillusionments is the knowledge that our fathers were mistaken in their fond belief about automatic progress. We are now coming to realize that, besides progress, there is "regress"; that going forward is no more "natural" than going backward; lastly, that both movements are secondary phenomena, depending primarily upon the character of human stocks.

Now when we realize the inevitable discontent of individuals or groups placed at cultural levels above their inborn capacities and their instinctive desire to revert from these uncongenial surroundings to others lower but more congenial, we can begin to appreciate the power of the atavistic forces forever seeking to disrupt advanced societies and drag them down to more primitive levels. The success of such attempts means one of those cataclysms known as social revolution, and we have already shown how profound is the regression and how great the destruction of both social and racial values. We

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must remember, however, that revolutions do not spring casually out of nothing. Behind the revolution itself there usually lies a long formative period during which the forces of chaos gather while the forces of order decline. Revolutions thus give plenty of warning of their approach—for those who have ears to hear. It is only because hitherto men have not understood revolutionary phenomena that the danger-signals have been disregarded

and society has been caught unawares.

The symptoms of incipient revolution can be divided into three stages: (1) Destructive criticism of the existing order; (2) revolutionary theorizing and agitation; (3) revolutionary action. The second and third stages will be discussed in subsequent chapters. In the present chapter let us consider the first stage: Destructive Criticism.

Strong, well-poised societies are not overthrown by revolution. Before the revolutionary onslaught can have any chance of success, the social order must first have been undermined and morally discredited. This is accomplished primarily by the process of *destructive criticism*. Destructive criticism must clearly be distinguished from constructive criticism. Between the two there is all the difference between a toxin and a tonic. Constructive criticism aims at remedying defects and perfecting the existing order by evolutionary methods. Destructive criticism, on the contrary, inveighs against current defects in a bitter, carping, pessimistic spirit; tends to despair of the existing social order, and either asserts or implies that reform can come only through sweeping

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changes of a revolutionary character. Precisely what the destined goal is to be is, at the start, seldom clearly described. That task belongs to the second stage—the stage of revolutionary theorizing and agitation. Destructive criticism, in its initial aspect, is little more than a voicing of hitherto inarticulate emotions—a preliminary crystallization of waxing dissatisfactions and discontents. Its range is much wider than is commonly supposed, for it usually assails not merely political and social matters but also subjects like art and literature, even science and learning. Always there crops out the same spirit of morose pessimism and incipient revolt against *things as they exist*—whatever these may be.

A fundamental quality of destructive criticism is its glorification of the primitive. Long before it elaborates specific revolutionary doctrines and methods, it blends with its condemnation of the present an idealization of what it conceives to have been the past. Civilization is assumed either to have begun wrong or to have taken a wrong turning at some comparatively early stage of its development. Before that unfortunate event (the source of present ills) the world was much better. Hence, the discontented mind turns back with longing to those pristine halcyon days when society was sound and simple, and man happy and free. The fact that such a Golden Age never really existed is of small moment, because this glorification of the primitive is an emotional reaction of dissatisfied natures yearning for a return to more elemental conditions in which they feel they would be more

at home.

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Such is the "Lure of the Primitive." And its emotional appeal is unquestionably strong. This is well illustrated by the popularity of writers like Rousseau and Tolstoy, who have condemned civilization and preached a "return to nature." Rousseau is, in fact, the leading exponent of that wave of destructive criticism which swept over Europe in the latter half of the eighteenth century—the forerunner of the French Revolution; while Tolstoy is one of the leading figures in the similar nineteenth-century movement that heralded the revolutionary cataclysms of to-day. In discussing Rousseau and Tolstoy we will consider not merely their teachings but also their personalities and ancestry, because these latter vividly illustrate what we have already observed—that character and action are mainly determined by heredity.

Take first the case of Rousseau. Jean-Jacques Rousseau is a striking example of the "tainted genius." He was born of unsound stock, his father being dissipated, violent-tempered, flighty, and foolish. Jean-Jacques proved a "chip of the old block," for he was neurotic, mentally unstable, morally weak, sexually perverted, and during the latter part of his life was undoubtedly insane. Together with all this, however, he possessed great literary talents, his style, persuasiveness, and charm captivating and convincing multitudes. He accordingly exerted upon the world a profound—and in the main a baneful—influence, which is working indirectly but powerfully even to-day.

Such was the champion of "noble savagery" against civilization.¹ Rousseau asserted that civilization was fundamentally wrong and that the path of human salvation lay in a "return to nature." According to Rousseau, primitive man was a care-free and wholly admirable creature, living in virtuous harmony with his fellows till corrupted by the restraints and vices of civilization—especially the vice of private property, which had poisoned the souls of all men and had reduced most men to ignoble servitude. It is perhaps needless to add that Rousseau was a passionate believer in "natural equality," all differences between men being in his opinion due solely to the artificial conventions of civilization. If men would again be happy, free, and equal, asserted Rousseau, the way was easy: let them demolish the fabric of civilization, abolish private property, and return to his communistic "state of nature."

¹ Of course, Rousseau is merely representative of a whole trend of thought and feeling. He was not a pioneer but a popularizer.

Put thus baldly, Rousseau's gospel may not sound

particularly alluring. Clothed in his own persuasive eloquence, however, it produced an enormous effect. Said Voltaire: "When I read Rousseau, I want to run about in the woods on all fours."

Of course, Rousseau's teaching contains a kernel of soundness—that is true of all false doctrines, since if they were wholly absurd they could make no converts outside of bedlam, and could thus never become dangerous to society. In Rousseau's case the grain of truth was his praise of the beauties of nature and simple living. Preached to the oversophisticated, artificial "high so-

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ciety" of the eighteenth century, his words undoubtedly produced a refreshing effect; just as a jaded city man to-day returns invigorated from a month's "roughing it" in the wilds. The trouble was that Rousseau's grain of truth was hidden in a bushel of noxious chaff, so that people were apt to rise from a reading of Rousseau, not inspired by a sane love for simple living, fresh air, and exercise, but inoculated with a hatred for civilization and consumed with a thirst for violent social experiments. The effect was about the same as though our hypothetical city man should return from his month in the wilds imbued with the resolve to burn down his house and spend the rest of his life naked in a cave. In short: "Although Rousseau's injunction, 'Go back into the woods and become men!' may be excellent advice if interpreted as a temporary measure, 'Go back into the woods and remain there' is a counsel for anthropoid apes."

The effect of Rousseau's teaching upon revolutionary thought and action will be discussed later. Let us now turn to the more recent champion of the primitive, Tolstoy. Count Leo Tolstoy came of a distinguished but eccentric stock. His mature philosophy of life, particularly his dislike of civilization and fondness for the primitive, is clearly accounted for by his heredity. The Tolstoys seem to have been noted for a certain wildness of temperament, and one of the family, Feodor Ivanovich Tolstoy, was the famous "American," the "Aleute" of Griboyedoff, who was so obsessed by Rousseau's teachings that he endeavored to put Rousseauism

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into practice, had himself tattooed like a savage, and tried to live absolutely in the "state of nature." Leo Tolstoy's life was characterized by violent extremes, ranging from furious dissipation to ascetic frugality and from complete scepticism to boundless religious devotion. Athwart all these shifts, however, we may discern a growing distaste for civilized life as a morbid and unnatural complication, a will to simplify, a metaphysical urge backward toward the condition of primitive man.

He repudiates culture and approves all that is simple, natural, elemental, wild. In his writings Tolstoy denounces culture as the enemy of happiness, and one of his works, "The Cossacks," was written specifically to prove the superiority of "the life of a beast of the field." Like his ancestor the tattooed "Aleute," Leo Tolstoy early fell under the spell of Rousseau, and was later deeply influenced by Schopenhauer, the philosopher of pessimism. In his "Confessions" Tolstoy exclaims: "How often have I not envied the unlettered peasant his lack of learning. . . . I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand. Instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. . . . Simplify, simplify, simplify! Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one, instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion."

The celebrated Russian novelist and critic Dmitri Merezhkovski thus analyzes Tolstoy's instinctive aversion to civilization and love of the primitive: "If a stone

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lies on top of another in a desert, that is excellent. If the stone has been placed upon the other by the hand of man, that is not so good. But if stones have been placed upon each other and fixed there with mortar or iron, that is evil; that means construction, whether it be a castle, a barracks, a prison, a customs-house, a hospital, a slaughter-house, a church, a public building, or a school. All that is built is bad, or at least suspect. The first wild impulse which Tolstoy felt when he saw a building, or any complex whole, created by the hand of man, was to simplify, to level, to crush, to destroy, so that no stone might be left upon the other and the place might again become wild and simple and purified from the work of man's hand. Nature is to him the pure and simple; civilization and culture represent complication and impurity. To return to nature means to expel impurity, to simplify what is complex, to destroy culture."

In analyzing Tolstoy we become aware of a biological problem transcending mere family considerations; the question of Russian folk nature comes into view. The Russian people is made up chiefly of primitive racial strains, some of which (especially the Tartars and other Asiatic nomad elements) are distinctly "wild" stocks which have always shown an instinctive hostility to civilization. Russian history reveals a series of volcanic eruptions of congenital barbarism which have blown to

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fragments the thin top-dressing of ordered civilization. Viewed historically, the present Bolshevik upheaval appears largely as an instinctive reaction against the

attempt to civilize Russia begun by Peter the Great and continued by his successors. Against this process of "Westernization" the Russian spirit has continually protested. These protests have arisen from all classes of Russian society. Peasant sects like the "Old Believers" condemning Peter as "Anti-Christ," or, like the Skoptzi, mutilating themselves in furious fanaticism; wild peasant revolts like those of Pugachev and Stenka Razin, reducing vast areas to blood and ashes; high-born "Slavophiles," cursing the "Rotten West," glorifying Asia, and threatening Europe with a "cleansing blood-bath" of conquest and destruction; Bolshevik Commisars longing to engulf the whole world in a Red tide surging out of Moscow—the forms vary, but the underlying spirit is the same. Not by chance have Russians been foremost in all the extreme forms of revolutionary unrest: not by chance was "Nihilism" a distinctively Russian development; Bakunin, the genius of Anarchism; and Lenin, the brains of international Bolshevism.

Dmitri Merezhkovski thus admits the innate wildness of the Russian soul: "We fancied that Russia was a house. No, it is merely a tent. The nomad set up his tent for a brief period, then struck it, and is off again in the steppes. The naked, level steppes are the home of the wandering Scythian. Wherever in the steppes a black point appears and grows larger in their vision, the

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Scythian hordes sweep down upon it and level it to the earth. They burn and ravage until they leave the wilderness to resume its sway. The craving for unbroken distances, for a dead level, for naked nature, for physical evenness and metaphysical uniformity—the most ancient ancestral impulse of the Scythian mind—manifests itself equally in Arakcheyev, Bakunin, Pugachev, Razin, Lenin, and Tolstoy. They have converted Russia into a vacant level plain. They would make all Europe the same, and the whole world the same."

Economists have expressed surprise that Bolshevism should have established itself in Russia. To the student of race history, it was a perfectly natural event. Furthermore, while the late war may have hastened the catastrophe, some such catastrophe was apparently inevitable, because for years previous to the war it was clear that the Russian social order was weakening, while the forces of chaos were gathering strength. The decade before the war saw Russia suffering from a chronic "crime wave," known collectively to Russian sociologists as "Hooliganism," which seriously alarmed competent observers. In the year 1912, the Russian minister of the interior, Maklakov, stated: "Crime increases here. The number of cases has grown. A partial explanation is the

fact that the younger generation grew up in the years of revolt, 1905-1906. The fear of God and of laws disappears even in the villages. The city and rural population is equally menaced by the 'Hooligans.'" In the following year (1913) a leading St. Petersburg newspaper wrote

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editorially: "Hooliganism, as a mass-phenomenon, is unknown to western Europe. The 'Apaches' who terrorize the population of Paris or London are people with a different psychology from that of the Russian Hooligan." Another St. Petersburg paper remarked about the same time: "Nothing human or divine restrains the destructive frenzy of the untrammelled will of the Hooligan. There are no moral laws for him. He values nothing and recognizes nothing. In the bloody madness of his acts there is always something deeply blasphemous, disgusting, purely bestial." And the well-known Russian writer, Menshikov, drew this really striking picture of social conditions in the pages of his organ, *Novoye Vremya*: "All over Russia we see the same growth of 'Hooliganism,' and the terror in which the Hooligans hold the population. It is no secret that the army of criminals increases constantly. The Courts are literally near exhaustion, crushed under the weight of a mountain of cases. The police are agonizing in the struggle with crime—a struggle which is beyond their strength. The prisons are congested to the breaking-point. Is it possible that this terrible thing will not meet with some heroic resistance? A real civil war is going on in the depths of the masses, which threatens a greater destruction than an enemy's invasion. Not 'Hooliganism,' but Anarchy: this is the real name for that plague which has invaded the villages and is invading the cities. It is not only degenerates who enter upon a life of debauch and crime; already the average, normal masses join them, and only exceptionally decent village youths still maintain as much

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as possible a life of decent endeavor. The younger people, of course, make a greater show than the elderly peasants and the old men. But the fact is that both the former and the latter are degenerating into a state of savagery and bestiality."

Could there be a better description of that breakdown of the social controls and up-surge of savage instincts which, as we have already seen, characterizes the outbreak of social revolutions? This was precisely what the Russian Nihilists and Anarchists had been preaching for generations. This was what Bakunin had meant in his favorite toast: "To the destruction of all law and order, and the unchaining of evil passions!" For Bakunin, "The People" were the social outcasts—brigands, thieves, drunkards, and vagabonds. Criminals were frankly his favorites. Said he: "Only the proletariat

in rags is inspired by the spirit and force of the coming social revolution."

Referring once more to the matter of Russian Hooliganism prior to 1914, there is good ground for believing that the "crime waves" which have afflicted western Europe and America since the war are of a similar nature. Recently a leading American detective expressed his conviction that the "gunmen," who to-day terrorize American cities, are imbued with social revolutionary feelings and have a more or less instinctive notion that they are fighting the social order. Mr. James M. Beck, solicitor-general of the United States, has lately uttered a similar warning against what he terms "the exceptional revolt against the authority of law," which is taking

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place to-day. He sees this revolt exemplified not only in an enormous increase of crime but in the current demoralization visible in music, art, poetry, commerce, and social life.

Mr. Beck's last assertion is one which has been made for years by many keen-sighted critics in the literary and artistic worlds. Nothing is more extraordinary (and more ominous) than the way in which the spirit of feverish, and essentially planless, unrest has been bursting forth for the past two decades in every field of art and letters. This unrest has taken many shapes—"Futurism," "Cubism," "Vorticism," "Expressionism," and God knows what. Its spirit, however, is always the same: a fierce revolt against things as they exist, and a disintegrative, degenerative reaction toward primitive chaos. Our literary and artistic malcontents have no constructive ideas to offer in place of that which they condemn. What they seek is absolute "freedom." Hence, everything which trammels this anarchic "freedom" of theirs—form, style, tradition, reality itself—is hated and despised. Accordingly, all these matters (sneered at as "trite," "old-fashioned," "aristocratic," "bourgeois," or "stupid") are contemptuously cast aside, and the "liberated" soul soars forth on the unfettered pinions of his boundless fancy.

Unfortunately, the flight seems to lead backward toward the jungle past. Certainly the products of the "new" art bear a strange likeness to the crude efforts of degenerate savages. The distorted and tormented shapes of "expressionist" sculpture, for example, resem-

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ble (if they resemble anything) the idols of West African negroes. As for "expressionist" painting, it seems to bear no normal relation to anything at all. Those crushed, mutilated forms, vaguely discerned amid a riot of shrieking colors; surely this is not "real"—unless bedlam be reality! Most extraordinary of all is that

ultra-modern school of "painting," which has largely discarded paint in favor of materials like newspaper clippings, buttons, and fish-bones, pasted, sewn, or tacked on its canvases.

Almost as extravagant is the "new" poetry. Structure, grammar, metre, rhyme—all are defied. Rational meanings are carefully avoided, a senseless conglomeration of words being apparently sought after as an end in itself. Here, obviously, the revolt against form is well-nigh complete. The only step which seemingly now remains to be taken is to abolish language, and have "poems without words."

Now what does all this mean? It means simply one more phase of the world-wide *revolt against civilization* by the unadaptable, inferior, and degenerate elements, seeking to smash the irksome framework of modern society, and revert to the congenial levels of chaotic barbarism or savagery. Normal persons may be inclined to laugh at the vagaries of our artistic and literary rebels, but the popular vogue they enjoy proves them to be really no laughing matter. Not long ago the English poet Alfred Noyes warned earnestly against the wide-spread harm done by "Literary Bolsheviks." "We are confronted to-day," he said, "by the extraordinary spectacle

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of 10,000 literary rebels, each chained to his own solitary height, and each chanting the same perennial song of hate against everything that has been achieved by past generations. The worst of it is that the world applauds them. The real rebel to-day is the man who stands by unpopular truth; but that man has a new name—he is called 'commonplace.' The literary Bolshevism of the past thirty years is more responsible for the present peril of civilization than is realized. One cannot treat all the laws as if they were mere scraps of paper without a terrible reckoning, and we are beginning to see it to-day.

"It has led to an all-round lowering of standards. Some of the modern writers who take upon themselves to wipe out the best of ancient writers cannot write grammatical English. Their art and literature are increasingly Bolshevik. If we look at the columns of the newspapers we see the unusual spectacle of the political editor desperately fighting that which the art and literary portions of the paper uphold. In the name of 'reality' many writers are indulging in shabby forms of make-believe and are reducing all reality to ashes."

In similar vein, the well-known German art critic, Johannes Volkelt, recently deplored the destructive effects of "expressionist" art and literature. "The demoralization of our attitude and sentiment toward life itself," he writes, "is even more portentous than our declining recognition of artistic form. It is a mutilated,

deformed, moron humanity which glowers or drivels at us through expressionist pictures. All they suggest is profound morbidity. Their jaded, unhealthy mood is relieved only by absurdities, and where these cast a ray of light into their rudimentary composition, it is only a broken and joyless one. Likewise, that which repels us most in the poetry of our younger school is its scornful stigmatizing of the past, without giving us anything positive in its place; its pathetic groping in its own self-wreckage; its confused, helpless seeking after some steadfast ideal. The soul is exhausted by its ceaseless chasing after nothing. Is life a shallow joke? A crazy dream? A terrifying chaos? Is there no longer sense in talking of an ideal? Is every ideal self-illusion? These are the questions which drive the soul of to-day aimlessly hither and thither. Calm consciousness of power and mastery, the unaffected glow of health, threaten to become lost sensations. Overalert self-consciousness associated with a mysterious revival of atavistic bestiality, and extreme overrefinement hand in hand with slothful love of indolence, characterize the discord which clouds the artistic mind of the period."

As might be expected, the spirit of revolt which attacks simultaneously institutions, customs, ideals, art, literature, and all the other phases of civilization does not spare what stands behind, namely: individuality and intelligence. To the levelling gospel of social revolution such things are anathema. In its eyes it is the mass, not the individual, which is precious; it is quantity, not quality, which counts. Superior intelligence is by

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its very nature suspect—it is innately aristocratic, and as such must be summarily dealt with. For the past two decades the whole trend of revolutionary doctrine has been toward a glorification of brawn over brain, of the hand over the head, of emotion over reason. This trend is so bound up with the development of revolutionary theory and practice that we had best consider it in the chapters devoted to those matters. Suffice it here to state that it is a normal part of proletarian philosophy, and that it aims at nothing short of the entire destruction of modern civilization and the substitution of a self-erected "proletarian culture." Above all, the onward march of our hateful civilization must be stayed.

Yes, yes: "civilization is unbearable," "progress must be stopped," "equality must be established," and so forth, and so forth. The emotional urge behind the revolution is quite clear. Let us now examine precisely what the revolution is, what it means, and how it is proposed to bring it about.

Continued next issue



THE ROMAN G.I.

THE COMPACT, CONTROLLED, MEAN WORLD OF HISTORY'S
MOST EFFECTIVE COMBAT SOLDIER BY JAMES R. SILKE

If any combat soldier was 'government issue', it was the Roman legionary. He fought, marched, bled and died on command. He conformed to the military mold for twenty-five years of his life and did so for a good reason. He was the best. The Roman legionary literally didn't need good officers. He fought in essentially the same way for over three hundred years. He could make the weakest of the emperor's favorites look good as an officer and just how he did it is one of the most fascinating explorations in combat history.

In the year One A.D., war was a close, mean, desperate, slow and painful hand-to-hand struggle. Defeat or victory, life and death, were

measured in seconds and inches. The legates (generals) and their staffs of tribunes (officers) were all born to wealth and command. War, for them, was a temporary and often quick means to a successful political or financial future. The officers measured war in loose terms of borders, provinces and prestige, but for the Roman G.I., it was far more precise. The legionary wanted the enemy close enough to destroy, but not so close that he would slip in his sweat or be momentarily blinded by his spurt-ing blood. An inch or a second literally made the difference between the welcome jar of a bone crushing, life ending, sword thrust and the flashing pain of the legion-

ary's first and fatal mistake.

While the legates and tribunes rode on proud chargers over the world they ruled, few ignored the fact that the legionary made it possible. The maps of England, Gaul, Spain, Africa, Greece, Egypt, Judea and the Near East were remade by the men who marched rather than rode. The great Roman military ge-

RANK AND PAY CHART

(Early Empire)
(yearly wages)

CENTURIONS

Primus Pilus , senior centurion of the First Cohort	15,000 denarii	\$1,200
Primi Ordines , centurions of the first cohort	7,500 denarii	600
Ordines , centurions of cohorts two through ten	3,750 denarii	300

All centurions were further graded as **HASTATI** (youngest), **PRINCEPES** (junior) and **PILANI** (senior or oldest) centurions.

OPTIONES

Understudies of the centurions. Apparently there was one for each centurion. Their pay is estimated at 1,800 denarii, but ranged widely from cohort one through ten and from job to job.

LEGIONAIRES

Praetorian , honor guard of the emperor stationed in Rome	750 denarii	60
Members of the First Cohort	450 denarii	36
Members of Cohorts two through ten	225 denarii	18

ADDITIONAL BENEFITS

Augustus gave his legions gratuities of 2,500, 500 and 250 denarii on separate occasions. Other emperors gave similar amounts.

On discharge each veteran received 12,000 denarii and in many cases a plot of land.

DEDUCTIONS

Compulsory loans of one half of all gratuities and pay were taken by the state to pay for bedding, boot and strap, the annual camp dinner and, most important, food and the burial society.

niuses, Marius, Julius Caesar, Pompey and Caesar Augustus, shaped and reshaped their military tactics and organizations to support and sustain the men who risked their lives in the narrow, fragile limitations of combat.

THE LEGION

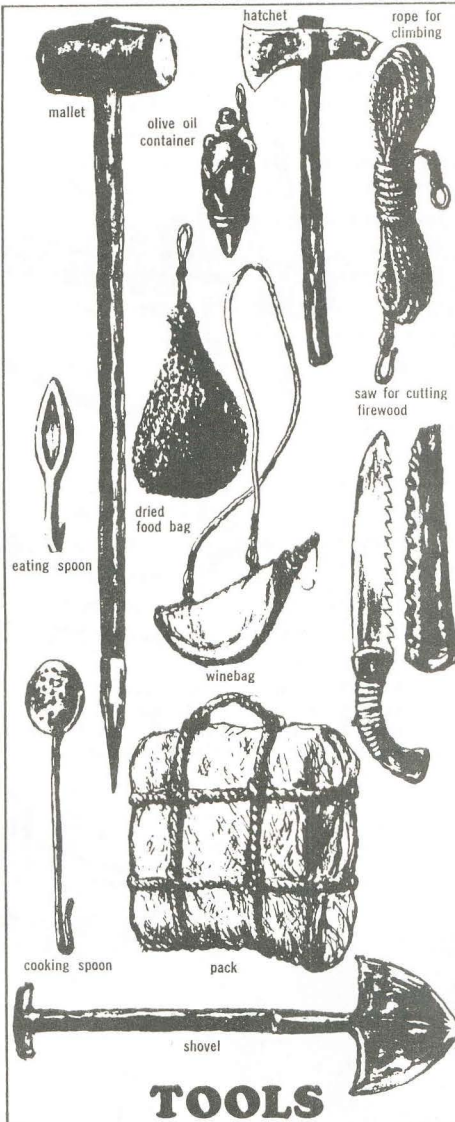
The Republic of Rome was founded in 509 BC and the army during that time was formed into legions with the tactical unit being the maniple of approximately 120 men. The maniple, however, was both too small and too large. Too small to withstand barbaric hordes

which infiltrated the gaps between the maniples and too large for one man to properly command. The legion was reorganized, probably under Marius in approximately 112 BC, into a cohort structure of 600 men. The cohort was made up of six centuries for smaller tactical operations and for the sake of efficient command. For administrative details, the maniple, now of two centuries, was maintained, but the century was the essential combat unit. Much like the platoon of today, its strength varied from the 100, for which it was named, to around 60. This size unit has proved to be the most effective combat strength for various successful armies throughout history. One man can command it with maximum effect if he is able. The Roman generals after Marius all put their personal and national ambitions into the hands of the men who commanded the centuries. From the beginning of the Empire in 27 BC up the closing years in 395 AD those centurions led the Roman Legions and formed their own distinct structure for a truly G.I. army.

ORGANIZATION

The Roman Army was essentially a non-commissioned organization. Its strength, its tactics, and its pride began with the **Primus Pilus**, the number one centurion of the First Cohort of each legion, and moved down to the raw recruits, the seventeen year old boys just beginning the first year of their twenty-five year hitch. This fact was so imbedded in the military system and the military system was so much a part of Roman life, that in time the Emperors would come from the ranks of the centurions.

Each legion carried with it an Eagle (Aquila) and the **Primus Pilus** carried the eagle or had his understudy, an Aquilifer, carry it. The Aquilifer came from the Optiones, the rank just below the centurions. The Eagle itself was more than a symbol. A religious cult, the 'numen legionis' was built around it. Every Roman G.I. believed in it and knew that the loss of the Eagle

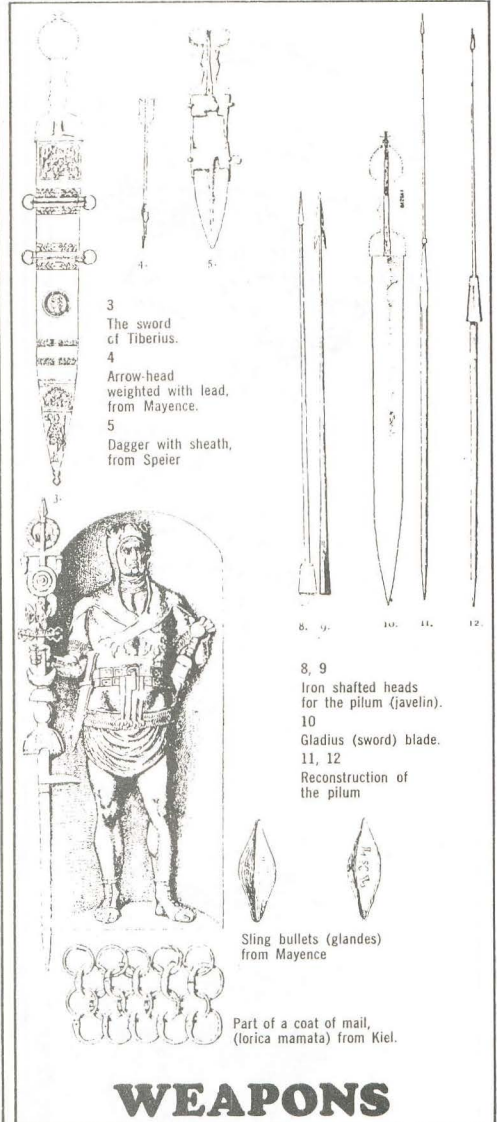


TOOLS

meant the loss of the legion. For the legion to continue, for their lives to continue, the Eagle must be sustained, protected. Loss meant banishment and sometimes death by the hands of comrades in other legions.

The ideal manpower of a legion and the varying ranks and pay of the non-commissioned officers who commanded them is shown in the accompanying chart. A century, however, often didn't have its full complement of men, and, just as the strength of an army platoon in Vietnam will change in combat on a minute by minute basis, so did the century change during combat.

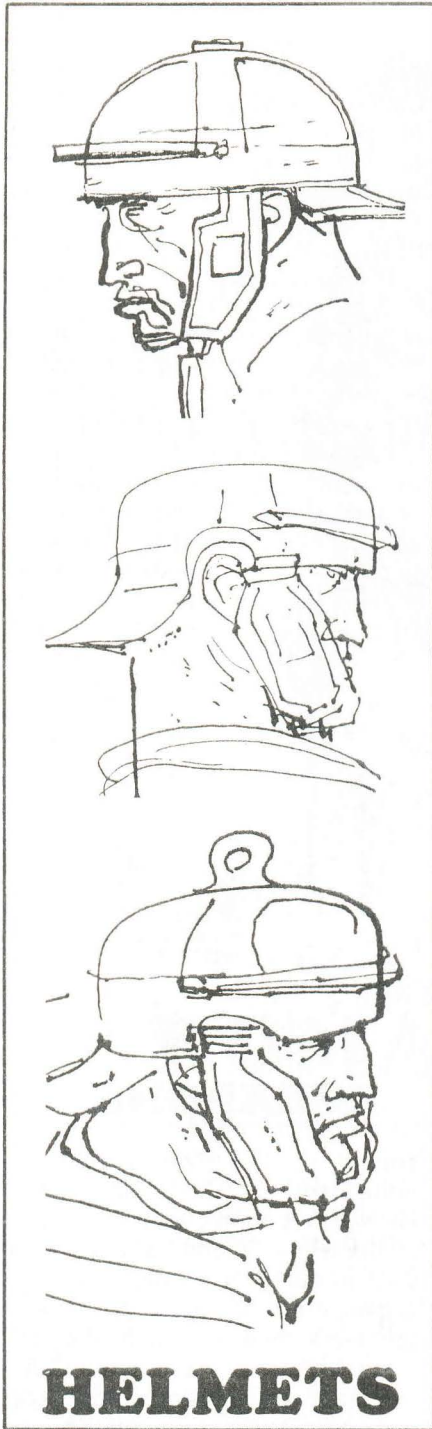
The Roman Army organization presented opportunity for advancement to the G.I.s who wanted and



WEAPONS

sought it. The **Primus Pilus** was equivalent to a U.S. Army Major. He was responsible for the tactics of the legion in combat and its conduct in camp or on the march. The organization made it possible for the best men to reach that rank in as few as nine promotions. And, he reached it because of experience and success in military combat. For the 'ranker,' and most Roman G.I.s were that, it took as many as fifty-nine promotions to move to the rank of **Primus Pilus** and most never made it. Promotions were made from Cohort to Cohort and the quality of the centurions and the men got better and better moving from Cohort Ten to Cohort One.

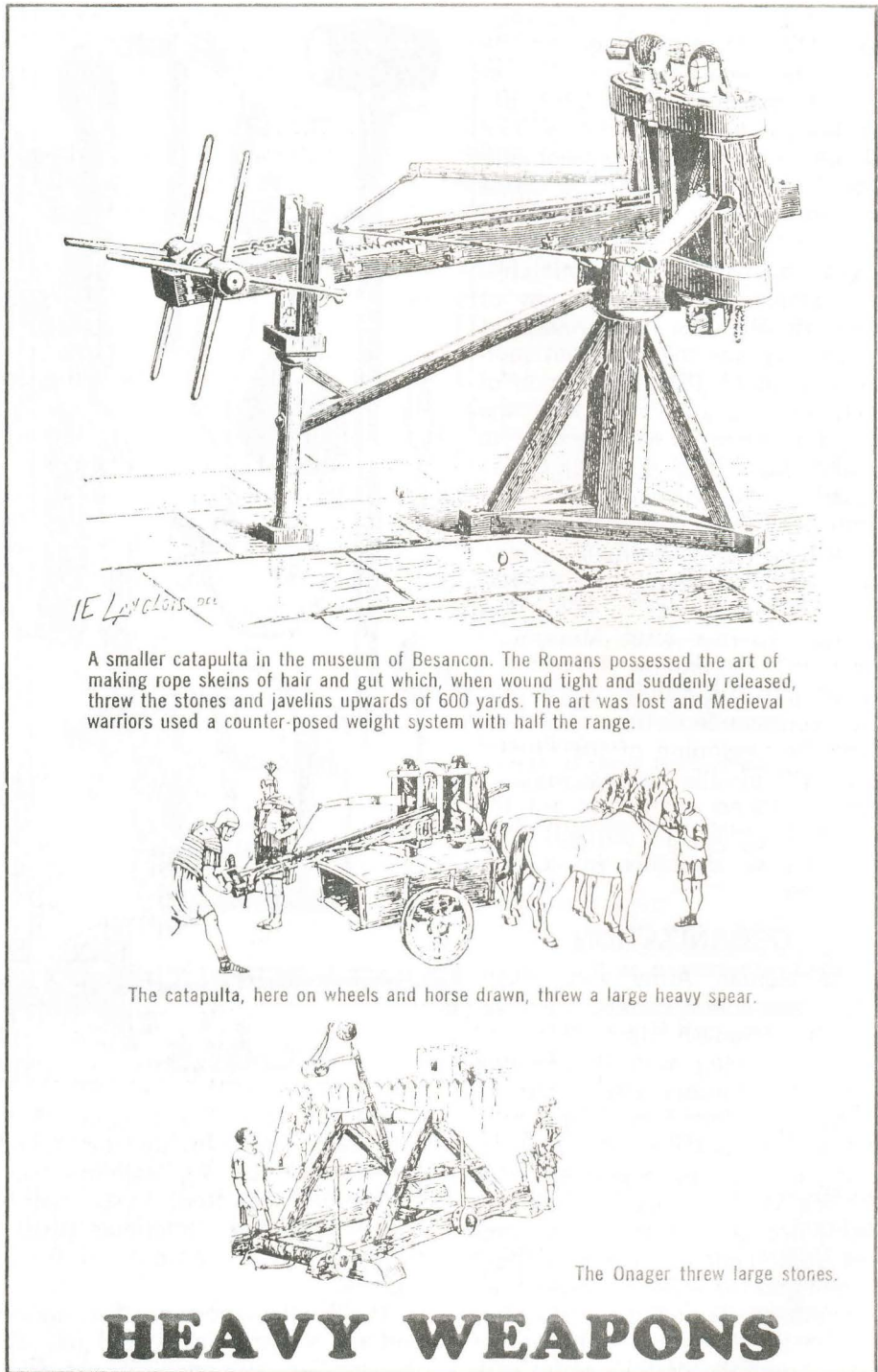
The Roman always knew where



the best men were and designed their method of attack to take advantage of them.

TACTICS

The Romans took the close, mean, desperate, style of warfare of their time and made it closer, meaner and gave the desperation method and precision. And, they did it expertly. For over three hundred



years there wasn't much of a contest. Roman G.I.s moved like tight ends or pulling guards on a professional football team. They were big, rough, quick, sometimes awkward, explosive and, when required, slow and painful. They moved into and over the enemy, not around it, and they came in waves or platoons. It was like the Green Bay Packers against East Tulare High.

Meticulous attention was given to each detail . . . to the seconds and inches. The pattern of attack was fixed and remained for three centuries. Little was left to chance.

The Roman G.I. was equipped like a small fort. He was part of a unit of one hundred that was designed to fight like a single individual and they were, in fact, actually linked together on occasion

ORGANIZATION OF THE LEGION

LEGION; consisted of 6000 men when at capacity strength, but ranged in actual strength from 3,000 to 6,000.

COHORT; there were ten cohorts to a legion with each consisting of 600 men. The quality of men ranged from cohort one (the best and most experienced) to cohort ten (raw recruits). In combat, the cohort was drawn up in centuries two deep and three across. Centurions were designated prior (front) and posterior (rear).

MANIPLE; there were three maniples to each cohort and each contained 200 men. The maniple under the early empire was strictly an administrative division and had no tactical purpose.

CENTURY; there were 60 centuries to a legion, 6 to every cohort and 2 to every maniple. Each consisted of 100 men.

ANTESIGNANI; a picked squad, lightly equipped, which was chosen by the *Primus Pilus* from the front line of the first cohort for scouting duty.

CAVALRY; there were 120 horse soldiers to every legion which were used primarily for scouting and dispatches. As a cavalryman had to supply his own horse, the horse soldiers came from the ranks of the Roman knights, the social and economic order just below the senatorial class.

AUXILLARY; the Roman policy was to draw supernumerary troops from the native peoples they conquered. The strength of the auxillaries attached to each legion varied with its duties, locales and needs. Caesar had with him Baleric slingers, Cretan archers and Numidians. Note; slingers and stone throwers were almost invariably left handed as the Roman had little use for southpaws.

by their shields. But the Roman G.I. was also designed individually. Weight, speed, protection and striking power were the primary factors in his design. The illustrations included here show just what he wore and what he looked like. It is obvious he carried in excess of eighty pounds into combat and, naturally, he tired quickly.

The Romans were a patient, a stable people. They could wait for the right conditions and did. Avoiding the danger of fatiguing their men, the *Primus Pilus* only gave the order to attack at precisely the correct moment. If the enemy was in a defensive position, the trumpets sounded when the front (prior) ranks were exactly 360 feet away. If the enemy was advancing, the attack signal was given when there was 750 feet between the front rank and the enemy. In both cases, the distance to be covered by the charging Roman G.I.s was the same. The

distance of 360 feet was selected after careful experimenting as to just what distance allowed the legionary to attack at his most effective condition.

Due to the weight he carried and due to the fact that he fought as hard as he could every moment in combat, the peak effective length of combat time was measured at fifteen minutes. All combat tactics were based on that fact. The six centuries of each cohort came in six waves of between sixty and one hundred men. Each wave fought fifteen minutes and rested for seventy-five. Almost daily practice was given to making the maneuver of replacing an entire century in the middle of combat. With fresh troops arriving every fifteen minutes, the pressure could be kept on the enemy for a total of ten and one half

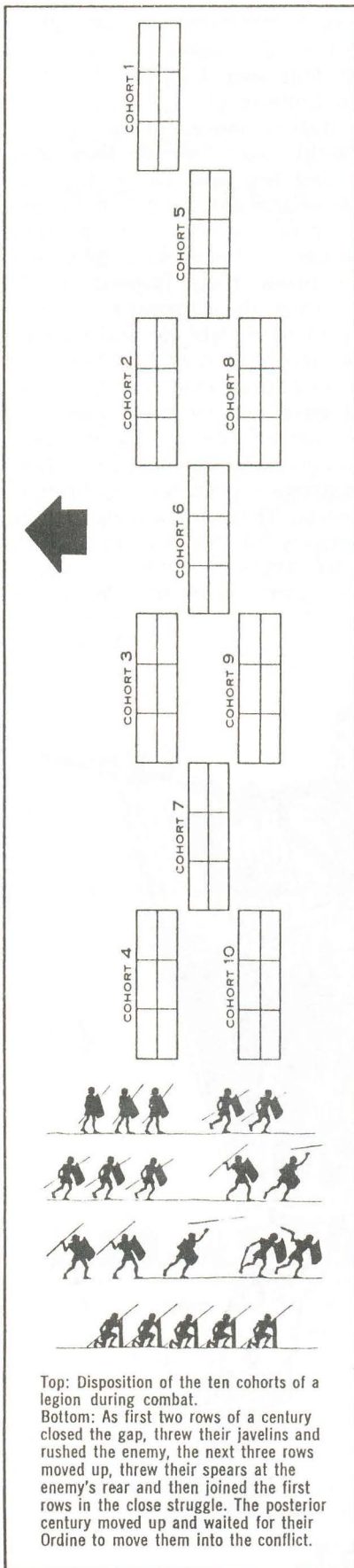
hours. It was more than enough.

When the correct distance of 360 feet was reached, the front rank Cohorts (1, 2, 3, and 4; see illustration) moved quickly forward to within 200 feet. At that point, the first two rows ran at the front rank of the enemy with their javelins (*pilum*) in throwing position. Just before closing with the enemy, they threw their javelins at the front rank, drew their short swords and hit hard, jabbing and hacking.

As the front rows hit the enemy, the next three rows had moved up and were hurling their javelins at the rear of the enemy to create confusion and to make it difficult and dangerous for them to bring up reserves. These three rows then immediately hit the front rank of the enemy choosing either to support their comrades in trouble or add-



THE G.I.



ing to the weight of impact where they were gaining an advantage.

Simultaneously the second rank (posterior) of Cohorts 1, 2, 3, and 4 advanced one-third of the distance to the enemy and took positions to cover emergencies and to take advantage of success.

If the first or second attack seemed to promise success, Cohorts 5, 6 and 7 rushed into combat hurling their javelins at the enemy's rear ranks and pressing hard into the weak areas. The remaining three Cohorts, 8, 9 and 10 were held in reserve, in case the enemy rallied or in case they were faking retreat and drawing the legion into a trap.

The Romans went about their warring systematically, carefully and in a manner that indicated they never had a hope, a thought, or a desire for it to end. For the G.I. serving twenty-five years, and in

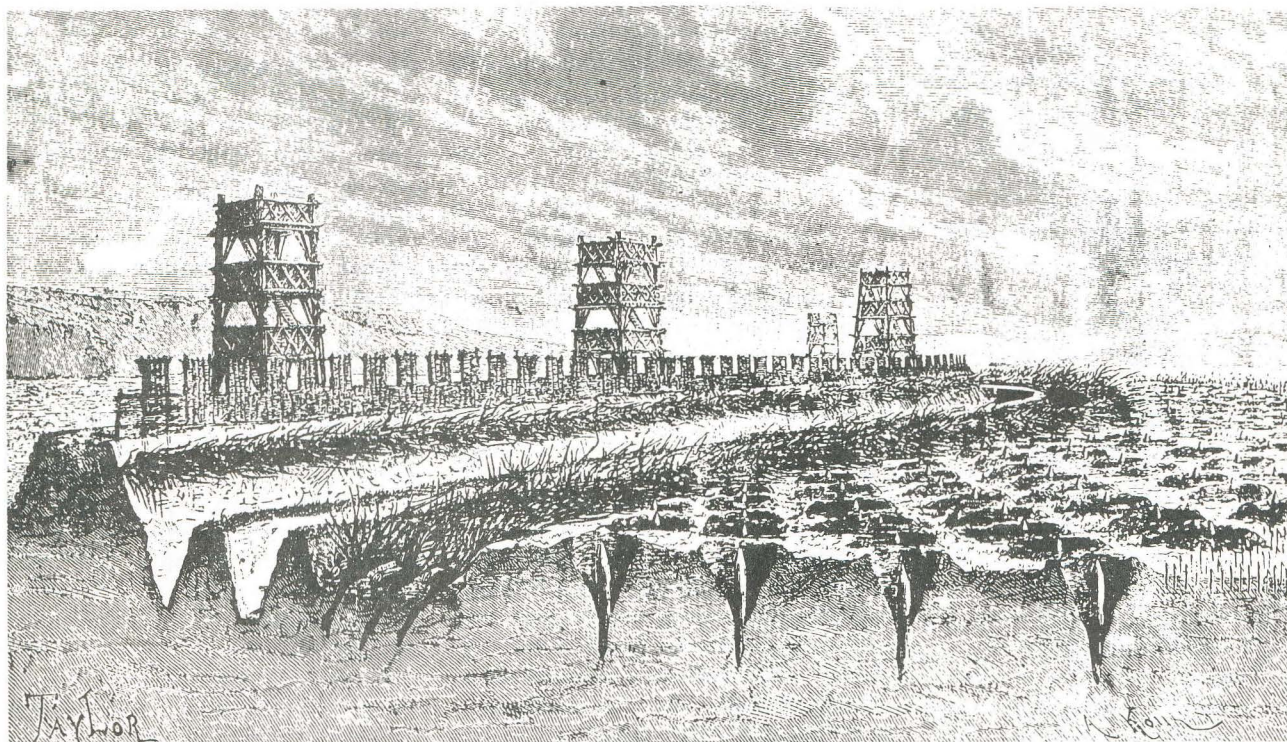
many cases more, it simply never did end. It was his way of life, his children could follow and for the most part, did. Combat certainly brought the fear of death, but the legionary had other problems he often considered more important and many that were more constant.

WEAPONS

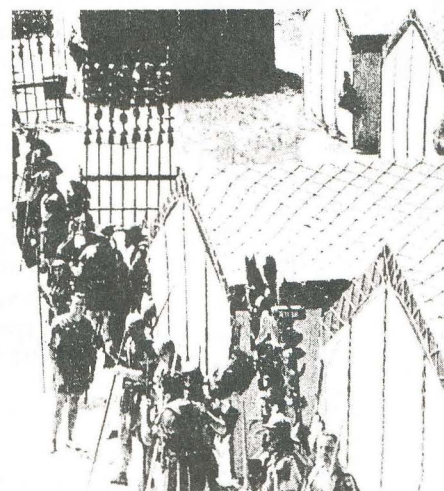
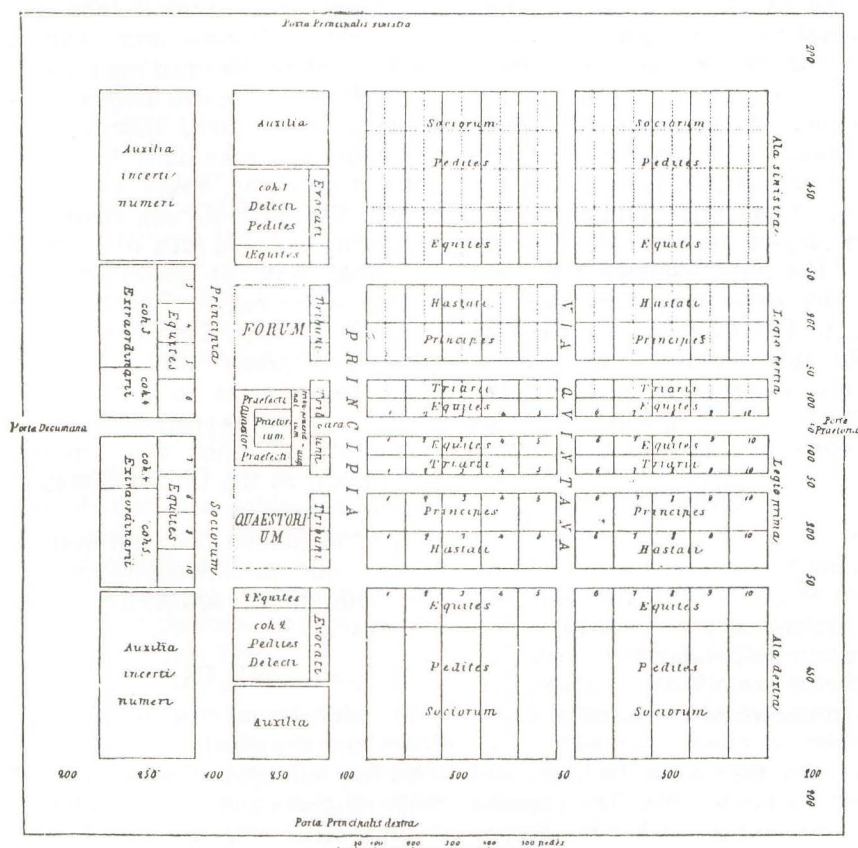
Weapons were a primary concern. The G.I. had to supply his own on entering the service, but the opportunistic centurion no doubt made it possible for the raw recruit to obtain weapons at the standard unreasonable loan rate if a civilian speculator hadn't done so. Maintenance of the weapons, however, was a government responsibility and armourers were designated for each cohort. The offensive weapons consisted of a **pilum**



PRIMUS PILUS



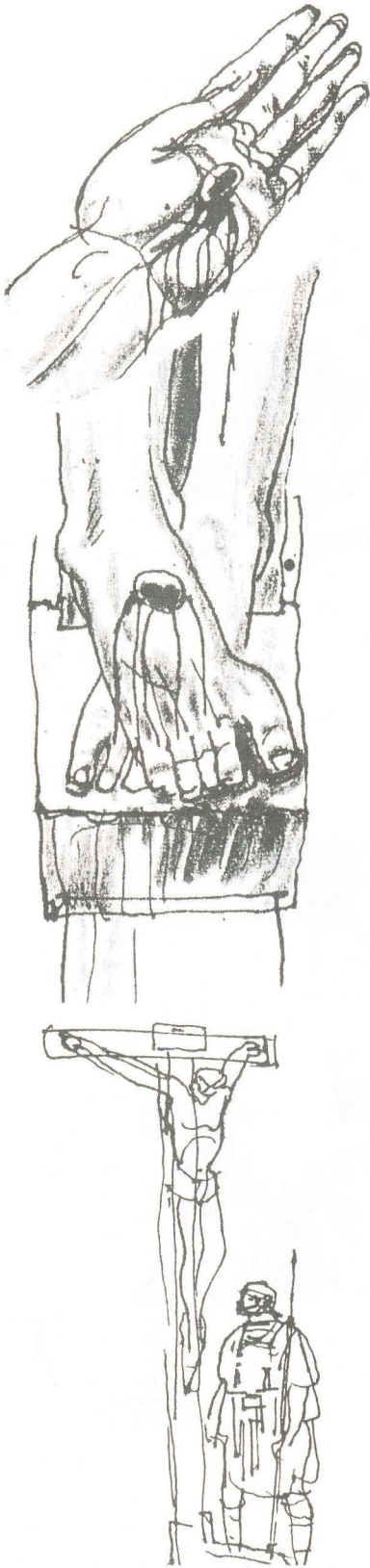
Roman camp defense with siege towers, parapet walls, and a variety of deadly obstacles.



A section of a Legion's camp from the film "Spartacus" shows how the standards were racked outside the tents on the Principia, the road on which the generals' tents were raised. Note tent webbing to secure cloth tent hoods.

Plan of a Roman Camp for two legions.

A LEGION'S CAMP



EXECUTION

or a **lancea**, both were throwing spears, javelins, with the **pilum** being the heavier of the two. The **gladius**, or Spanish short sword, was the principal weapon. Its short length is a clear indication of just how close the legionary got to the enemy before he was able to destroy him. The **pugio**, dagger, was more of a tool than a weapon, but was no doubt put to use by the G.I. when it served him to use it against the enemy. The **scutum**, shield, was also considered a weapon because of the manner in which the Romans attacked and its edges found their way into many a Celtic, German and Parthian ribcage and groin.

The **pilum** is of particular interest as it shows how the Romans slowly and carefully developed their weapons. Over a period of 100 years the **pilum's** construction changed from being made by simply driving the shank into the handle to having the shank driven into the handle and then attached by metal rivets. It further changed when one of the rivets was made of wood so that the handle of the **pilum** would break off after making impact with an enemy shield and make it impossible for the enemy to reuse the **pilum**. Yet another perfection was made at a later date. The metal beneath the point was left untempered so that the impact of the **pilum** on an enemy shield bent the iron and made it impossible for him to draw the spear from his shield and thus hampered his movement.

BURIAL

Scholars often comment that the Romans had a great fear of being forgotten and built monuments, left inscriptions and fashioned gilded graves to perpetuate their memory. Most of these efforts, however, pertain to the wealthy Senatorial class, the officer class. The G.I., however, had the same feelings and beliefs as his leaders. The impulse to be remembered went far deeper than individual pride.

The one thing the Roman G.I. wanted most from the army, was a proper burial. He was guaranteed

that and a stoppage in his pay was automatically taken for the 'soldier's burial club' (ad signa). These burial clubs were more than traveling mortuaries. They were a religious unit and in time became the political structures around which discharged legionnaires gained civil control in the many provinces they settled for the empire.

The fear of not being buried was nearly five hundred years old by One A.D. It began with a strange and still obscure Etruscan belief that found its ritual in the family structure. The priests of the religion were the living male leaders of the Etruscan households. The religion was perpetuated by the worship of the deceased who were buried on the home plot. Improper burial, burial in other than the homeplot and improper worship of the dead caused the deceased to travel in torment through the 'shades,' a nether world no one has properly defined. The Etruscan influence pervaded the Roman religion and, with time and change, the worship of the dead male members of the household became the worship of the dead members of the tribe and eventually the dead citizens of Rome. Every aspect of Roman life, in fact, was built and developed with the idea of preserving what was, of maintaining the Roman order rather than planting the Roman order. Even the empire grew and spread with this idea. Wars were fought to protect the borders of Rome rather than to spread its influence much in the same spirit as the United States is at war in Vietnam.

For the Roman G.I., however, it was not a philosophy he understood, but a practice, a fear and a necessity.

CULTS

In addition to the worship of Rome and the Pantheon Gods, the legionary indulged in and welcomed other religions and practices. It was a time when the wisest of men would examine the bloody entrails and bones of a freshly slaughtered bull in order to determine whether or not to make war, marry, buy a

new slave or body lotion. Flights of birds were also studied in detail and intricate charts were made and examined to determine whether or not the Senate should meet. The G.I. adopted all the bastardized versions of such beliefs. His was a gutter religion and he practiced it with the same enthusiasm and diligence the China Marine gave to his gambling and liquor.

WOMEN

Foreign lands and foreign women introduced most of the new beliefs and new practices to the men of the legions and provided the few creative comforts the Roman G.I. had. The legions were usually located in the same general geographic areas during the lifetime of a soldier and most eventually settled where they had served. The women, more available than attractive, found their way into the camps and forts and eventually into the beds and lives of the men. A legionary was a good catch, for, while he was not allowed to marry, the offspring of his illegal marriage were offered Roman citizenship upon enlisting in the army. Roman citizenship meant success in the Roman world and for the less ambitious woman, the fact that the G.I. got a salary, when 99% of the working class didn't, was enough inducement to make herself available. The option was slavery or starvation.

SECURITY

In addition to the army offering a tomb and honorable burial, the G.I. was made secure in many other ways. Most of the legionnaires were, naturally, rankers, men designed by the gods to do little more than follow and survive. The army offered, as it does now, a relief from the responsibilities of existence. The pay was good, there was medical help available to cure with hot iron or emetics the humors that prowled the body after being stricken by a foul weapon or a fouler woman. Food was bought with stoppages in his pay and consisted of soup, bread, vegetables, lard, vinegar mixed with water, in the East olive

oil, and on occasion, wine. Beef was seldom found on a legionary's knife, but fowl and pork were his when he could catch it.

DUTIES

During periods when there was no combat, and there were all too many for the G.I. bent on adventure and booty, the legions were set to building roads, aqueducts, cities, arenas and bridges. That many still stand testifies to how carefully they were built and to the philosophy of preserving and maintaining Rome rather than dominating the world.

Besides duty in combat, there were the normal, easy details; orderly room clerks and sergeants; the **Aquilifers** who carried the Eagles in and out of combat; **Signifiers** who carried the emblems of the Maniples; **Optios** who took command when the centurion was gone; **Tesserarius** who received the watchword and trumpeteers, buglers, armourer-sergeants, doctors and vets, pickets, baggage details, those in charge of letting land to veterans of their century, and members of various tribunes' staffs.

PUNISHMENT

If a legion, cohort or century deserted, mutinied or was insubordinate, it could be decimated (decimatio), which meant that every tenth man was beaten or stoned to death by his comrades. This seldom happened under the empire, but it indicates that the Roman G.I. was an integral part of a unit, if his partners failed, he failed, and every G.I. knew it.

COMRADESHIP

Although it is not written down anywhere, perhaps the one aspect of Roman military life which was most vital was the relationship of each man for those on either side of him. Roman historians, all who came from the Senatorial class which was the only class taught how to read and write, only write of what the officers meant to each other. Anyone who ever went on patrol with other men, or played any kind of ball on a team, knows

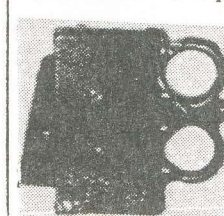
how vital it is to have the best, the roughest, the toughest, the bravest of men on either flank. There was a man six feet to either side and one six feet to the rear of every Roman G.I. All were equipped with the best weapons, food, pay, fortifications, ordnance, transport, armor and tactics of their time. It is only logical that the men were also the best and if they weren't, were discarded long before a century of one hundred went into combat. It was better to go with ninety-nine, or for that matter sixty men, than to go with cowards. It was, in fact a necessity and it was inevitable that deep, strong relationships were made and kept.

Certainly corruption, stupid anger and pain were part of Roman camp life. The centurions, at least many of them, could be bought off and light-duty obtained. As with all armies, the dreamers and the sensitive got the worst of it and a good woman, even a slightly reasonable woman, was fair game for your best friend. There was laughter, death, murder, good times and hatred in the camps of the legions. The camps were rich with the best and worst of life, but in the field of combat, only the best was acceptable. For the Roman G.I., anything less was not government issue.

NEW GANGSTER WEAPON FITS PALM OF HAND

Popular Science Monthly
— September 1935

A TINY but deadly automatic, recently found by Federal men in a thug's possession, bears witness to the ingenuity of gangland's inventors. Squeezing the gun in the



palm of the hand depresses a trigger bar, and the gun fires through a barrel between two finger loops. The weapon also serves the purpose of brass knuckles.

OBTAINING AND RECORDING INFORMATION AND EVIDENCE

This is an Army course in detective work. (FM 19-20). I've left out the purely technical sections which deal mainly with collecting evidence to be submitted to a crime lab or the prosecution. What's left will be of interest to the U.S. Militiaman for his own investigations. It will also help the reader to develop his own powers of observation.

The knowledge of tracing missing persons, electronic eavesdropping, etc., was not in the manual but will be taught in U.S. Militia classes as needed.

Notes, Photographs, and Sketches

Notes, photographs, and sketches are made of the crime scene and of the actions taken during the crime scene search and throughout the investigation. They are an essential part of the investigative process. They help you accurately recall events and identify evidence in court. They serve as valuable references of details uncovered during the search. And they form a detailed record attesting to the thoroughness of the process.

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NOTES

Notes are your most personal and readily available record of the crime scene and of your investigative process. No rule exists concerning the detail the notes should reflect. Your objective should always be to make notes that will be fully meaningful months after the event. Remember that a note that is clear to you a short time after it is written may be unintelligible later. Do not expect to rely on your memory of associated events to give single word notes their full meaning.

Note making should begin with your assignment to the case and continue through the completion of the investigation. Supplement your notes with photographs, sketches, and scale drawings. Record your notes in the order that you receive information, take actions, and make observations. The sequence of your notes should be *logical* and *systematic*.

Your notes aid in the accurate recall of events for testimony in court and they furnish raw material for your written report on the case. Your formal written report may not need the level of detail or items of

information that are needed for your testimony. The details you record in your notes should anticipate both the needs of the written report and the questions you may be called on to answer for attorneys or members of a court.

The type of notebook you use, which may seem to be a minor point, can be important. Unless a separate notebook is to be used for each case, a looseleaf notebook is better than a bound notebook. Your notebook may be examined in court. If notes from several cases are included in the same book, there is a chance of unauthorized disclosure of information on matters not being dealt with in the case being heard. If a looseleaf notebook is used, the pages on other cases can be removed. Unauthorized disclosure of facts related to other cases is thereby avoided.

In major cases with a lot of physical material and a large crime scene, you may want to use a portable tape recorder. By taping your observations and findings, you can include more details in your notes. In all cases, the tapes should be transcribed into a written record that you may carry into court.

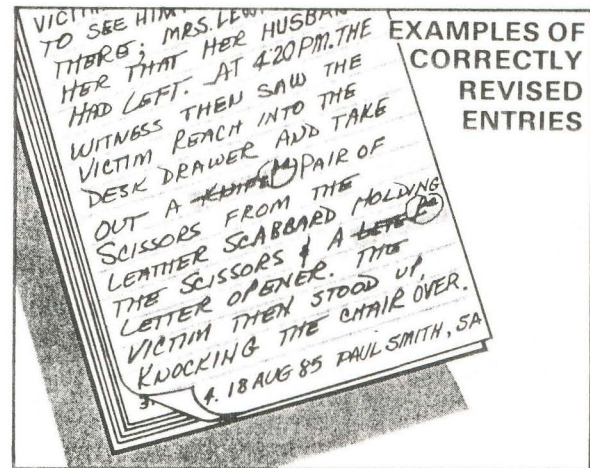
Keep your notes in a safe place with the local office case file. Even after a criminal has been convicted and sent to prison there is always a chance that an appeal or other civil action will require your appearance in court again.

Print your notes if your handwriting is not easy to read. Use blue or black ink that will not smudge easily. Number each page of notes and identify it with your name, your title or rank, the case number (when known), and the current date. Also record the times when an action is taken, when information is received, and when an event is observed. *Do not edit or erase your notes.* If you make a mistake, line out the entry, initial it, and then write the correct information.

Your notes should include a detailed description of the scene and any item you think pertinent to the case. Your description should be as complete as you can make it. See Chapter 4 for discussion of how to develop descriptions.

Record the exact location, giving measurements and triangulation of evidence, where the item was found. See Locating

Evidence on Sketches later in this chapter. Cite the relative distances separating various items. State the techniques used to collect the evidence and to record identifying marks placed on the item or the package in which the evidence was placed. Be sure to tell what techniques were used to provide crime scene security and to search the scene. And include any actions you take that may have a bearing on the evidence you obtain or significantly affect the investigation.



PHOTOGRAPHS

A picture may or may not be worth a thousand words. But it is certain that photography is a valuable aid in criminal investigations. Useful photographs can be made without great expertise.

Crime scene and evidence photographs are simply the photographs made to supplement notes and sketches or to clarify a point relative to a case. They are also made to identify personnel and to form a permanent record of fragile or perishable evidence. Time is an essential factor. *Objects must not be moved or examined with thoroughness until they have been photographed from all necessary angles.* There are situations in which the object of interest undergoes significant change with the passage of time. Thus, photographic equipment must be kept in a constant state of readiness.

Photographs are admissible in court if you can testify that they accurately depict the area observed. The accuracy of a photograph

relates to the degree it represents the appearance of the subject matter as to form; tone; color, if applicable; and scale. A lens that will accurately record objects and areas in focus may not correctly portray distances between objects nor show objects out of focal range in their proper perspective. In such situations your crime scene sketch and your notes will play strong supporting roles.

Providing a photograph's negative is usually enough proof to refute an allegation that a photograph has been altered. However, if enlarged photographs are made for presentation in court, a contact print without borders should also be made. Because scale, distances, and perspective are important in interpreting photographs taken at crime scenes, include a ruler or other scale measure in such a photograph when you can. As some courts may not allow even this minor modification to the scene, you also should take an identical photograph without the scale indicator.

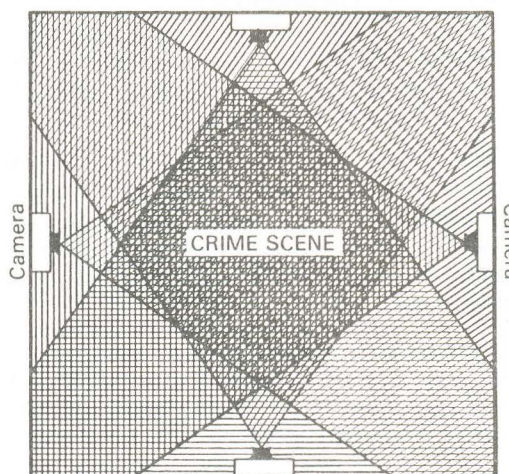
A photograph, to be high-quality evidence, must depict the scene, persons, and objects precisely as they were found. Photography is an exclusive action in the crime scene search. No people may be working within the scene at the time it is photographed. And extraneous objects, like police and investigative equipment, are excluded from the photos.

Record the technical data for each photograph in your notes. Each photograph must be precisely identified. This data becomes part of the permanent record of the case. A good way to do this is to create a photo log. Assign each photo a number. Tell what each photo depicts. Cite the time the photo was taken, the type of photo, and the distance to the focal point. Tell what camera was used and at what height it was held. Give the position of the camera or angle of the camera shot. Say what lens was used, if flash was used or film reloaded, and describe any photo overlays. In addition to recording identifying data in your notes, you must do so on a photography sketch.

All camera positions and distances to the focus point must be recorded on the crime scene photograph, sketch. You can do this by measuring from a point on the ground directly below the camera lens to an immovable object used as the focus point for the picture. In making crime scene

photographs, it is best to keep the camera at about eye level. *If an explosive was used at a crime scene and there is residue of the explosive present, do not use a flash attachment.* Use a tripod or raise or lower the camera height to get the object to be photographed in proper focus. Take overlapping photographs of interior scenes intended to depict an area as a whole, moving in one direction around the room or area.

CAMERA POSITIONS FOR OVERLAPPING PHOTOGRAPHS



This overhead view shows how photos will overlap.

SAMPLE PHOTO LOG

SA TIM C. WINKLER

Report Number 063-85-4807

Date 25 NOVEMBER 1985

TIME 0904 Began taking crime scene photographs and drawing rough sketch to depict camera positions and distances. All photographs taken at eye level height (5' 6") unless otherwise indicated. All interior and exterior photographs are taken with the following equipment:

TYPE CAMERA CANON AE-1 BODY NUMBER 603113

LENS FOCAL LENGTH AND LENS SERIAL NUMBER 50mm 1:1.4 10492

TYPE OF FILM EKTACHROME NUMBER OF EXPOSURES 36

ASA 400 FILTRATION CANON HAZE

F/STOP SEE REMARKS SHUTTER SPEED SEE REMARKS

FLASH ATTACHMENT NA FLASH SERIAL NUMBER NA

EXPLANATION OF TERMS USED IN REMARKS COLUMN: Camera held in horizontal format, unless otherwise noted. DA-Photograph taken from directly above the object; V-Camera held in vertical format; N-Normal lens; M-Macro lens; WA-Wide angle lens.

TIME	PHOTO	TYPE PHOTO	DEPICTING	DISTANCE	REMARKS
0910	# 1	OUTSIDE ESTABLISHMENT	DISTANCE TO BUILDING # 3262-A FROM WALKWAY	14' 7"	N, 1/500 SEC, F/11
0913	# 2	OUTSIDE ENTRANCE	OPEN DOOR TO APARTMENT 126-A	6' 9"	V, N, 1/500 SEC, F/8
0918	# 3	EVIDENCE	PISTOL ON THE FLOOR IN THE DOORWAY	2' 6"	DA, N, 1/250 SEC, F/5.6

The most important element in investigative photography is maintaining perspective. Photographs must reproduce, with the same impression of relative position and size of visible objects, the scene as it would appear to someone standing in the photographer's shoes. Any significant distortion in the perspective will reduce, or destroy altogether, the photo's evidence value. The best way to maintain natural perspective is to aim the camera so a 90-degree angle is formed by opposing walls. If outdoors, use fixed objects like trees to maintain perspective.

The chain of custody of investigative photographs is maintained in the case file. When you send film by mail to a commercial processor, use registered mail with a return receipt. Keep registered mail receipts and copies of work orders for film processing in the case file.

PHOTOGRAPHING SCENES AND OBJECTS FOR EVIDENCE

The most important rule in crime scene photography is to photograph all evidence or possible evidence before anything is moved or touched. This rule applies to general scenario shots and to closeups of specific items of evidence.

Fingerprints that can be seen without the aid of dusting powder should be photographed up close before dusting. There is always the danger of the print being damaged during the dusting process.

Photographs should be taken of **impressions** of which a cast will be made. Hold the camera directly above the ground and the flash close to the impression at an angle. Use flash at all times. Oblique light will reveal more details. Take the closeup with a ruler near the print, so the proper scale can be determined. Make at least four photographs of each impression. Take a picture from every side, using light from each different direction. This reduces the chance of details being missed in a photograph because of shadows cast by a light sources from only one direction. Make sure the date, case number if known, your name, exhibit number if known, type of film used, and camera setting shows in the photo. It should be

written on paper and placed next to the impression.

Photographs of **tool marks** must show the marks and enough of the surface on which the marks are located to identify them positively. Show the mark as it actually appears and in its overall relationship to other objects at the scene. Include an ordinary ruler, along with data identifying the location, situation, and case, in each picture to provide the lab examiner a scale of measurement.

When photographing **burglary, house-breaking, and larceny scenes**, you will want to pay particular attention to the interior and exterior of the building and to damaged areas. Note particularly any damage around the points of entry and exit used by the criminal. Take closeups of damaged containers like safes, wall lockers, or jewel boxes that were the target of the offense. Take both closeup and perspective photos of tool marks. The latter will allow you to note the position of marks with respect to the general scene. And fingerprints and footprints, of particular value in these cases, should be photographed before they are lifted or preserved.

When photographing **an arson scene**, complete coverage of the damage is important. Perhaps of even greater importance are photos of objects or areas suspected to have been the point where the fire began. Make closeup photographs of all such objects or areas.

If the fire is in progress, seek out various angles from which to take photographs. But try to keep out of smoke-filled areas. Your first photographs should be of the entire structure. Use color film to show the color of the smoke, flames, and vapors. Take a series of photographs at intervals of several minutes to show the intensity and direction of the fire. Then photograph any spectators. The perpetrator may be present, watching the results of his or her efforts.

When the fire is extinguished, photograph the entire exterior of the structure. Then photograph all affected interior areas and any evidence found. Photograph in detail suspected points of the fire's origin and areas

showing an "alligator" burn pattern. You cannot rely on your exposure meter when trying to photograph charred wood. Instead, use a two- or three-stop overexposure.

Accident scenes should be photographed as soon as possible after the event. Except when photographing vehicles, set your lenses at normal focal length. This will prevent distortion in the relative width of roads, distances between points, and the like. If special lenses are used, note that fact in your record of the search and give a description of the lenses used.

Photograph the overall scene of the accident from both approaches to the point of impact. Capture the exact positions of vehicles, injured and deceased persons, and objects directly connected to the accident. If possible, take photographs of skid marks before the vehicle is moved. Then take photos of the marks after the vehicle is moved. Photograph all points of impact, all marks of impact, and all damage to real property. Be sure you record any pavement obstructions and defects in the roadways. Make closeup photographs of damage to each vehicle. Make at least two for each vehicle. The first should show the front and one side. The second closeup should show the rear and other side of the same vehicle. And, of course, you will want photos of tire tracks, glass, and other associated debris.

Usually, **death scene** photography must be more extensive than that of other crime scenes. This is due to the severity of the offense. Photograph the approaches to the scene and the surrounding areas (the yard of a building in which a death occurs, general area surrounding an outdoor crime scene). Take closeup photographs of the entrance and exit to the scene or of the route most likely to have been used if the entrance and exit are not obvious.

Make general scenario shots showing the location of the body and its position in relation to the room or area in which it was found. And give 360-degree coverage of the room or scene with overlap points clearly identified in the photographs. All evidence must be photographed—shots establishing the evidence in relation to the scene, shots of evidence closeup, and shots of evidence

closeup with a ruler to show perspective and size. After the body is moved and each item of evidence is removed, photograph the area underneath them if there is any mark, stain, additional evidence, or other apparent change. Photograph any "plastic" and contaminated prints before you try to collect them. And photograph developed latent prints prior to lifting. Include shots of areas where prints are discovered if the areas were not included in other photographs. Photograph bloodstains, including their locations, with color film if you can. Black and white pictures should also be taken.

PHOTOGRAPHING HUMANS FOR EVIDENCE

Photographs should be taken of victims or suspects of crimes like assault, aggravated assault, or sex offenses that involve bodily harm. Photographs should be taken of any wound, injuries, stains, or other trace evidence that may be on the person or the person's clothing. *Written permission* should be obtained from living persons before photographing them. If photographs of a body area that is normally clothed are required, a witness should be present. If the victim or the suspect is a minor, the *written consent* of the parent or guardian is needed. The photography must be done with the consenting person present.

Photographs of parts of the body that usually are not visible when a person is clothed are taken *only* under the direct supervision of the examining physician. It is the physician's testimony that the photographs are intended to illustrate. Thus, it is unusual if this type of photograph is taken at the crime scene.

The evidence value of a photograph of a deceased person is reduced if you include views that could later be alleged to be deliberately inflammatory. The unneeded exposure of sexual organs is a case in point.

Take at least two full-length photographs of the body at 90-degree angles to each other. Hold the camera as high as possible, pointing downward toward the body. Include at least one closeup photograph of the head and shoulders of the victim. Position the camera for this shot directly above the head and

shoulders of the body. Take as many closeups of the body as needed to show wounds and injuries. When photographing a body that is lying in a horizontal position, hold the camera directly over the victim's head and shoulders. Do this at a height of no less than 5 feet. Closeup photographs of injured parts of the body are most effective in color. But black and white pictures should also be taken.

The presence of wounds, blood, or other discolorations on the corpse may affect

identification. Using a lens filter to create more lifelike tones may aid identification.

Photographs of the body should also be taken during the autopsy. Cooperate with the pathologist to obtain these. Your photos should include full-length views before and after undressing and/or washing. Photograph identifying marks and closeups of all wounds with and without a measuring device. Both color and black and white photos should be taken.

SKETCHES

Properly prepared sketches may be used to question people, to prepare a report of investigation, and to present information in court. Sketches also are valuable sources of information for trial and defense counsels. Sketches are often introduced in court as evidence. They are used to acquaint the court with crime scenes and to help witnesses orient themselves as they testify.

Sketches complement notes and photographs made during a crime scene search. A sketch communicates information the way a photo does, but has the advantage of being able to have unneeded and distracting detail left out. Sketches concentrate attention on the most essential elements of the crime scene and their relationships. There are two kinds of crime-scene sketches: rough and smooth. A rough sketch is the kind you draw while at the crime scene. The purpose of a rough sketch is to portray information accurately, not necessarily artistically. You do not need to be artistic to draw a good rough sketch. A rough sketch is usually not drawn to scale. But it must show accurate distances, dimensions, and relative proportions. In order to eliminate excessive detail in a sketch, you may have to draw more than one. For example, one sketch may be devoted to the position of the victim's body and one or two of the more critical evidence items. Other sketches might show the lay of evidence items with respect to the point of entry or to other critical points. *Do not make changes in your sketches after you leave the scene.*

A smooth sketch is a more finished version of a rough sketch, using the information

provided in the rough sketch. A smooth sketch need not be drawn by the same person who draws the rough sketch. But whoever draws the rough sketch must verify the accuracy of the smooth sketch. In fact, it is best if a smooth sketch is made by an experienced draftsman. (The engineer officer may be able to provide a qualified person for this task.) The name of the person who drew the smooth sketch is shown in the report and on the sketch. A copy of the smooth sketch is attached to each copy of the investigation report. Smooth sketches are often drawn to scale from information in the rough sketch. By making a scaled drawing, the numbers showing distances can be left out. If the smooth sketch is not drawn to scale, these distances must be shown.

MAKING A ROUGH SKETCH

Any kind of paper may be used for a rough sketch. However, bond or graph paper is best. It can be placed on a clipboard large enough to form a smooth area for drawing. To prepare a rough sketch you need:

- A soft lead pencil.
- A 100-foot steel tape.
- A straightedge ruler.
- Several thumbtacks to hold one end of the steel tape down when you are working alone.
- A magnetic compass.

You may add as many items to this list of basics as you like.

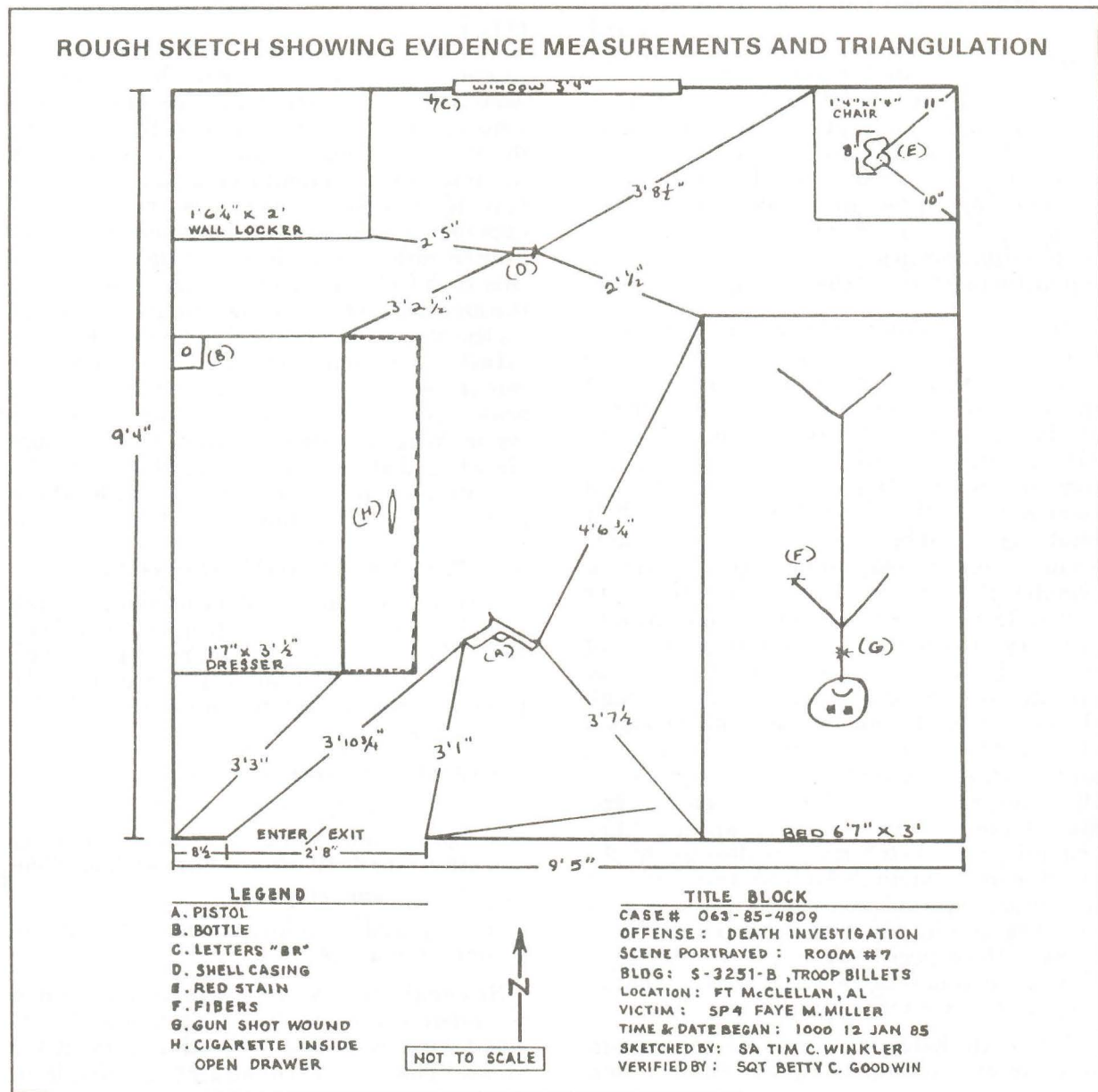
Several items of information are considered essential in a crime scene sketch. But do not restrict your sketch to these items alone. The major constraint on detail in

sketching is that the result must be completely intelligible to a viewer without a detailed study. If you include too much detail, the major advantage of a sketch over a photograph is lost.

Each sketch should include the critical features of the crime scene and the major, discernible items of physical evidence. Evidence sketches must show *accurate* measurements of the crime scene. They also show the location of evidence established by

use of the triangulation method. A photo sketch must show camera positions and distances to focus points.

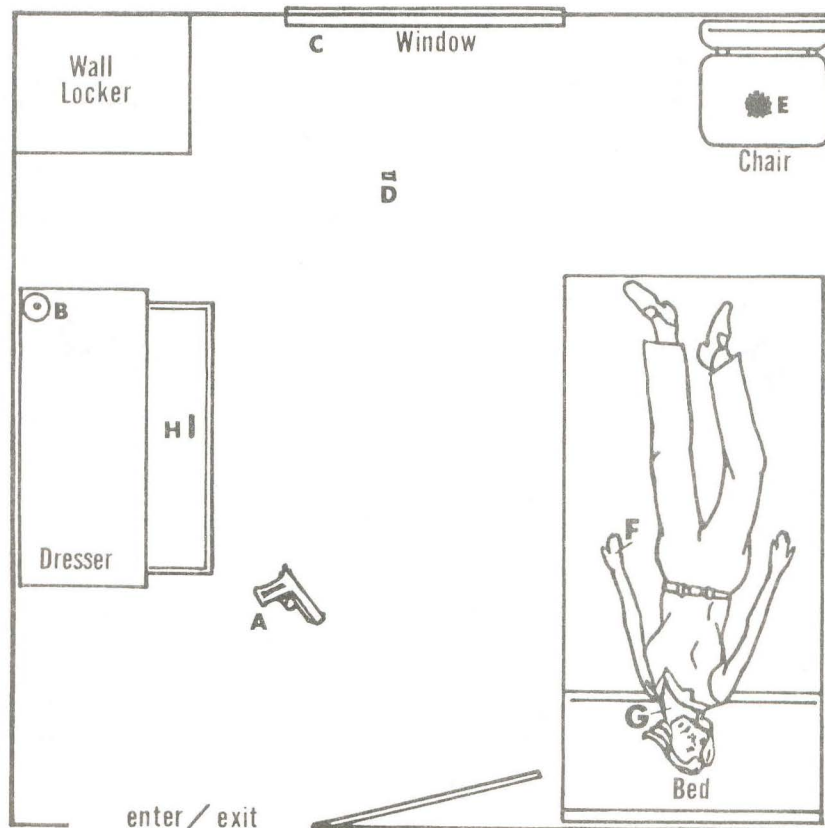
Each sketch should have a caption to identify the illustration. For instance, a caption might read: "Rough sketch showing camera positions and distances." Each sketch must have a legend. The legend explains the symbols, numbers, and letters used to identify objects on the sketch. Use standard military symbols where practical.



Your sketch must also show the compass direction north. You will need to include a scale designation for scaled drawings only. If no scale is used, write "not drawn to scale." And each sketch must have a sketch title block containing the following entries:

- Incident report number: MP Report, USACIDC sequence number, or Report of Investigation (ROI) number.
- Alleged offense.
- Name and rank or title of the victim.
- Scene portrayed—citing room number, building number, and type of building, (PX, commissary, house, troop billets).
- Location—citing complete name of installation, city, state, and zip code.
- Time and date sketch was started.
- Name and rank or title of person who drew the sketch.
- Name and rank or title of person who verified the sketch.

FINISHED SKETCH DRAWN TO SCALE



LEGEND

- A. Pistol
- B. Bottle
- C. Letters "BR"
- D. Shell casing
- E. Red stain
- F. Fibers
- G. Gun shot wound
- H. Cigarette inside opened drawer

SCALE: 15/32=1FOOT

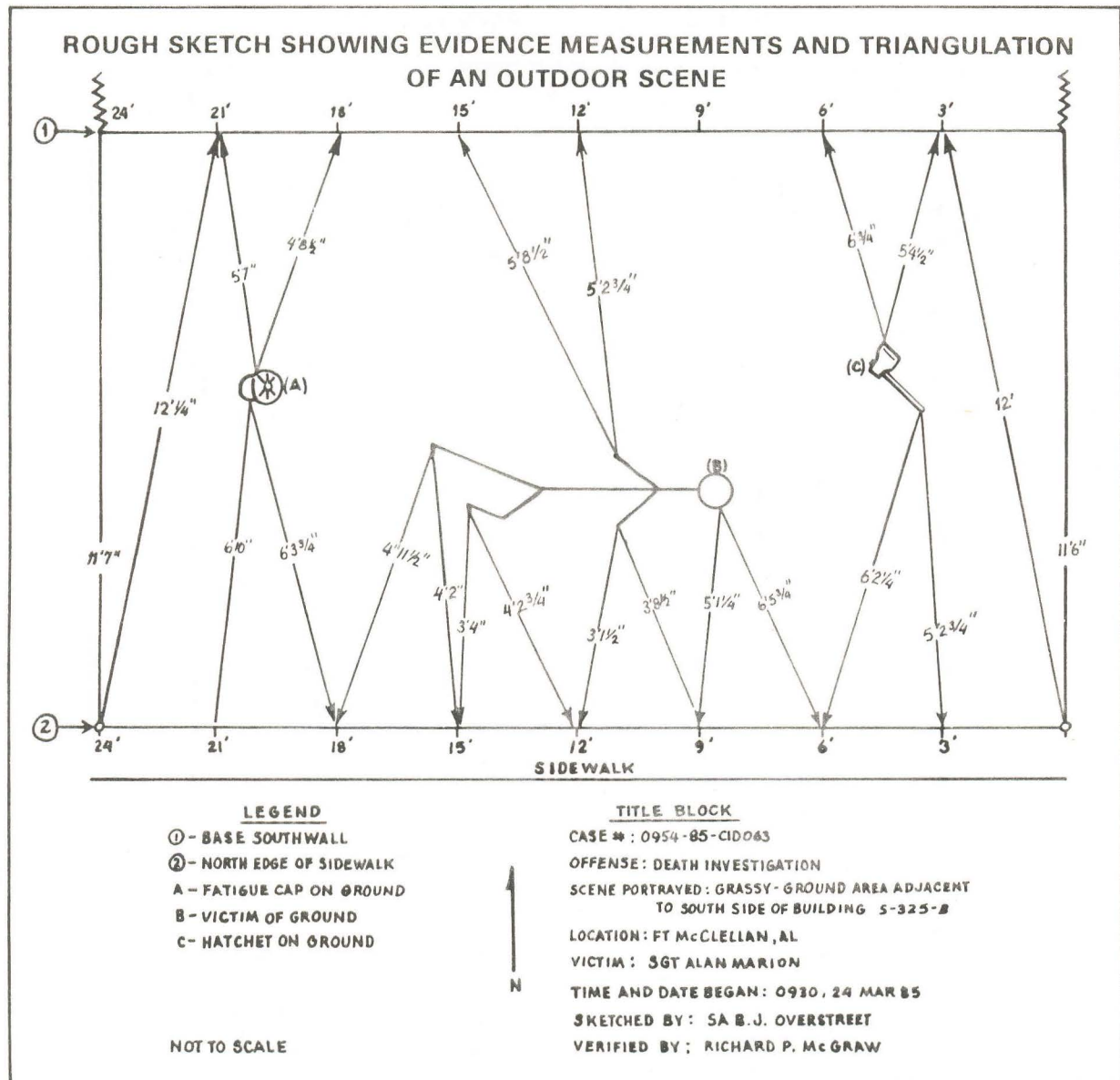
TITLE BLOCK

Case # 063-85-4809
 Offense: Death Investigation
 Scene portrayed: Room #7
 Bldg S-3251-B, Troop Billets
 Location: Ft McClellan, AL
 Victim: SP4 Faye M. Miller
 Time & Date Began: 1000 12 Jan 85
 Sketched by: SA Tim C. Winkler
 Verified by: SGT Betty C. Goodwin

Measurements shown on the sketch must be as accurate as possible. Steel tapes are the best means of taking accurate measurements. A measurement error on a sketch can introduce doubt as to the competence of an entire crime scene search.

Measurements should be made and recorded uniformly. If one aspect of a sketch is accurate, such as the dimensions of a field in which a body was found, and the position of an object within the field is only roughly estimated, the distortion thus introduced

renders the sketch relatively useless. It is important that the coordinate distances of an item in the sketch be measured in the same manner. For example, one coordinate leg of the victim should not be paced and the other measured with a tape measure. It is also a mistake to pace off a distance and then show it on the sketch in terms of feet and inches. This implies a far greater degree of accuracy than the measurement technique could possibly produce. If the point arose in court, such imprecision could greatly detract from the value of the sketch.



LOCATING EVIDENCE ON SKETCHES

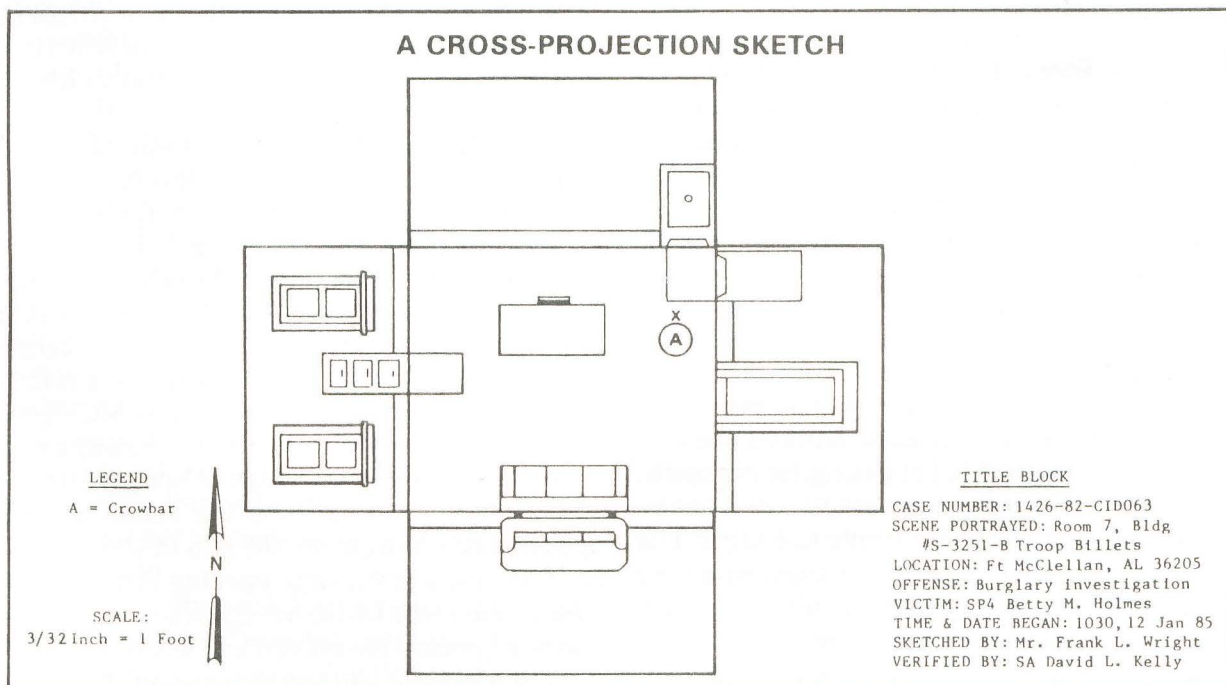
Various sketch methods may be used to locate evidence and other important items at the scene. The simplest form of a sketch is a two-dimensional presentation of a scene as viewed directly from above. Evidence is located on this type of sketch by triangulation. Triangulation is used for indoor and outdoor sketches having fixed reference points. Objects are located by creating a triangle of measurements from a single, specific, identifiable point on an object to two fixed points, all on the same plane, at the scene. If movable items are to be used as reference points, they must first be "fixed" themselves. Do not triangulate evidence to evidence. Do not triangulate under or through evidence. Do not take a line of measurement through space. Measure your line along a solid surface like a floor, wall, or table top. In the interest of clarity, keep the angle of triangulation measurements between 45 and 90 degrees on the sketches.

Regular shape items are fixed by creating two separate triangles of measurements. Each originates at opposite points on the object and ends at two fixed points, on the same plane, at the scene. This is commonly known as the 2-V method of triangulation.

Pliable objects are fixed by creating a single triangle of measurements from the center of mass of the object to two fixed points, on the same plane, at the scene. You also measure the longest and widest dimensions of the object.

Inhabited outdoor areas usually have easily defined, fixed reference points such as buildings, edges of roads, and sidewalks. When these are present, the triangulation method can be used to establish the location of objects. But uninhabited or remote areas may not have easily defined, fixed points within close range. In such cases, objects will have to be located by using the intersection-resection method taught in map reading. See FM 21-26 for a more complete discussion of intersection-resection method.

Cross-projection is used to add another dimension to sketches. The added dimension is useful when items or locations of interest are on or in wall surfaces in an enclosed space. The walls, windows, and doors in a cross-projection sketch are drawn as though the walls had been folded out flat on the floor. The required measurements and triangulation of evidence are then entered on the sketch. A cross-projection drawing may be used as a scaled drawing.



Continued next issue.

Guns NOT to Buy for Survival

by Douglas P. Bell

What guns NOT to buy for survival is almost as important as what gun TO buy for survival. Firearms chambered for cartridges that are not common now would not be a good bet for survival use unless you had your own cache of ammunition and reloading supplies. While the .505 Gibbs may be the ultimate big bear, moose and elephant cartridge, if you can't get ammunition, cases or bullets for it NOW, it would not be ideal for survival use in the future.

To be fair, I'm going to divide this article into four parts, what long guns to avoid, pistols to avoid, a break down of "survival gun" books and what cartridges to avoid. The reason for this is that there are a lot of guns out there that are not suitable for survival use due to design, price, caliber or cartridge, or possibly some other consideration. The same is true of several cartridges as well, some are not ballistically balanced, common or are just inferior to others in the same caliber.

First let's get the guns I DO NOT recommend out of the way. I would like to say there may be nothing "wrong" with many of these guns, but that they are either not suitable for survival, at least as far as I am concerned, due to price, availability, or parts supply. If the gun is over priced all you are out is money, which could have put to better use elsewhere.

Availability and parts supply are pretty much self explanatory. If you can't get at them to buy in the first place, or you can't get spare parts, it doesn't matter how great they are, they are worthless for this use, since once they break or wear out, they can't be repaired or replaced.

Guns that fall into the "you've got to be-kidding" class are the "Sten" and "Sten" type copies such as the Encom MK IV and MP-9/MP-45 pistols, Holmes MP-83, Feather AT-9 and AT-22, the federal XC-900/XC-450/XC-220 and Ljutic "space" guns. Also included here in the "you re kidding" group are the FIE Spectre, Steyr AUG, and the Uzi. Like I said, all these guns may work, and work great, but all are designed to be super cheap in construction if not in price! If I'm paying for expensive machining, I want expensive machining!

The Sten, Encom, Holmes, Feather, Federal and Ljutic guns are designed to use simple seamless tubing for the receiver and most other parts as well! Go down and look at what seamless tubing is going for now in the sizes needed, generally about \$5-\$10 a foot retail.

They also use "off the shelf" plastic parts and spot welds or arc welds with no (or very little) polishing or other cosmetics to cover the rough spots. While I don't

mind a weapon that looks a little rough as long as it works, I also don't expect to pay a premium to have it left that way either! With these guns you are paying a premium for the crude "military" looks, not performance.

A good example of this is the Sten, which was mass produced in England in dozens of small one and two man shops for about \$2.00 per finished gun, but one firm is "selling" (Maybe I should say "offering for sale") semi-automatic "Stens" for around \$500 to \$800 each! You can buy real Sten parts kits and receivers blanks and build (check the BATF and local laws first) your very own semi-auto Sten for about \$150 to \$200 each!

The other guns listed, the FIE Spectre, the Uzi and the Steyr A.U.G. were all designed to use state of the art (at the time anyway) tools and designs to be made as cheaply as possible. The Uzi is simply the taking of other designs and combining them together to get a good weapon with as many stampings, spot welds and simple "off the shelf" machine parts as possible. The Steyr A.U.G. uses a plastic receiver/stock, trigger and hammer group, plus just about plastic everything else except the barrel. They are all WAY overpriced as far as material and workmanship is concerned.

The M1 Garand is my all-time favorite military battle rifle, and I'm not anyone in this. There is even a Garand Collector's Assn. (POB 181, Richmond, KY 48475). The Garand was THE battle rifle of WW II as well, but like Ethiopia, which had the finest light horse cavalry which kicked the Italians out of Africa in WW I but got wiped out in their first charge in WW II, this isn't 40 years ago. Times have changed and so has weapons design.

The M1 Garand is outmoded now as far as most military planners are concerned. This is not to say it isn't one of the finest semiautomatic .30-06 battle rifles going, but this is due more to a lack of semi-auto .30-06's than the design, although the M1 can hold it's own in any company. However the point is, survivalists are not military planners either, and any one who plans to fight constantly is lost from the start as the point is to survive.

The M1 Garand needs M2 Ball (PMC "generic" is M2, as is all U.S. Mil. from the 1930's on) ammunition to function properly and regular sporting ammunition will normally over function the action and bend the operating rod or wear out the gun in short order. Other problems include the large opening behind the bolt, the same problem the M-14, M1 Carbine and Mini-14 have. The bolt opening always dirt and water in to the back of the action which could jam the weapon. The Garand also needs eight round en-bloc clips to work and while these are getting harder to find they are still readily available on the surplus market.

If you can work around the limitations of the Garand, it is a wonderful weapon and there is nothing finer. If you can't, then pass the Garand up and get something else, possibly a M-14.

Another U.S. Military weapon that I wouldn't recommend for survival is the M1 Carbine or commercial copies. While the gun is short, light and handy, it is chambered for what amounts to a pistol cartridge, and in fact was designed to replace the Colt .45 Auto. While the gun itself is readily available and quite inexpensive right now, the ammunition costs almost as much as the .30-06 ammunition on the market. For more on this, read my reviews of the M1 Carbine.

As to the other military weapons, especially bolt actions, some are good and some are garbage. If you choose a military bolt action, be sure you can get ammunition and spare parts for it, and buy up a couple of truckloads of ammo NOW so you will have it later. Most of the odd-ball foreign ammo is surplus and supplies could dry up at any time, or the anti-gunners could ban it's sale.

The Mosin-Nagant rifles are very, accurate and cheap right now as is the ammunition for it. Of the Mauser bolt standard chamberings (7mm Mauser, 8mm Mauser, .30-06, 7.65x54) and get lots of ammunition for them.

Now we are going to talk about "survival handguns" that aren't all that great for survival. First of all, just what is a survival handgun? It is a tool, nothing more. It is not, by itself, a force for evil or good. It is not as good for hunting as a rifle or shotgun, nor is it as powerful. It is also the court of last resort. It is the last ditch weapon before you start throwing stones. It has to be light enough to carry, small enough to conceal if need be, rugged enough to withstand a considerable amount of use and abuse and powerful enough to stop, not just kill, an attacker. And that my friends is a pretty tall order.

Now that you've read that last paragraph, go back and read it again, it is highly germane to the rest of this article that you understand what it said. A handgun is just a tool, nothing more. Choose the wrong tool and you can't do what you want. After all, you don't use drills to pound nails, so don't choose any gun and expect to do it all, from bears to mice and have no recoil. The handgun you choose must be able to do what you want, but it can't "do it all", at least not by itself and there probably never will be one that can.

Mel Tappan in his book "Survival Guns" divides guns up in to two groups, "working" guns and "fighting" guns. This is OK if you have an unlimited supply of cash to buy with, but for most of us, a working gun and fighting gun are whatever we happen to have at hand at the time. So it behooves you to choose your weapons carefully.

I said the handgun was the court of last resort and I meant it. A handgun is the LAST weapon you want to be using to fight or hunt with. However it is also the only weapon you will probably have on you when you need a weapon and need it NOW. Therefore, it must be small enough to carry on your person at all times, and that means both weight and size.

The gun must also be chambered for a cartridge powerful enough to stop your attacker NOW, not later after you are dead! It must be sturdy enough to withstand considerable use and abuse. After all you are going to need to actually shoot the gun to learn how to shoot and become proficient in it's use. This generally means it should not have zinc, aluminum, or other lightweight frames that will wear quickly, although some of the hard chrome finishes are harder than the underlying metal, and will wear well.

All the expected criterion are opposites also! To be light enough to carry it would need a light recoiling caliber or it will tear your arm off each time you shoot it. To be large enough to be controllable, sturdy and shoot a reasonable cartridge it needs to be large and/or heavy. So you can see the needed handgun is a series of trade offs, power for size, weight for power, strength for size, the trades go on.

What guns you need however isn't the point of this article. What you don't need is. You remember I talked about the "Sten" type firearms like the Holmes, Encom Spectre, Intratec TEC-9 and TEC-22, etc. and said they were designed for inexpensive manufacture but were, in my opinion, over priced? Well they have all equally fatal flaw in their size. Some of these guns are well over a foot long, and with the clip installed, over a foot high! Some weigh as much as a Ruger Mini-14 but only shoot low powered pistol ammunition! Not a good trade!

Now let's look at the two "survival weapons" books: Mel Tappan's 'Survival Guns' and Duncan Long's "Firearms for Survival" and see what unsuitable guns are recommended.

Let's start with "Survival Guns" and see what guns Mel recommended. First, there is the S&W Model 29, the gun of "Dirty Harry" fame. Well, this gun is certainly powerful enough for our use. The gun is chambered for the .44 Magnum, it's very power works against it. This gun has a very delicate lock-work, so unless you are a pistol-smith, and enjoy retiming your guns every few rounds, this one should be passed by. Also heavy, bulky and expensive.

The Python is Colt's top of the line revolver and a beautiful pistol, but many other guns less expensive are available and with a little work can match the function, if not the fit and finish, of the big bolt. If you have money to turn and want a nice .357 Magnum I really can't think

of anything to say against it though.

As far as "pocket pistol's" are concerned, the Charter Arms (now "Charco") guns are "good", but they aren't "real good". Most Charter Arms guns are light weight "light duty" pistols and wear out or break down fairly quickly. If you plan to carry the gun a lot but shoot it very little, this might be an acceptable choice. If you want one get it now, as well as a goodly supply of parts. You may not be able to later.

Now on to Duncan Long's "Firearms for Survival", and the third chapter ".22 and .45 ACP Pistols". The first line of the second paragraph tells it all, "The .22 rimfire shells and the .25 ACP are poor for self-defense purposes". That pretty much sums it up, the .22 and .25 ACP are piss-poor stoppers, although a .22 pistol would be all but indispensable for pest control and practice.

The .25 ACP, due to it's high priced ammunition, tiny, light bullets and tiny, light weight "light duty" pistols are also not viable survival weapons. Like I said before, the point is to survive the fight, which means stopping your opponent NOW, not having them die three days after they have killed you and your family. Yes, I know, .22's and .25's have dropped people in their tracks and .22's have killed elephants, but let's face it, both cases were flukes.

Another thing I don't like about the book is that all the gun had to do to be included was have the manufacturer send a photo, and Duncan would say nothing bad about any of them. Survival is not the place for low quality trash or "cutsie" little toy like guns. If you've never heard of the gun and it looks like low quality garbage there usually is a reason for it.

As far as the other guns are concerned, the Desert Eagle semi-auto pistols, which Duncan refers to as "stockless rifles" are large, heavy and VERY expensive. The Ruger P-85 has an aluminum frame that may wear out rather quickly and when it does you are out a pistol. Also the repeated problems that Ruger has had since introducing the pistol, including one recall, has not boded well for it for survival use. As to the other handguns in the book, I stand by what I said earlier, if you haven't heard of it or it looks like trash there's a reason for it and you shouldn't risk buying it for survival purposes.

Currently there are only two books that can be even remotely referred to as "survival weapons" books Mel Tappan's classic "Survival Gun" (Janus Press), and "Firearms For Survival" by Duncan Long (Paladin). For more on either of these two books plus a book review of their other works, I would recommend you read the book reviews I did on these books.

First let's look at the weapons that Mel Tappan talks about in his classic book "Survival Guns". "Survival Guns" for those who don't know is mandatory reading for

anyone who hopes to make a go of it after "the day" and wants to use firearms to survive. For more on the individual weapons listed in Mel's book, read the first two parts of this series.

Actually there isn't really much to disagree with if you have an unlimited supply of cash to buy with, and understand that "Survival Guns" was published in 1970, and is now badly dated; many of the firearms are no longer made and some of the firms are out of business as well. This isn't intended as a put down of 'Survival Guns' as ANY survival gun book would be dated in just a few years and badly dated in ten and Mel, who died in November of 1980, would most likely updated the book by now.

First let's take a look at the batteries Mel set up. The first problem is just too many guns! In the first battery he talks about in the book, he has 44 cartridge guns, two air rifles, and "several single-shot shotguns and inexpensive .32's"! Let's call that 50 cartridge guns (the real number may be considerably higher depending on how many "several" is) for a single couple, and these guns are in at least 15 different chamberings! While all the guns are top of the line weapons, there are just too many of them and in too many different chamberings to be truly practical! Logistics would eat you alive! Just supplying the cleaning kits, spare parts kits, ammunition, holsters, slings, scopes, etc., would overwhelm you in short order!

The second battery is also for a couple, and has 14 weapons in seven to nine chamberings depending on what the shotguns are, and a few of the other non-listed chamberings. The fifth battery (the third and forth either were not listed by gun or were not designed by Mel) has 13 guns in four calibers, but this is for a Green Beret who is to provide protection for a group. The sixth battery has four guns in three calibers and I agree with Mel that it is not "sufficiently realistic".

Well, that should be enough to show what I want to talk about here: too many guns in too many caliber or cartridges, with too many different makes and models. The first battery has 31 different makes or models of guns in 15 cartridges. The second battery has 11 different makes or models in at least seven cartridges. The fifth battery has nine makes or models, but only four different chamberings! The sixth battery has three guns and three calibers so it 's not as bad as the others, cartridge to number of guns wise, but as Mel said, it's extremely limited too.

Now let's start breaking that down, what guns and why. First he has an Armalite AR 180 AND a Ruger Mini-14. Why not two of the same model? That way you would need only one spare parts kit, and need to "learn" only one gun. By "learning" I mean where the safety is, how to load, clear jams, etc. Many a G.I. lost his life

fumbling for a safety or clip that wasn't there when switching between the M1 Garand and M1 Carbine.

Also along these same lines, I'm still talking about the first battery here, he has a (Pre-64) Model 70, and a Sako and Husquarna in the same action length. Why not three Model 70's, three Sakos or three Husquarnas? This would, as I said earlier, make learning and parts kits much simpler. Why a Colt Python and a S&W 19? Why not two of either one? Also, why a Savage 99 (an excellent gun and greatly under rated) in both the .308 AND .243? Why add the extra cartridge to the line up? It's going to be hard enough supplying ammunition for all the other guns as it is, why add more? The same pattern is repeated in battery number two, an Armalite AR 180 AND a Ruger Mini-14.

The fifth battery is for a Green Beret, so the person should have had a good idea what they wanted in the first place. Most of the guns are listed as pairs, two Armalite AR 180's, two Colt .45's, etc. Note the limited number of cartridges, just four, and a recommended hideout gun was vetoed as it would have added an extra cartridge to the line up. A wise move!

Now on to the "other" survival gun book, "Firearms for Survival". The best way for me to describe the book is to think of someone sitting down and writing all the makers of firearms listed in the "Gun Digest" and then including all the guns that the manufactures sent photos of. It may not have been that way, but it's a rare photo that isn't marked "courtesy of..." too.

As I said in the other chapters, I do not consider ANY .25 ACP pistol or most cheap, low quality handguns to be a 'survival' weapon. So much for the .22 and .25 ACP chapter.

The .22 rifle chapter continues the theme of low cost, and in some cases, low quality rifles. Mixed in with the "less than suitable" rifles are some really excellent rifles that seem to stand out by comparison, at least in the photos if not the text. Also some of the after market accessories are just about worthless for survival. If you want to look "mean", OK I have no problem with that, just don't confuse looking mean with surviving.

The rest of the chapters (.32 & .380 Autos, 9mm & .45 Autos, Revolvers, Pistol Caliber Carbines, Shotguns, Centerfire Rifles, Special Purpose Guns), aren't too bad, although you must read closely to find out what is really meant. Also there are the usual mistakes, the 311 Savage double barrel DOES NOT have outside hammers, and any good M1 Garand can hold it's own against other battle rifles of it's era and does not give 'less-than-ideal accuracy'.

"Firearms For Survival" is an interesting book, but is nowhere near the book that "Survival Guns" was (and still is for that matter!). I would not recommend spending

\$16.95 (the current list price) for it. If you can borrow a copy than you should read "Firearms for Survival", but if you can't, well you haven't missed anything.

For this article I could simply tell you that this or that cartridge is unsuitable simply by picking up a copy of 'Cartridges of the World' or "The Handloader's Manual of Cartridge Conversions", (both excellent books by the way and well worth reading), and listing the cartridges. There probably are some writers who would do this if it occurred to them, but let's go through the two "survival gun" books again and see what they recommend that I don't and why.

Let's start with (what else?), "Survival Guns" by Mel Tappan and see what he recommends for survival use. First he talks about centerfire handgun cartridges so let's start there as well. He starts with the .25 ACP and said 'there is certainly very little use for this cartridge...' but, "if you are really aware of its extreme limitations, you use it at little more than arm's length and are cool enough to shoot for the eye sockets, it may give you a 5% chance of stopping an attack from a single assailant." Well 5% is better than nothing, but if I was so cool, calm and collected enough to do all that, I wouldn't need a .25 ACP either. Pass the .25 ACP on by.

I pretty much agree with his views on the .32 ACP, .32 S&W Long, .380 ACP and .38 S&W so we can keep going. As to the .38 Special, I feel he comes down a little hard, especially for someone who can find a use for the .25 ACP! However I don't recommend getting guns in the .38 Special either, and for the same reasons listed. If you want a .38 Special get a .357 Magnum and shoot .38 Specials in it. That way you have in effect two different handguns: one a mild and easy shooter, and one powerful and hard hitting, just by changing ammo. Also if you can only get one or the other you are still able to use them.

I pretty much agree with him about the 9mm pistol as well. It's a totally inadequate cartridge to bet your life on, being nothing more than a rimless .38 Special. However as just about every police department, highway patrol and the U.S. Military has gone to it, as well as it being about as common as a cartridge as can be found, I would recommend you have a pistol or two around for it. The .357 Magnum is referred to as a "compromise", and is a good "working" cartridge, but not a good "fighting" cartridge. If you like revolvers though, this is the way to go.

Now for the next three cartridges, the .38 Super, the .41 Mag, and the .44 Special. Although Mel doesn't like the .38 Super, and I do, I do agree with him that it isn't a suitable survival cartridge, and neither is the .41 Magnum. The .44 Special is like the .38 Special, you shoot it in the .44 Magnum as a light load. If you already have a .44 Special, it is an excellent cartridge.

As to rifle cartridges that Mel recommends and I don't, let's start with the .243 Winchester. Well at least it isn't the 6mm Remington that one writer recommended! The .243 can be made by necking down .308 brass, but you will need to turn or ream the necks or the brass may be too thick. A nice cartridge, but stick with military issue until you have enough experience to know what you are doing.

The .270 Winchester is a nice cartridge, but one I do NOT recommend for survival. The cartridge uses an odd-ball bore size so you can't pull bullets from other cartridges to use here like you can with .22 or .38 caliber stuff. Also while it is very popular as a sporting caliber, under survival conditions that could change in a hurry.

The .30 caliber stuff, the .30 M1 Carbine, .30-30 Winchester, .308 Winchester (7.62x51 NATO) and .30-06 Springfield are next. I agree pretty much here, the .30 M1 is pretty worthless as a survival cartridge, but as so many guns and so much ammo is stored away, get something to shoot it in, a "shell Shrinker for one of the other cartridges works well here. I agree with all he has to say about the rest as well.

As to the cartridges he WOULD NOT recommend "solely on the basis of their ballistic inefficiency or poor design are the .32 Remington Special, the .300 H&H Magnum, and the .351 Winchester SL (Self Loading), together with all of the obsolete pistol/rifle rounds such as the .38-40, .25-20, .25-35, etc." Sorry Mel, the .300 H&H is one of the MOST ballistically efficient of the big .30's and won the 1000 yard 1935 Wimbledon Match with FACTORY ammo! There is NO ".32 Remington Special", he means either a .32 Remington or a .32 Winchester Special, either or both of which we could easily do without, as well as the .351 SL.

As to the "obsolete" pistol/rifle cartridges the new improved 10mm Auto and .40 S&W are just rimless copies of the old .38-40! The .25-20 and .32-20 are both nice little rounds now coming back, although like I said, stick with military issue until you know what you want. Also along these lines, the .25-35 was NOT a pistol/rifle round, it was a rifle ONLY round, at least before the T/C Contender.

Now on to "Firearms for Survival" and what is included as a "survival" round. First the .25 ACP is OUT, as are the .32 ACP and .380 ACP. I happen to like the .380, but not for long term survival!

About the only time he talks about other cartridges as such is in the lineup of photos, supplied by Federal of course, and he states "a wide range of rifle ammunition is available for survival use." Just because it is available doesn't mean it is suitable! The .22-250, 6mm Remington, .257 Roberts, .25-06, .270 Winchester, 7mm Mauser (unless you have a military arm and LOTS of ammo !),

and 7mm Magnum are cartridges that I would NOT recommend, although they are "available"!

The second photo (listed as "another assortment of rounds useful for many survival needs") includes the 300 Savage (an excellent cartridge in it's own right, but not popular enough for survival use), the 8mm Mauser (see the comments about the 7mm Mauser), "two of the .32 Winchester Special" (actually what is pictured is a .32 Winchester Special and a .35 Remington, pass them both by), and .45-70. The .45-70 is the one "iffy" round here, as there are times when the big cartridge could come in handy, but not enough to be included in a survival battery.

When President Elect Clinton heard we wanted to move to ARKANSAS, he sent us the following:
APPLICATION TO LIVE IN ARKANSAS

NAME: _____

Nickname: _____ CB Handle: _____

Address (RFD): _____

Daddy (if unknown, list 3 suspects: _____

NECKSHADE: ☐ Light Red ☐ Medium Red ☐ Dark Red ☐ Other _____

TEETH: Number of teeth exposed in full grin _____ upper _____ lower _____

TRUCKS: Make of Pickup _____ Size of Tires _____

HOUNDS: _____ Type: ☐ Blue Tick ☐ Beagle ☐ Black&Tan ☐ Other _____

CAR: How many cars in front yard? _____ How many on blocks? _____

OTHER: How many kitchen appliances on front porch? _____ Back? _____
When and where was your last "ELVIS" sighting? _____
Do you own any shoes (not boots)? YES _____ NO _____
Can you sign your own name & always spell it right? Yes _____ No _____
Have you EVER had more than one bath in a week? YES _____ NO _____

MARRIAGE: Are you married to any of the following (circle all that apply): ☐ Sister ☐ Cousin
☐ Aunt ☐ Other, explain _____
Does your wife weigh more than your pickup ☐ Yes ☐ No

MEDICAL INFORMATION
Do you have at least two (2) of the following:
☐ B.O. ☐ Crabs ☐ Lice ☐ Bad breath ☐ Scabies
☐ Fleas Tattoos ☐ Crossed eyes ☐ Runny nose ☐ Brown Teeth ☐ Yellow Teeth
☐ Any teeth ☐ No of teeth missing _____

GENERAL INFORMATION:
Favorite weapon: ☐ Tire handle ☐ Pick handle ☐ Log Chain ☐ Shotgun
Favorite pastime: ☐ Drinkin' ☐ Coon huntin' ☐ Fishin' ☐ Other _____
Truck equipped with: ☐ Gun rack ☐ Fuzzbuster ☐ 8-Track
☐ Rebel flag ☐ C.B. radio ☐ Beer cans
Favorite vocalist: ☐ Willie Nelson ☐ Johnny Cash ☐ Conway Twitty ☐ Loretta Lynn
☐ Jim Nabors (be careful here)
Cap emblems: ☐ John Deere ☐ C.A.T. ☐ SKOAL (Budweiser)
☐ Jack Daniels ☐ Rebel Flag ☐ Wal*Mart
Memberships: ☐ NRA ☐ VFW ☐ KKK ☐ 700 Club ☐ B.P.O.E.
Your signature (one X will do): _____ Date: _____

Jap Pilots Ride to DEATH

Modern Mechanix May 1933

The current conflict between Japan and China has brought out an amazing revelation of the methods by which Japanese pilots assure air bombs reaching their target by putting a man inside to steer them. Why? Read the reasons in this article, and you'll have a better understanding of Japanese psychology toward the machines of war.

IMAGINE yourself strapped within a hollow chamber inside a huge air bomb, surrounded on all sides by high explosives. In front of you is an airplane type rudder which steers the tail unit of the bomb. Windows in the nose enable you to see ahead.

You're loaded into the bomb, which is placed in its nest under the fuselage of a bombing plane. The bomber takes off, soars above a target—say, an ammunition dump of the enemy. Up above you, the pilot of the plane pulls a lever.

Down you go, plunging toward the ground with terrific speed. You see that you aren't going to strike the ammunition dump, but will land many yards to one side of it. So you twist the control rudder, swerving the bomb's course. Success! The dump looms up directly below the windows

of your bomb. And that is practically the end of things for you.

Sounds like the superheated imagining of a Jules Verne, doesn't it—the sort of absurdity that a sensible man would laugh off as being unheard of, an astounding, amusing impossibility?

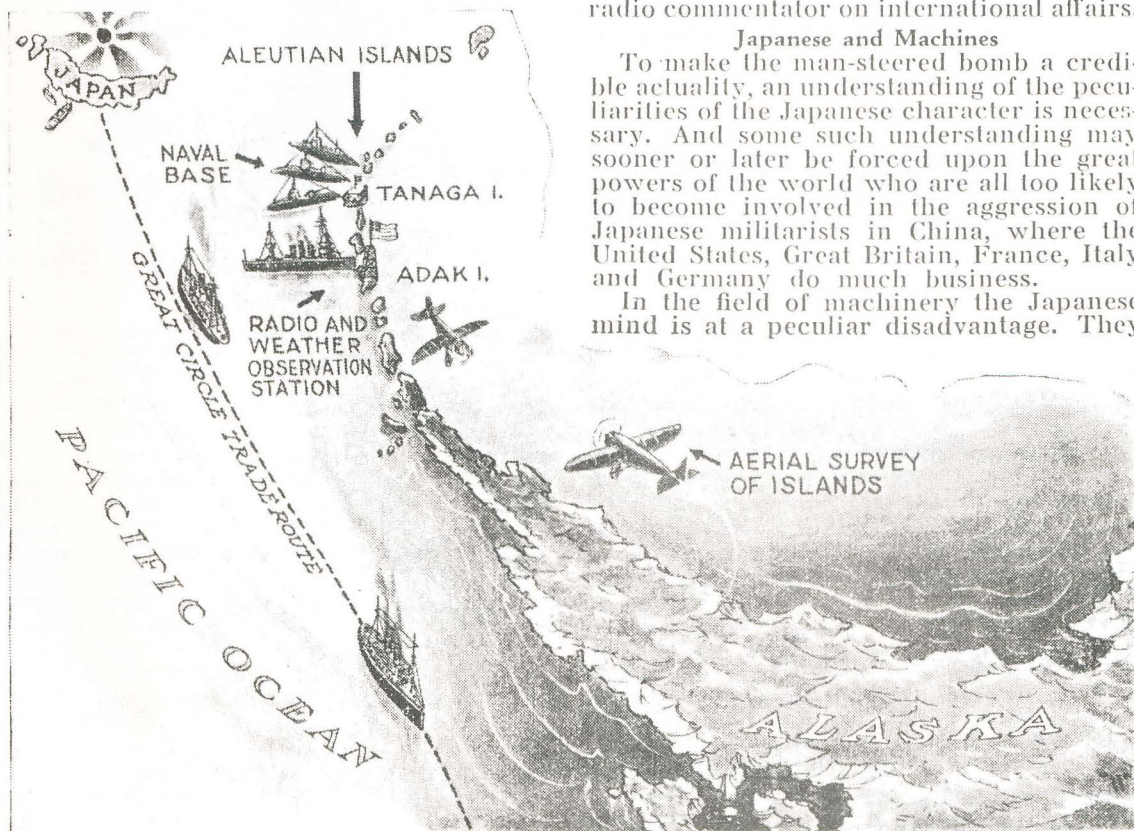
It's nothing of the sort. It's an actual fact of warfare, a method used by Japanese pilots who deem it an honor transcending all others to ride to glory for the mother country. They know that their memory and their families will be forever honored in their homeland.

Rumors of the flying bomb death ride have filtered out of the conflict now being waged by the Japanese and Chinese. Necessarily this information has been of a confidential, undercover nature, but not long ago it was given nation-wide publicity by a radio commentator on international affairs.

Japanese and Machines

To make the man-steered bomb a credible actuality, an understanding of the peculiarities of the Japanese character is necessary. And some such understanding may sooner or later be forced upon the great powers of the world who are all too likely to become involved in the aggression of Japanese militarists in China, where the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Germany do much business.

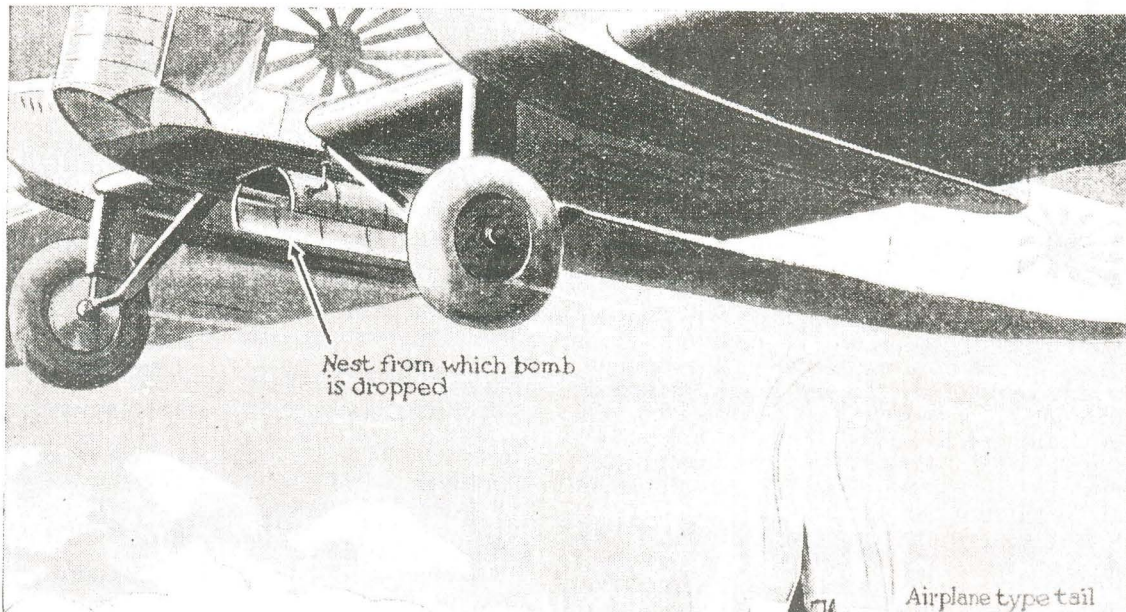
In the field of machinery the Japanese mind is at a peculiar disadvantage. They



Where the U. S. government expedition is now conducting a survey of the Aleutian islands, looking toward the possibility of establishing weather station, air base, naval base and possible fortifications. Note the proximity of the islands to Japan and the great circle course of steamers. Planes are being taken with which to make an aerial survey of the islands.

on Flying BOMBS ~

by RAY
HOLT



are able to turn out an exact copy of any mechanism that comes into their hands, but the type of mechanical imagination which went into its original creation—which, for want of a better term, is sometimes known as Yankee ingenuity—they are at a loss to duplicate.

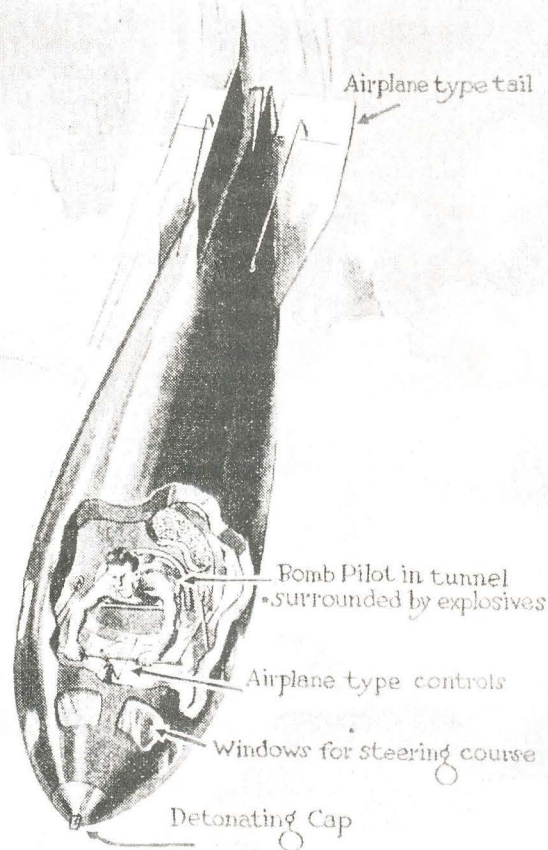
The simple truth of the matter is that a man is practically required to steer Japanese bombs to their mark because they haven't been able to develop the bomb-sighting machinery which makes Uncle Sam's flyers, for instance, so deadly in their accuracy.

Peculiar Oriental Psychology

As to why Japanese soldiers fight among themselves for the honor of being the bomb pilot who can look forward to being blown to certain oblivion, that's a matter of psychology not so easy to understand. Patriotism rules the Japanese to an almost fanatical degree, and love of country is so bound up with religion—the emperor being regarded as an incarnate god—that to be blown up in a bomb to further the successes of Nippon becomes something to be desired above all things.

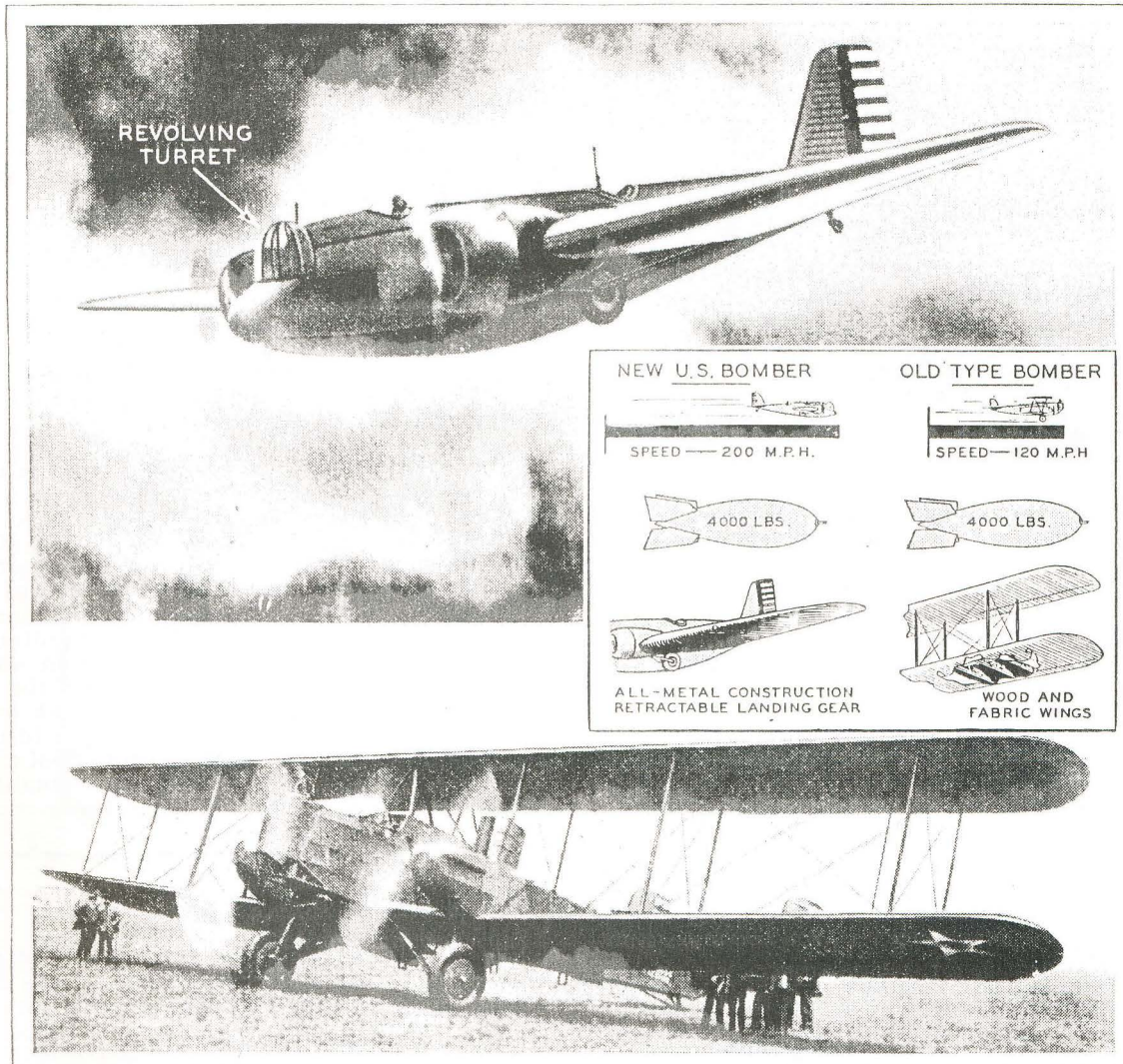
When one understands the popularity that hara-kiri, a form of suicide by self-disembowelment, has had among the Japanese for centuries, the national willingness to dive to death in a bomb, or in any other way, becomes credible.

Hara-kiri, as formerly practiced, was



Riding to glory for the mother land, a Japanese pilot inside a bomb dropped from an airplane steers it to destruction because Japanese mechanics are unable to design elaborate sighting devices which would assure reasonable accuracy.

Uncle Sam's Latest Bomber Is High-Speed Destructive Terror of the Skies



Top photo shows new U. S. bomber; lower picture is Curtiss bomber used by army up to now. Insert drawings show comparative performances. Superiority of the new design is evident. The revolving turret protects the gunner from windstream and makes for accurate shooting. All-metal construction lessens danger of fire from incendiary bullets.

compulsory upon a noble of the higher class who received a courteously phrased message from the mikado intimating that he must die for some offense of lawbreaking or disloyalty. The suicide, using a jeweled dagger customarily sent by the mikado for performing the act, proceeded in a prescribed ritual. Seated on a dais, surrounded by officials and friends, the suicide plunged the dagger into his stomach below the waist on the left side, drew it slowly across to the right, and turning it, gave a slight cut upward.

This compulsory suicide has been abolished, but the idea has such a striking appeal for the Japanese imagination that some 1500 hara-kiris take place annually as a purely voluntary gesture.

In the final analysis, the amazing thing is not that the Japanese should succeed in finding pilots for their man-bombs, for vol-

unteers for such a mission of certain death can be found in any army in the world, but that such a weapon should be necessary. It simmers down to the fact, as hinted at above, that the Nipponese are conscious of their inferiority in developing new and fearful weapons of war, and are forced to rely on man-power.

A country like the United States would approach the problem of directing bomb flight in an entirely different way. Some method of mechanical control of the bomb would be sought—in fact, the idea of controlling a bomb or gun shell by radio is already being worked on, as described in MODERN MECHANIX AND INVENTIONS some months ago. It will be seen that, entirely aside from making the sacrifice of a man's life unnecessary, radio control of a bomb is much more accurate and less liable to error through the failure of the human

machine in a moment of critical nervous tension.

Superiority of American engineering brains over the Oriental variety is well demonstrated in the newest United States army bombing plane, a photograph of which is reproduced in these pages. It is a monoplane of all-metal construction—no wood or fabric to catch fire from incendiary bullets of the enemy—and is so well streamlined, with its landing gear pulled up under its belly, that it can do a top speed of 200 miles an hour, fully loaded with a two ton cargo of bombs. This is 80 miles an hour better than the speed of the Curtiss bomber, a biplane, previously used by the air corps.

Features of U. S. Bomber

A revolving turret to protect the gunner in the nose of the ship is another feature. It diverts the rush of air and makes accurate aiming much easier. At high speeds, the windstream is so powerful that, in an ordinary ship, it has a tendency to wrench a swivel mounted gun out of the gunner's control.

In connection with the possible need of protecting our country from Pacific aggression, the news that a government expedition has just left for an extensive survey of the Aleutian islands (which constitute the tip of the Alaskan peninsula) is important. A map, reproduced herewith, shows the extremely important location of these islands in their relation to Japan and the Orient.

Geologically, these islands are thought to

be the sunken peaks of land that once connected the mainland with Asia. Siberia is but a stone's throw distant, and the northern islands of Japan not much farther away. Since, by a recent bill passed in Congress, the United States has relinquished control of the Philippine islands, we will have no Pacific base of importance other than Hawaii and Guam, which makes the Aleutian chain all the more important in the scheme of national protection.

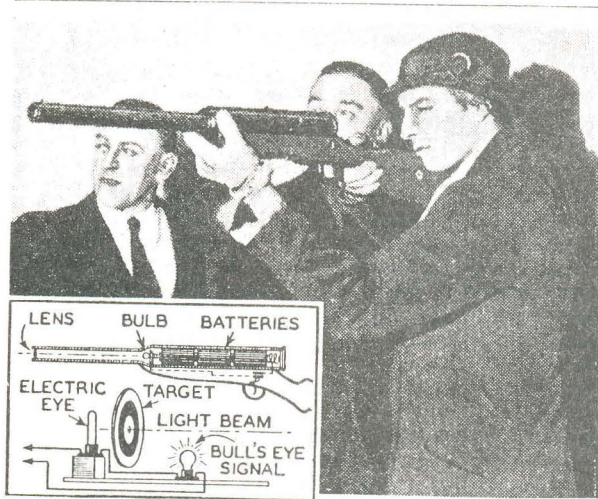
Strategic Importance of Islands

Airplanes are being carried by the expedition and these will make a careful aerial survey of the islands. A weather observation station will probably be established on Tanago or Adak island, and the best suited of the nearby islands will be chosen as a possible base for an airplane field. Harbor facilities will be carefully charted with a view to possible installation of a naval base for ships and submarines. Alaska, of course, is a United States possession which we are free to fortify as we may see fit.

An incident of the World War which has just come to light illustrates the ingenuity of the western mind in the world of machines. German engineers designed a mine fitted with clockwork which permitted the device to float in toward English shores when the tide was right. When the tide ebbed, the mine automatically sank to the bottom, where it waited the proper interval and then released itself again to float closer to the shore. The British were unable to figure out how the mines got there.

Modern Mechanix February 1934

New Rifle Shoots Beam of Light

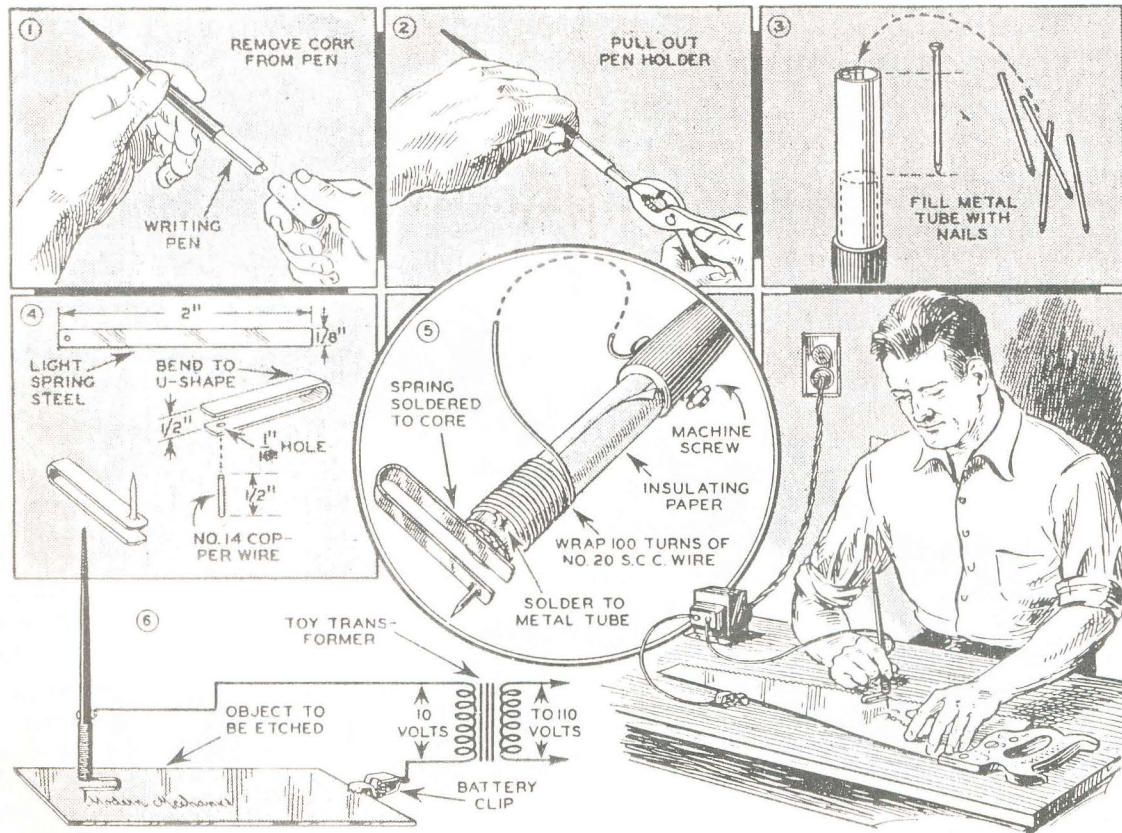


"Shadolite" gun, invaluable for target practice, shoots a beam of light. An electric eye behind hole in bull's eye of target operates signal when hit by light beam of gun.

AN INVENTION of considerable interest to rifle enthusiasts is the "Shadolite" gun. Without ammunition of any kind, this new gun registers bull's-eyes and misses just as does an ordinary rifle.

A powerful flashlight mounted inside a nine gauge shotgun flashes a beam of light at the target for any set interval of time ranging from zero to 30 seconds. A photoelectric cell mounted behind a hole in the center of the target causes a relay to operate when the rifle is correctly aimed, thereby lighting a signal lamp. The aim of the gun may be corrected within the time length of the bullet beam.

Mark Tools with this Electric Etcher



Drawings from 1 to 6 above illustrate steps in construction of etcher. Metal tube is filled with nails to form magnet core, while U-shaped watch spring forms vibrator. Juice from a toy transformer will suffice to make clean-cut letters on tools.

Modern Mechanics June 1933

AN ELECTRIC etcher is an exceedingly simple device, and any amateur workman should be able to make one. It enables one to etch permanently upon the metal parts of his tools, not only his name, but also the sizes or numbers of such tools as drills, taps, dies and wrenches.

Progressive steps of construction are shown in the drawings above.

First obtain a penholder with a cork or rubber end. Remove this cork or rubber and also the springy piece of metal which originally was intended to hold the pen point.

To form a core for what will be an electro-magnet, fill the metal tube with thin iron nails, cut to protrude slightly from the end of the cylinder. Insert enough so that they will be wedged permanently in place.

Watch Spring Makes Vibrator

Now obtain a piece of light spring steel (a watch spring will do) about an eighth of an inch wide and carefully bend it into a "U" shape so that the ends are about half an inch apart. Heat one of the ends and drill with a 1/16" drill. Then solder about half an inch of No. 14 copper wire in this hole and file the end to a point. Solder the other end to the end of the nail core.

To make the magnet winding first solder

one end of a piece of No. 20 insulated copper wire to the lower end of the metal tube. Then wrap a strip of paper around the tube for insulation and wind 100 turns of the wire upon it. Terminate the other end under a machine screw located just above the metal tube. This completes the metal etcher.

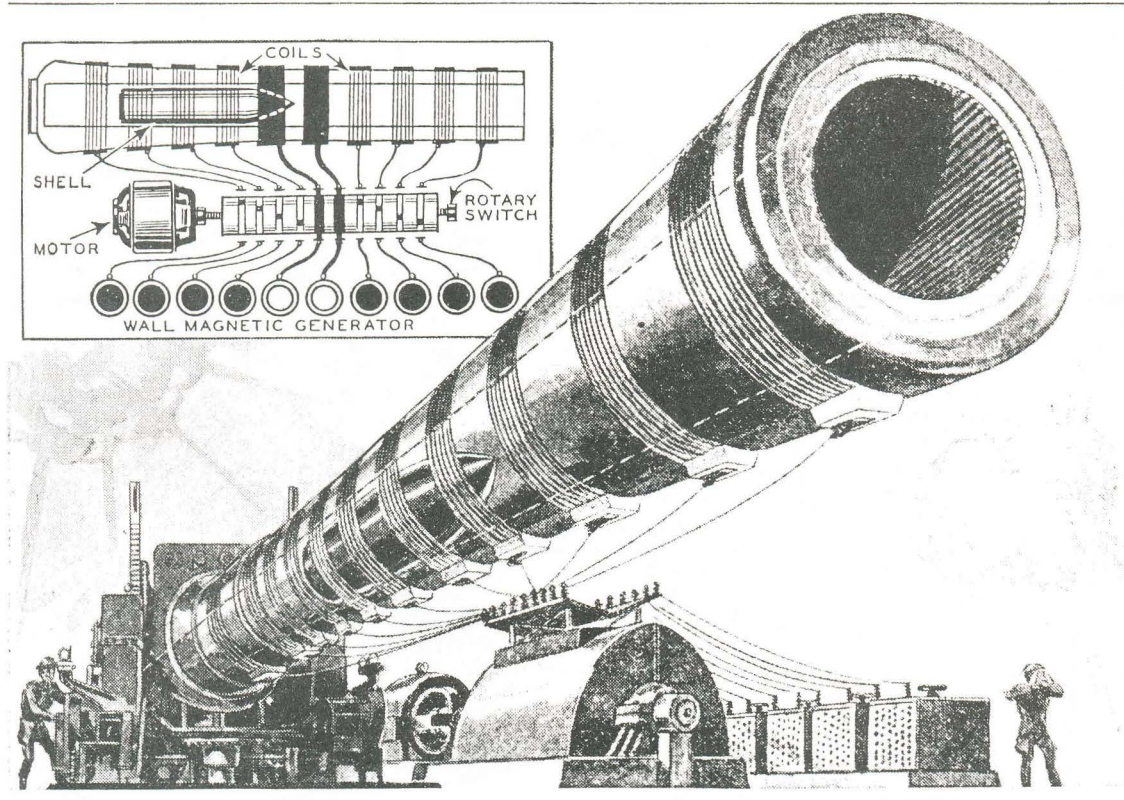
Operation of the Etcher

In operation, one of the wires coming from a toy transformer, which should supply about 10 volts, is connected to the machine screw on the etcher and the other is connected to the object to be etched by means of a clip.

The current flowing through the coil forms an electromagnet which attracts the steel spring, breaking the circuit. When the circuit is broken the spring is released and, the copper point again coming in contact with the metal object, the circuit is again completed and the operation is repeated.

This occurs so rapidly that the electric spark formed at the contact of the object to be etched and the copper point is practically constant. It is this spark that melts enough of the surface metal of the object to produce a clear and permanent "etching". After a short period of operation you may have to file the copper point to a new point.

ELECTRIC Cannon Uses No Gunpowder



The magnetic gun, pictured on this month's cover, is foreshadowed by achievements of two English experimenters. Powerful currents working through coils around the gun barrel exert a magnetic effect on the steel shell, pulling it through the barrel at tremendous speed. Each coil has its own generator, and the shell advancing through the barrel will automatically energize the coil just ahead of it. A rotary switch could be employed to adapt the idea to machine guns.

Modern Mechanix June 1932

SILENT guns sending their whistling messengers of death into the sky at speeds far beyond those now attained by powder-driven shells seem likely for the next war, using for propulsion magnetic fields so powerful that when they are short-circuited they produce miniature earthquakes.

Dr. Kapitza, F. R. S., working at the Cavendish laboratory of Cambridge University, England, in his attempts to disrupt the atom has produced magnetic fields so powerful that they "explode" the coils that produce them. This man has finally revealed the secret of the magnetic gun so long anticipated by ballistic experts. Dr. Kapitza accomplishes the electric firing of a shell by short-circuiting powerful dynamos for periods of one one-hundredth of a second.

Another English experimenter, Dr. Wall, seeking the same thing, produces ultra-magnetic fields with a more simple apparatus. Dr. Wall simply charges electrostatic condensers and permits them to discharge their powerful currents into specially made coils immersed in oil baths. Here also magnetic fields so powerful that they tear the coils to pieces have been produced. So great are these magnetic fields that they are capable of pulling iron nails out of shoes.

While the magnetic effects produced by

both of these experimenters are of very short duration, they could be employed to impart their terrible energy to steel shells. The time limit, which cannot exceed one one-hundredth of a second, is imposed because of the powerful currents used. If these currents were permitted to flow through wire for a greater period of time, the wire would melt and temperatures greater than those existing in some of the hottest stars would be produced.

To produce a magnetic gun—a silent Big-Bertha—it will only be necessary to arrange a series of powerful coils within the gun barrel. Each coil will have its own generator and the shell advancing through the barrel will automatically energize the coil just ahead of it. By the time the shell reaches the end of the barrel it will have attained a speed far in excess of the speeds now attainable with even the highest explosives known.

Owing to the entire absence of internal pressures these guns may be made of ordinary iron or even of purely non-magnetic materials. The "magnetic explosions" will be initiated by the simple closing of a switch which will energize the first coil and snatch the shell from the breech in the first leg of its journey of destruction.

HIP-SHOOTING

By ELMER KEITH

AMERICAN RIFLEMAN September 1939

VERY fast and accurate hip-shooting with a sixgun is not the myth that many would have us believe. With enough practice the automobile driver knows exactly where each front wheel tracks, and can dodge very small rocks with ease, even though he cannot see the front wheels. The baseball player learns to swing a bat with sufficient accuracy to hit a straight-thrown ball each time, even though the ball is simply burning the breeze. The tennis player learns the same things through practice. Likewise, the typist can hit any key on the typewriter without looking, and do it instantly. The small boy soon learns to throw a rock or snowball with sufficient accuracy to hit a man every time up to ten yards. The flycaster does not aim, or see his fly until it sails toward the target or spot where he wishes to place it, yet the fly can be cast accurately enough to hit even a grasshopper floating on the water. Why, then, should so many shooters deem it impossible to hit things with a sixgun from the hip in average quick-draw time?

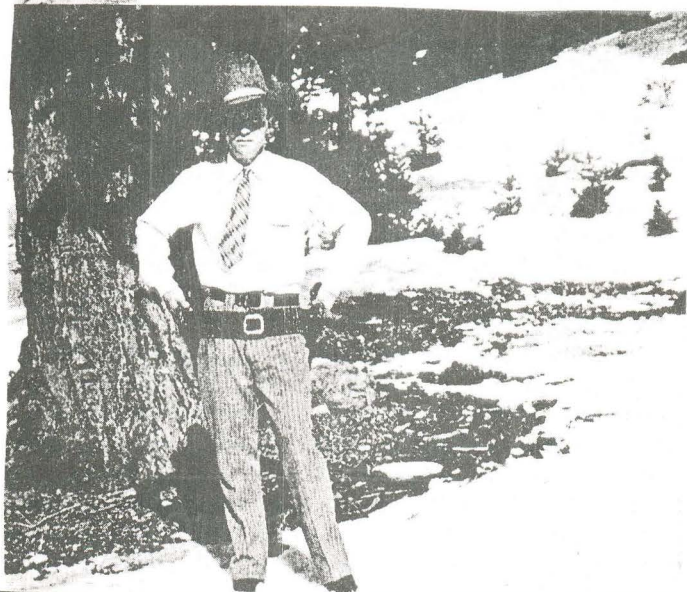
Almost anyone can point his forefinger at an object with reasonable accuracy, and hip-shooting with a sixgun is not nearly as difficult as many of the things above mentioned. It is simply the result of careful, conscientious practice—no more difficult to learn than any other sport, if as difficult as some. In time the sixgun merely becomes a prolongation of that pointing index finger. Men who have habitually carried and used a sixgun over a long period of time, especially in the open Western country, will automatically reach for their gun if they step on a snake, or something startles them. It is just force of habit. Many of them can also use those same guns swiftly and accurately, even though they do not take time to raise them much higher than their belt. They well know by the feel of the gun where it is pointing. They can also point it instantly at any object by the age-old poking method, the instant the gun clears the holster. This is the most accurate method of hip-shooting, and only one hand is necessary. Many who have never seen such shooting class it with the mythical dodo bird, yet there are plenty of men right in this country who can do very fast and creditable hip-shooting. Simply because a person has never himself seen a thing done is no proof that it cannot be done, or that it has not been done, perhaps many times.

As in all other forms of shooting, the more one practices, the more proficient he becomes. Hip-shooting is not nearly as difficult as standard target shooting with a sixgun. The main thing is to get the right equipment, and then practice—a little each day, if possible; and if this is continued over a couple of years, almost anyone can become proficient at the game. And it is not just a game, but one of the most valuable phases of sixgun work, once properly mastered. True, it makes a spectacular stunt for the

exhibition shot, when performed with either one or two guns, but the real value in one's ability to plant a sixgun slug where he wants it in the least possible interval of time, lies in the confidence it gives him, be he officer, soldier, or civilian. If he knows he possesses this ability, he is much more apt to act sensibly in an emergency, while if his life is at stake he will give a good account of himself.

As in many other forms of shooting, after this stunt is practiced long enough, the subconscious takes control over the muscles in an emergency. I remember once when a friend and I were walking down a cow trail in the sage brush in Montana, our bridles on our left shoulders, looking for a couple of hobbled, but strayed, cow ponies. Though it had been a hot, sultry night and the morning was already warm, the sun had not yet peeped over the low-lying hills to the East. Neither of us was paying much attention to the trail, as the tracks of our horses were as plain as a newspaper. We were watching the breaks off to our left toward the Missouri River, where we thought the nags would feed and finally keg-up for a snooze. Suddenly I felt the squirming of a big, heavy rattler under my right foot, and simultaneously heard the warning buzz of his rattles. With a yell to my partner, I jumped high in the air and to the left. I remember the jar of my .45 S. A. Colt in recoil at the second shot after my feet hit the ground, but was not conscious at the time—nor did I remember later—of drawing that gun and putting a slug through the coiled reptile while I was still in the air. However, my partner swore that I drew and hit the snake in the middle while still in the air, and the bullet holes through the snake, as well as the two small billows of gun smoke on the still morning air, proved that the subconscious part of my mind had taken care of things in that emergency.

Another time, when still a small lad, I was running a line of coyote and bob-cat traps. On a steep ridge I had built a trap pen for a cat, at the base of a big fir tree. The pen had been arranged with two walls of rocks extending out from the roots of the tree, and covered over with fir boughs. Then, with a jack rabbit for bait and a No. 3 Newhouse carefully concealed in the entrance, the set was complete. One day, on one of my trips over the line, the trap pen was conspicuous by its absence. A pile of boughs, badly chewed up, and some scattered rocks, were all that remained of my cat set. I had nailed and stapled the ring of the chain to the heavy root of the tree, and covered it with fir needles; but no chain was in evidence. The tree stood on the edge of a steep cliff to the west, while the mountain sloped away gradually to the east. Naturally thinking that the cat had broken the chain and gotten away with the trap, I knelt down and began digging in the fir needles at the base of the tree, to locate the remaining portion of the chain. Then I heard something just over



*At left: The three stages of a two-gun quick draw
Above: In action
Below: Working on the stump*



the ledge, and, kid-like, I poked my head over to see. A big tom bobcat sat there on a narrow ledge, with his head little more than a foot from my face. He jumped right in my face as I threw myself backwards. I landed flat on my back, full length, with the kicking cat on my legs and belly. Again I have no remembrance of either drawing that old .45 S. A., or shooting. But the 255-grain slug, propelled by 40 grains of black powder, struck the cat in the right side of the neck, and emerged back on the left side near the shoulder, shattering the spine of the neck. The cat was dying when he landed on me. Again the subconscious had automatically taken care of things, and I had drawn the old gun and shot from the hip even as I threw myself backwards. Had I not done so I would have had my tummy and legs scratched up some, no doubt, as the cat was caught by one hind foot, and there was some four or five feet of chain on that particular trap.

On still another occasion I had trapped a big cougar that later proved to weigh 200 pounds with nothing in his stomach but a few wilted porcupine quills and the soles of a porcupine's feet. The big tom was hooked by only two toes of the right forepaw, and had traveled down the canyon about half a mile from where the set was made, on a deer kill. He had chewed off numerous small aspens, and finally tangled the short, light toggle and extra trap around a snow brush. The toggle was a section of dry and very light aspen some 2 or 3 feet long and about 3 inches in diameter, and the two traps had their rings wired together and then to the toggle. One trap was a No. 14 Newhouse with offset jaws and teeth, and this had hooked the cougar. The other trap was a standard No. 4 Newhouse. I had covered both traps with deer hair that the old boy had licked from the deer carcass the day before, and he must have hit the No. 14 trap on his first step near the carcass, for nothing had been disturbed. The only evidence was the two holes in which the traps had been concealed, and from which they had been jerked in the first wild leap.

When I first spotted the cat he was tugging silently at the trap, and had not seen me; but when I purposely stepped on a dry limb in the snow, he looked my way, stopped trying to free himself, and sat down to await my approach, just like a house cat. I determined to get some good pictures of him, and, walking up to within eight feet, took a couple of snaps. When I would yell at him, or stamp my foot, he would lunge toward me, open his big mouth, and hiss and growl. Seeing that he was very lightly hooked, and that the toggle also was only lightly caught, I was afraid to get him riled up too much. I was very anxious to get a picture of him with his mouth open and growling at me, but each time I looked down into that cursed indirect finder, he would close his mouth and lie down in the willows. I was snapping the pictures with my right thumb while I held a cocked S. A. Colt .44 Special in the same hand. Finally I got a good exposure of the cat lying broadside and snarling at me. Then he turned away, after lunging toward me and growling, and lay down with his rump toward me, and looked off up the canyon. I knew that he could not then see me, but by the way his tail

twitched I knew also that he was up to something. Nevertheless, knowing that gun, I determined to take one step nearer and get a snapshot that would fill the picture with cat.

I never got that picture. When I raised my left foot and took that one careful step forward, the first thing I was aware of was the big cat in the air and headed my way, with his tail sticking straight up and his left fore paw spread wide and reaching for me. He came on a level with my head. Both gun and camera were held belt-high, so I flipped up the barrel of the sixgun and shot from the hip, at the same time throwing myself as far down the mountain to the left as a prodigious jump would carry me. At that, the cat went right over my right shoulder, but I noticed his teeth snap shut and his head drop down on his chest as he flashed by. He landed flat on his belly, with his left fore paw still stretched out in front of him, and the right one back along his side with traps and toggle. His tail was still sticking straight up in the air, and came down slowly behind him in the snow. He was evidently completely paralyzed except his head and neck, for though he bit at everything within reach of his head, he could not move a leg. So I did not shoot again, even though I landed down the hill with the gun cocked and on his shoulders. I had only light loads in the gun (the Keith-Lyman 250-grain solid bullet and 9 grains of duPont Shotgun), but the big flat-pointed slug had struck square in the chest and ranged upward, cutting the aorta and lodging in the spine between the shoulders. It had cut a half-circle of skin from the cat's lower jaw before hitting the chest. I dragged him out into the open, using his tail for a handle, and took another picture before he died.

That was one more time when good hip-shooting saved more than my hide, for that cat would have made short work of any man. It is one thing to tree a cougar with dogs, when he can be shot out with a .22 rifle, and quite another to trap him, have him fight a trap all night, and then tease him to get a good picture when he is already in no amiable mood. In such cases cougars will fight a buzz-saw, though ordinarily they are the greatest cowards on earth. I will never forget the sight of that big cat in the air, a few feet from my face and coming amid a flurry of snow and flying traps. A movie camera could have recorded some interesting facts about the big cats then.

All hip-shooting practice should include quick-draw work at the same time, for accurate hip-shooting is of no value without the ability to get the gun instantly in an emergency. And hip-shooting is only for an emergency at close range—say ten yards or less; then it is a very valuable asset if the shooter can draw the gun and get the shot off in a very short space of time. In all hip-shooting practice a good holster must be used to obtain any definite results. For big, heavy guns there are two types of holster: the cross-draw (with the gun butt resting just to the left of the belt buckle—for right-handed shooters—and the holster set on a slant with the gun butt tipped down toward the belt buckle); and the old cowboy holster slung on the right hip (for right-handed shooters) with the gun butt

about on a level with the top of the hip bone, the butt leaning forward. For either the cross draw or the hip draw, the gun butt, hammer, and trigger should be fully exposed. On double-action guns the trigger guard should be open at the forward end.

There are two exceptions: the Berns-Martin Speed holster, open at the front with the gun held by a spring clip; and the King Gun Sight Co. Speed holster. With the Berns-Martin holster the gun butt is rocked forward out of the spring clip, with pressure downward on the gun butt; then the muzzle is flipped upward in line with the target, and the gun fired (if the range is very close and utmost speed important), or else the gun is poked forward toward the target and fired at the same time, much as you would poke your finger at anything. With the King holster only the forefinger is used to release the gun. When the forefinger is pressed against the back of the holster through the trigger guard, it releases a catch, whereupon the whole outside portion of the holster opens at the front and flies back out of the way. The gun can then be flipped upward and fired, or poked forward and fired at the same time. The poking method is always the more accurate, though not quite so fast.

For the S. A. Colt, the best hip type of holsters are made by the George Lawrence Co. of Portland, Oregon, and by S. D. Myers of El Paso, Texas; while any number of saddle and holster makers produce good, reliable cross-draw holsters. For the Colt Single Action, nothing is as good as the hip holster, but for the double-action gun, when used double-action (as it should always be in such work), the cross draw is very fast indeed, and for some shots is faster than the hip draw; for example, when the target is to the left of the shooter (or vice versa if he be a southpaw). However, with the target in front of the shooter, the hip draw will prove the faster of the two.

I have thus far found only one shoulder holster that will permit of fast quick-draw work, and that is the upside-down Berns-Martin Speed holster for two- or three-inch-barreled guns of the Detective Special type. Intended mainly for plain-clothes men and civilians, this is a very fast draw with a concealed gun and using the right hand, while the gun can be reached readily with the left hand in an emergency. This holster holds the little gun muzzle-up, top of gun toward center of chest, the gun riding about over the left breast shirt pocket, with muzzle on a line with top of pocket.

So much for holsters. But do not attempt quick-draw and hip-shooting without such an outfit, for to do so is dangerous. For example, two friends of mine were practicing hip-shooting and quick-draw, using the front pants pocket as a holster for a .45 S. A. Colt. When one of them was drawing and cocking the gun, the front sight caught on the top edge of his pants pocket, spinning the gun butt forward out of his grasp and elevating the muzzle in line with his side, and pressure of the trigger finger fired the gun. The heavy slug penetrated cleanly through the man's right side above the hip, and out of his back, then struck his friend in the left arm, ranging back and lodging behind

the elbow. Happily, they both made nice recoveries in a short time.

And now, with the necessary equipment at hand, let us take up this hip-shooting business, and lay down the fundamental principles that must be followed in order to become expert at the game. It would take a small volume to completely cover all phases of the subject, but the following should prove useful and convey a general idea of the whole thing.

First and foremost, make no attempt at fast work to begin with. Practice with the gun filled with *empty cases*. Begin by practicing reaching for the gun and grasping it exactly the same each time. With S. A. Colt guns, practice placing the thumb on the hammer-spur and the forefinger either on the front edge of the trigger guard or just inside of the guard, as you grasp the gun. Then, if you are using a closed type of holster, slowly cock the gun as you pull it up out of the holster. Keep the thumb on that hammer-spur, even if it is full cocked, until the gun muzzle clears the leather and is flipped upward toward the target; then, and then only, drop the thumb to the side of the frame, and tighten up on the trigger as you poke the gun toward the target. Do not hurry at all during the first several days of practice—just reach for that gun and go through the procedure each time, slowly and methodically, until it becomes a habit and you automatically do it right. Then, and only then, are you ready gradually to increase your speed as you practice daily. In time you can get the draw-and-hit on a man-target at close range down to around one-fourth of a second, which is about the limit with any type of arm. With double-action guns, always use the double action, and practice grasping the gun exactly the same each time, with the finger on the trigger. Apply little pressure until the muzzle comes up and is flipped toward the target by a turn of the wrist, then operate the double action as you poke the gun at the target. For fast work in the hip draw, always tie the holster down with a leg strap or thong. With the Berns-Martin Speed holsters for the Single Action, you grasp the gun in the same way, with thumb on hammer-spur, and push the gun butt forward, pressing downward on the gun as well. As the gun is pushed forward the thumb draws the hammer back to full cock, but remains on the hammer-spur until the gun muzzle starts its upward swing.

You cannot be too careful at any time, but if you go slow during the first several months of practice, acquiring speed gradually after you have fully mastered the safety end, you will succeed.

In all so-called hip-shooting, never look at the gun. Focus your eyes upon the target—whatever it happens to be—and keep them there, paying no attention whatever to the gun, which is the business of your hand and arm, not your eyes. Stand loosely, with feet fairly far apart to avoid body sway and give you a firm stance. Under no circumstances should you ever tense the muscles of your gun-arm. The more loosely you can hold that hand and arm, the more quickly they will react to the mental impulse to draw the gun. In a gun fight, any such visible stiffening of the

muscles would only be a warning to your opponent of your intended action. Take plenty of time at first, and after you have thoroughly mastered the mechanical end of things, and are snapping with the gun always pointing on or very close to the target, practice for a time with a friend standing at one side to check the elevation of your gun barrel, and tell you if you are too high or too low. It is easy to throw a slug in line with any object, but it takes time and lots of practice to acquire the knack of getting elevations right.

The grip of the gun is also a very important item in this matter of elevations, the Colt S. A. having the best-shaped grip, as well as the best *angle* of grip, of all guns for hip-shooting. Next come the double-actions, either S. & W. or Colt, the former fitting my hand much the better of the two. Also, the hump at the top of the S. & W. grip suits me much the better, as it keeps the gun from rolling upward in my hand in fast double-action shooting. Stick to one gun, and practice with it until it almost becomes a part of you and you can easily and instinctively point it at any object in a minimum of time.

Practice with loaded ammunition should always be done outdoors where you are sure of having plenty of room for safety; and at first practice with just one cartridge in the gun and one shot for each draw. Never try to fire more than one shot until you are able to hit relatively small objects at from five to ten yards most of the time with one shot. Then—but only then—try two loads in the gun. Using the S. A. Colt, when the gun recoils upward, hook the thumb over the hammer-spur, and as you bring the gun down on the target again, you automatically cock the hammer. Do this each time, whether you use just two cartridges for each draw, or five.

When using double-action guns, always fire them double action; and you will soon find that this requires a firmer grip on the gun. In firing two shots after a draw, the double-action pull for the second shot is begun while the gun is pointed upward from the recoil of the first shot. Again you employ the poking method, and the heavy double-action pull helps you to bring the gun back on the target. I believe that with practice the double-action guns are the fastest of all for such shooting—when one wishes to put six shots into an object in the least possible time. For me, at least, they are much faster than the automatic, as with the latter the trigger pull is too light to assist in bringing the gun down on the target; and while perhaps you can actually *shoot* the automatics faster, I have yet to see them perform as accurately in very fast work. It is always best to fire just one shot at a time with the double-action guns at the beginning, then go to two shots, then to three, then to all six in two strings of three each. Finally you will become so adept that you can fire all six shots very fast, and yet closely group them at any close range.

After becoming proficient with one gun, you may wish to use two guns at the same time for exhibition purposes. In this case get good holsters; also the guns should be as nearly alike as possible. Begin at the beginning again, and use both guns with empty cases until you have trained

that left hand to duplicate the performance of the right. When this has finally been accomplished, try always to fire both guns together; that is, pull both triggers at the same time for each shot. Two heavy double-action sixguns create quite a disturbance if drawn and fired fast at some object on the ground.

I once put on a couple such exhibitions, shooting at a gallon tin can at some six yards at the start; but that can was twenty yards away, and torn to ribbons, in a very short space of time. A set of pictures (two of which are shown here) covering a similar stunt, but shooting at an old rotten stump some 18" high by 8" in diameter, at ten yards—using both guns very fast from a Berns-Martin two-gun quick-draw outfit—clearly shows the stump going to pieces under the rain of lead. For this series of pictures I used a S. & W. Outdoorsman in the left hand and a S. & W. Triple Lock Target in the right, both with heavy loads. The lighter recoil of the .38, however, constitutes a serious handicap in this stunt. The first shot from each gun registered low, but the ten other shots all went through the stump.

In all hip-shooting practice it is best to shoot first at objects on the ground in front of you, so that the bullet splashes in the dirt can be instantly noted, and a change in elevation made with the gun-hand if necessary. Shooting at small objects on the water is equally good. A gallon tin can is about as good a target as you can find to begin with. Place the can, say, five yards from you, and after you can hit it at each shot with certainty and fair speed, gradually increase the distance. I have upon a few occasions hit small objects from the hip at considerable range, but this is just a stunt, and whenever the object is more than ten yards away, one will usually have time for aimed fire—unless the object happens to be another man who is shooting at you. I much prefer large-caliber guns for this work—not less than .38, as the .22 calibers very often fail to throw up enough dirt to be instantly noted and allowances made for the next shot.

As with all types of sixgun work, the more you practice the better you will become; and the man who will conscientiously train himself along the lines suggested here would be a valuable asset to any police organization. Furthermore, he will have a much better chance of living to a ripe old age should he become a peace officer, or be called upon by our Uncle Samuel to defend our country.

Electric Pistol Fired by a Small Dry Battery

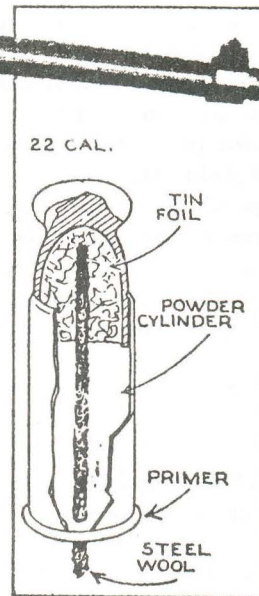


Electric firearms may displace the present-day rifle and revolver just as they outmoded the old flintlock gun. Dr. G. W. Thiessen of Monmouth college has developed a target pistol whose .22-caliber bullet is fired by a four and one-half volt radio battery. Hammers, extractors, ejectors and the metallic and paper casings now used for shells are eliminated. Instead, cartridges which burn completely are used, and Dr. Thiessen believes gunpowder will be supplanted by a better explosive, perhaps liquid. His first model employed the jump-spark principle requiring a coil and miniature spark plug, but this method was discarded in favor of a "hot wire" to fire the charge at the trigger pull.

POPULAR MECHANICS

August, 1940

Above, electric target pistol and the bull's-eye on which its accuracy was tried out. The pistol was wired to a dry battery. Right, diagram of cartridge, which is designed to burn completely leaving no residue nor metal casing

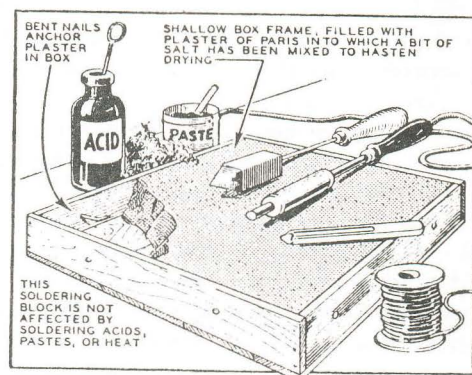


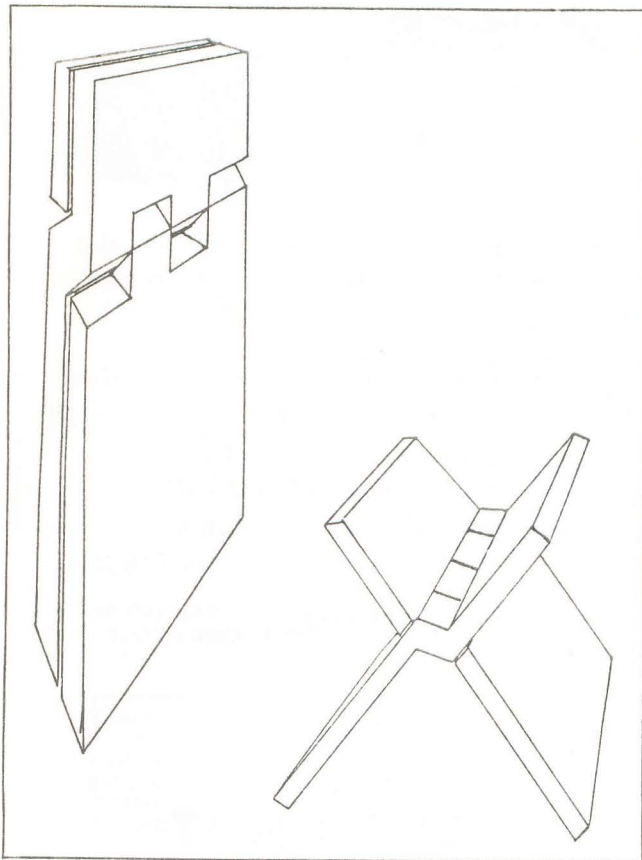
Modern Mechanix January, 1934

Soldering Block Resists Heat and Acid

IDEAL for soldering is this little plaster of Paris block which keeps your workbench free from acid burns and charred spots. Consulting the drawing at the right, you will see how the trick is turned.

A frame of wood, not very deep, is filled with plaster of Paris, with which salt has been mixed for quick drying. On this block you can solder any job that turns up, and the acid won't have the slightest effect. Likewise with the heat of the iron.—James Flug.





SIMPLE RIFLE REST

By A. HARNETT (England)

THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN, MAY, 1940

HAVING made use of many helpful suggestions in this journal, may I offer its readers the design of an easily made rifle rest which has the advantages of portability and no cost, and can be used on soft grass or hard concrete.

Take a piece of hard wood about $8 \times 2\frac{3}{4} \times 1$ ", draw a line across the face $2\frac{3}{4}$ " from one end, and lines on either side of that line half the thickness of the wood distant. Across these lines divide the width of the wood into four, making eight rectangles.

Cut out wedges to a depth of half the thickness of the wood from alternate rectangles, sloping away from the centre line.

Do the same on the back of the wood, cutting out wedges from the rectangles uncut on the face.

Halve the thickness of the wood with a saw cut from each end until the wedge-cuts are reached, and divide the edges of the wedge-cuts with a thin knife.

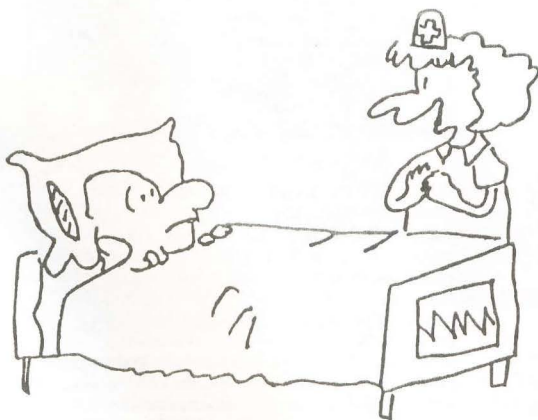
The piece will then open to form a X rest.

Although it sounds rather complicated it is a very easy job, and a rifle stand which can be carried in the pocket is the result.

I should have sent you one of these stands to try but, not knowing your import laws, I am loath to cause you to pay duty on a small piece of wood.

City of Alvin
High School
Math Proficiency Exam

HILLARY'S HEALTH CARE REFORM



We're out of enema bags, Mr. Clinton
So I'm going to have to slap the shit out of you.

Name: _____ Gang: _____

- Johnny has an AK47 with a 40 round magazine. If he misses 6 out of 10 shots and shoots 13 times at each drive by shooting, how many drive by shootings can he attend before he has to reload?
- Jose has 2 ounces of cocaine and he sells an 8-ball to Jackson for \$320 and 2 grams to Billy for \$85 per gram. What is the street value of the balance of the cocaine if he doesn't cut it?
- Rufus is pimping 3 girls. If the price is \$55 for each trick, how many tricks will each girl have to turn so Rufus can pay for his \$800 per day crack habit?
- Martin wants to cut his 1/2 pound of heroin to make 20% more profit. How many ounces of cut will he need?
- Willis gets \$200 for stealing a BMW, \$50 for stealing a Chevy, and \$100 for a 4x4. If he has stolen 2 BMWs and 3 4x4s, how many Chevys will he have to steal to make \$800?
- Raoul is in prison for 6 years for murder. He got \$10,000 for the hit. If his common law wife is spending \$100 per month, how much money will be left when he gets out of prison and how many years will he get for killing the bitch that spent his money?
- If the average spray can covers 22 square feet and the average letter is .8 square feet, how many letters can a tagger spray with 3 cans of paint?
- Hector knocked up 6 girls in his gang. There are 27 girls in the gang. What percentage of the girls in the gang has Hector knocked up?

Signature and Date _____

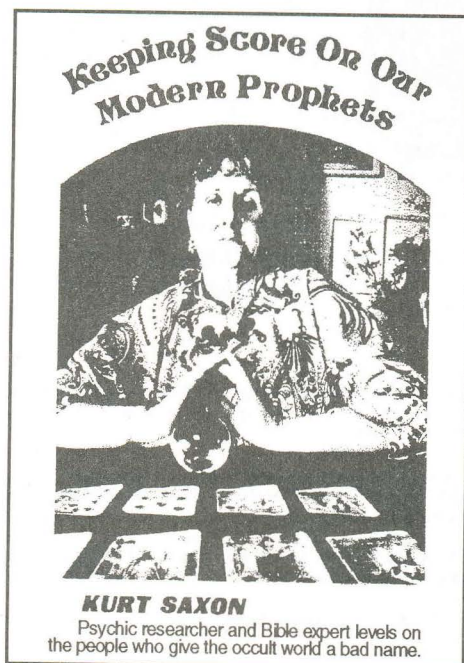
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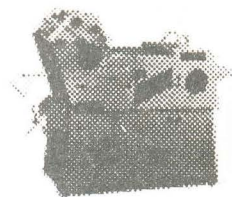
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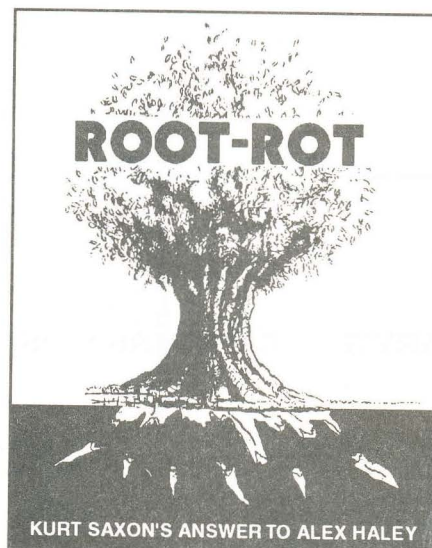
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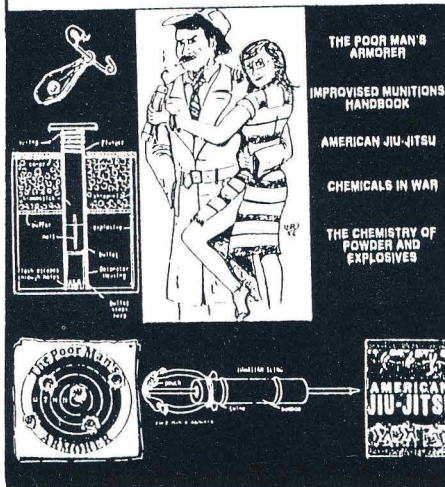
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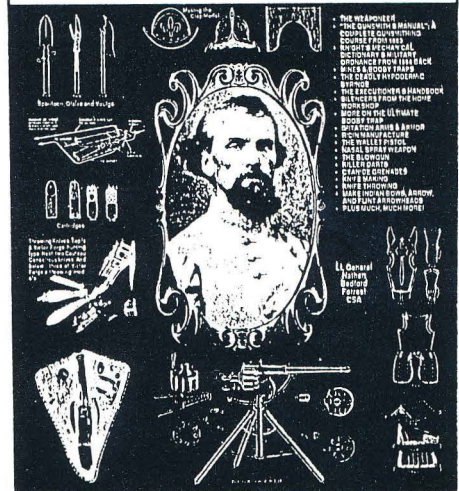
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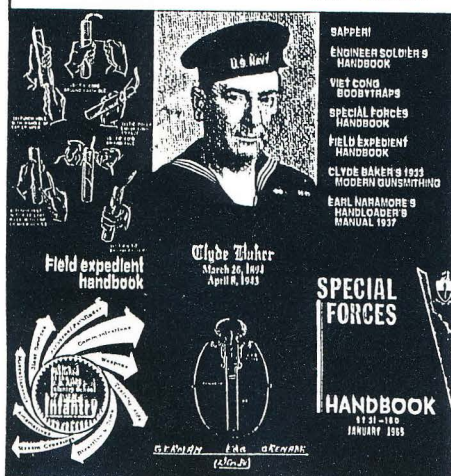
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